

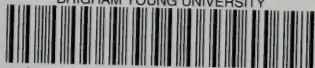


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# PARISH MAGAZINE

1860.

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EDITED BY  
J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.  
VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, DERBY.

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# PARISH MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1860.



## Welcomes.

BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



WELCOME 1860! A hopeful welcome to the New Year-Angel, who is to be with us for the twelve months to come. With a sigh we have bid farewell to the Old Year-Angel, for we know that he bore away with him a record, faithful as a photograph, of all our deeds, and words, and thoughts in 1859, a record that is sealed up, to appear as a witness for weal or for woe, in that Day, when "the books shall be opened." But while we look back with sadness on the sins and shortcomings which the Year-Angel, who has just parted from us, has witnessed and recorded, we yet give a hopeful welcome to the Year-Angel that has on this day taken his place at our side. May it indeed prove that he has WELL COME to us, and that he finds us resolved, by God's help, to do better in his com-

pany, than we have done when watched over by the Year-Angel of the Past.

Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year,  
While the holly gleams above us,  
With a pardon for the foes who hate,  
And a prayer for those who love us.

AND may there be many welcomes in 1860.

May there be a MONTHLY WELCOME for our Magazine! May God give such wisdom to all who speak to us through its pages, that it may indeed WELL COME to many a home. May it be welcome when it calls to serious thought, and welcome when it provokes the harmless smile. For in our pages we do not join together what God has put asunder, when we mingle what is grave with what is mirthful; provided always that our mirth be called forth by fit and proper topics. For it is the same God who at one time giveth us "plenteousness of tears to drink," Who at another time "filleteth our mouth with laughter." As Leigh Hunt truly says, "God made both tears and laughter, and both for wise purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe itself freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair or madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, since it is confined to the human species."

Whether then it appears clad in the russet robe of gravity, or in the sparkling spangles of innocent merriment, may our Magazine receive a friendly greeting in many a home, and may it ever COME WELL to those who bid it welcome.

AND in 1860, may there be many a WEEKLY WELCOME! a welcome for the Lord's Day of holy rest.

To every one who works, whether with hand or brain, whether with plough, or pick, or pen, how grateful is the day when the team is unyoked, when the quarry is silent, when the office and the shop are shut. But they know little of the real enjoyment of this pearl of days, who spend it in mere sensual indulgence and in bodily sloth. It is not WELL COME to them unless their souls rise to grander thoughts, and their breasts swell with loftier desires, than on the other days of the week. In the words of Ebenezer Elliott—

Sabbath holy! To the lowly  
Still art thou a welcome day.  
When thou comest, earth and ocean,  
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,  
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Or in the words of Grahame, another poet, who also rose from the ranks of Labour, and so wrote of what he deeply felt—

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;  
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe  
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,  
While wandering slowly up the river's side  
He meditates on Him, Whose power he marks  
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,  
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom  
Around its root: and while he thus surveys,  
With elevated joy each rural charm,  
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—  
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end.



Week by week then, may we welcome the Lord's day of holy rest, and may the soul-stirring services of the Church, the quiet joy of the gathered home-circle, and the calm repose that seems to pervade even Nature itself, all combine to make "the Sabbath a delight," to each and all of us.

**A**ND in 1860, may there be many a DAILY WELCOME in the cottage-homes of our hand-working readers.

This is a joy that is little known in the homes of the leisure classes—the joy of the father's return after his hard day's labour. It is worth while to be utterly wearied in body, that we may enjoy the luxury of rest, and it is some compensation for the daily severance of the father from his family in the cottage-home, that there is the delight of his evening welcome.

Oh! that in all cottage homes the father got such a welcome as the good man is receiving in the picture at the head of this paper. The little lad rushing to get hold of his hand, the comely and tidy wife, holding out the baby that is crowing, and staring, and laughing out the love it cannot speak, while the little daughter within doors is giving the fire a finishing stir that it too may blaze out its welcome with all the rest. It is not likely that our friend will care to go and pay for a welcome at the public-house, when he has such a pleasant one at home for nothing. I can't help hoping that after he has enjoyed the smoking coffee and the radiant rasher of bacon that is standing ready for him, on the table with the clean white cloth, in the corner out of the draught, he will not care to have any beer at all, but will take the newspaper or the magazine, and then perhaps he will read a few pages of the book which he has from the Parish Library, and will find these and the rattle of his children and the wise conversation of his wife, quite 'company' enough for him till it is time to ask the blessing of God, and to retire to the rest which labour maketh sweet. I'm quite sure that there is nothing that mars and minishes these welcomes, more than the abuse of strong drink, and so I would earnestly say to all men, try and do without it. It is no sin to use it aright but it is a waste of money, and it leads us all into danger of a fearful sin which yearly slays its thousands. There are two accusations brought against those, who urge people to do without strong drink altogether. The one is, that we will hinder them from doing as much work as they ought to do. But the answer to this is that some of the best and strongest men in the foundries of Low Moor and among the coal-heavers of Haggerstone are doing without strong drink, and find they can compass their work with equal ease. The other objection made to us, is that working people have few pleasures enough and therefore we should not 'rob a poor man of his beer.' But to this we reply, that beer is a very doubtful source of pleasure, while without any doubt it leads thousands into excesses, which cause the great bulk of misery and crime in our land.

It seems that working men find it very difficult to use beer without abusing it. We have their own word for it. A lady has recently formed a Total Abstinence Society in a Midland Town, and in her published account of its most successful progress\* she quotes such

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\* "Haste to the Rescue." London: Nisbet.

sayings as these, made to her by working men. "The first glass," says one, "is to us like what the first taste of blood is to the tiger." "It's all nonsense about moderate drinking for us working men ;" says another, "they called me a moderate drinker, but now I would rather have none at all. There's no hankering after idle company now, and when you get along with a lot of men that's drinking, you must do as they do."

Our brave working friends are surely fit for higher pleasures than those of the tap room and the beer jug, and when once they are released from the ignorance and heaviness, in which the drinking customs help to keep them, they will soon have taste and money enough for the purer and better enjoyments, which the cheap literature, the cheap music, the cheap travelling, the cheap art-treasures of our times offer to them. Yes, and if our hand-working brothers were freed from this bondage, how many more wives and sisters would sing in their hearts that song of the Christy's Minstrels, which the street-boys have shown their good taste in adopting so vigorously.

O Willie is it you, dear, safe, safe, at home ?  
They did not tell me true dear, they said you would not come :  
I heard you at the gate and it made my heart rejoice,  
For I knew that welcome footstep, and that dear familiar voice,  
Making music on my ear in the lonely midnight gloom,  
O Willie ! we have missed you, welcome, welcome home.

And even if we ourselves can always use strong drink without abusing it, shall we not have love enough for our neighbour to deny ourselves a pleasure, that we may lend our countenance to him in his sore struggle with his temptation. It is often stated and not contradicted, that there are 60,000 persons every year, whose deaths are caused by strong drink, and we know that the Word of God saith expressly, that "no drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Would it not be well worth the sacrifice of even a great pleasure if we could succour some of these hapless ones ; shall we let so small a thing as our daily beer, keep us from stretching out a helping hand.


Of course we always must remember that this Total Abstinence is only a physical remedy for a physical evil. It is not the sum of all virtue, as some seem to think it, for we may drink only water and yet be daily falling into sins quite as heinous in God's sight as that of drunkenness.

**T**HERE is one other welcome, but that is the best of all, the ETERNAL WELCOME : and that we may obtain it let us fight manfully against strong drink, and every other temptation of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and then when the new "year of God's redeemed is come," we shall be welcomed into the glorious heaven-home.

For, hark ! 'tis the clarion sound  
Which calls us from our slumber :  
And the hearts around, from the dull cold ground  
Spring up in countless number :  
And He bids us all, to His golden hall  
To A HOME AND A HEARTY WELCOME.

## Two Lives.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," "OLD JOLIFFE," ETC.

 ONE of a group of small cottages at the entrance of a country village, there sat, on a sweet summer evening, a mother with little ones around her, and so peaceful is the scene, so much in harmony with the still evening that I must endeavour to describe it to you.

The cottage was scrupulously clean and neat to begin with, and on a table covered with a clean cloth, was placed some bread and cheese, and a dish containing some fresh cut radishes and watercresses, this table was pushed back from the centre of the room to make way for the children, one a baby some four months old, was fast asleep in a cradle, and three others varying in age from three to seven were seated on the ground close to each other, a clean cloth laid across their laps, busily discussing their suppers, which consisted of a thick piece of bread and butter, the mother was holding a mug full of milk from which in turn each child drank. The back door was open and a stream of crimson glory from the setting sun, seemed to smile an approval of the little group. As soon as they had finished their meal, the mother took the cloth off carefully, shook the crumbs from it at the back door, and folding it neatly placed it in a drawer, and then saying to her little ones who had quietly kept their places—"I'm ready darlings," they all rose and followed her upstairs. Then the eldest the little fair-haired, soft-eyed child of seven began with gentle handy fingers to undress her little brother, whilst her mother did the same for sister Mary, and there they all knelt down, the mother with them, and with bowed heads and clasped hands listened reverently whilst she said slowly and distinctly the Lord's Prayer, and finished by saying, "God bless these my dear children and make them good, God bless their dear father and me, and teach us to do our duty to them." Then kissing them all fondly, she placed the little ones in bed and said to her eldest.—

"Now Alice dearie, don't be long, I'm sure you're tired make haste into bed, and sleep sound till morning."

"Are you sure I cannot help you do anything mother," she asked.

"No dear, thank you, all is done but this little mending I found here," she continued, taking up a frock and pinafore the children had just taken off "and that will amuse me till father comes home, God bless you dears," and with one more kiss all round, the mother left her children to their quiet healthful slumber.

We will now take a peep into the next cottage for the contrast is *very* great, the scene will not be nearly so pleasant, it will jar with the peaceful evening instead of harmonizing with it, but it belongs to my story and therefore it may not be passed over.

There is a mother here with her little ones, the husbands of both these women work for the same farmer, and receive the same pay, but this woman finds it so little that she goes out to work herself, and keeps her little boy and girl away from school to work too, that they may get enough to eat she says, notwithstanding all this, she says she cannot afford to pay for her two youngest to go to the Infant School,



so while she is out at work, she asks the neighbours to give a look to them and that is all the care these poor little creatures have. They play in the dirt all day with a few other children idle and dirty like themselves, these tender souls whom God has entrusted to their mother for a time, who will have to answer to Him for them in that day when all our accounts must be made up.

She has just come in from work with her boy, weary and jaded, and cross from very weariness. She slaps and shakes the two children because they are so dirty, and their clothes are so torn, so they are both crying very loudly. She makes no effort to stop their crying, but bids the boy go and fetch a few sticks that she may make the kettle boil for she must get "father" some tea, and then she brings from a cupboard a broken tea-pot, two cups without saucers, and a plate with bread and salt butter on it. This is her husband's supper and her own. The moment the children see the bread, they run to the table, and begin each to pull pieces off the loaf, she lets them do it, for having flung herself into a chair, she is too thoroughly tired to get up again, and she knows it is useless to *tell* them to leave off, they must be carried away by force from anything they touch. In a few moments the husband enters, sulkily and silently takes his supper, and then prepares to go out again. "Where are you going, Jem." asks his wife.

"To smoke a pipe," he answers gruffly. "Well, you might as well smoke at home, I scarcely ever see anything of you." "Smoke here with all them dirty brats running under one's feet, and the place not cleaned up nor nothing, no thank you."

"How can I keep the place neat and clean, or see to the children when I'm out slaving from morning till night, to help to earn a bit for 'em, it's hard to blame one for working."

Well don't I work too from dawn till dark, it's hard to blame me for wanting to sit somewhere comfortable to smoke my pipe in peace, I think," and without another word the man leaves the cottage and the tired children keep crying, till the mother is forced to rouse herself to put them to bed, and then she sits alone dosing at intervals till her husband comes home tipsy and very cross. Such evenings are only too common with her. She is used to this, and makes no effort to alter it. Her neighbour, into whose cottage we first peeped, has talked to her often but to little purpose, for she does not take the advice, she does not like Mrs. Mason who is always so clean and bright and cheerful looking, and whose house looks always so much nicer than hers, it makes her angry to know that their husbands earn the same wages and yet that the contrast between the two homes is so great, that Mrs. Mason's children can go to school always neat and clean instead of working as hers do in rags. She cannot tell how it's done, and it makes her feel spiteful and causes her to make unkind insinuations in the village, such as,—*"the Parson's wife goes oftener to Mrs. Mason's than anywhere else so it is no wonder they get on so well, so much church going seems to pay very well,"* thus these two neighbours are not as happy together as neighbours should be, for of course good natured (?) people have told Mrs. Mason all Mrs. Jennings has said about her, with more added to it, and she cannot help feeling vexed, and so a mere "good day," is all that passes between them.

I have given you an insight into these two homes because I am hoping

to interest those who may read this tale in the lives of one inmate of each, little Alice Mason and Susan Jennings, the contrast these "Two lives" afford will I earnestly hope make those, who have little ones of their own, pause for a moment to think whether the way in which they are bringing them up is thoroughly fitting them for the fulfilment of their duty here, and giving them a hope of happiness hereafter.

I have told you that Mrs. Jennings let her children go out to work as well as herself, the boy went weeding or cow-keeping, or anything that he was big enough for, on the farm where his father worked, and the girl Susan went to mind a baby for the woman at the shop, the only shop this small village owned, she was a ill-tempered, cross-grained woman, and poor Susan had a rough time of it, the baby was very large and fat and so much too heavy for the little girl to carry about, that she was forced to sit down with him, which he did not like, and he cried his loudest, which always earned for Susan a sharp box on the ear, and an assurance that she was "No more good than nothing," and thus between the crying heavy child and the cross mother, Susan would come home at night so over tired and weary in mind and body that she could not sleep for hours, and so it was no wonder that she was thin and pale and wretched looking, and though only a few months older, looked four or five years the senior of bright little Alice Mason.

A sunny morning dawned after the lovely evening, and at a very early hour they were all astir in the Masons' cottage, Mrs. Mason always managed to have a nice hot cup of coffee ready for her husband before he went to work in the morning, and little Alice carried him his dinner, when she went to afternoon school, then as soon as her husband was comfortably off, she washed and dressed her children, knelt with them again to ask God's protection against the perils and temptations of the day, then breakfasted with them, and sent them off with shining happy faces, and clean pinafores to their school. Here her own work began, and as she said, "she wondered how mothers of families could go out to work when there was so much to do at home." Many a time in the summer she had felt tempted when she heard what other women earned to go out too, and take her baby with her as they did, but when she saw their homes, and saw them come home looking so tired with the poor fretful baby, who had been exposed to the heat all day and kept up beyond its proper bed-time, she felt thankful that she had resisted the temptation, and went on in her pious trust that God would feed her and her's "with food convenient for them," if she but strove to do her duty to Him and her family, and she could best do this, she felt, by keeping at home, by diligence, care, and industry in the management of her husband's house. Till baby awoke she busied herself in cleaning the house. She dearly loved plenty of air and water, for she said God had mercifully given the poorest these luxuries, and they should be used and valued accordingly, so setting open doors and windows, she took a pail of fresh pumped water in her hand, and began her work singing over it merrily. And soon the house looked and smelt sweet, fresh and bright, and then baby woke and he was dressed and washed and fed, and taken out in the lane for a little while, where in the soft summer air he soon fell asleep again, and then the mother began to see about the little ones' dinner, so that by the time they reached home a little past twelve all was ready for them,

their hands and faces were washed and clean pinafores put on, their mother said grace and the meal was begun. When all was finished grace was again said, the children took off their pinafores folded them up and placed them in the drawer. Alice helped her mother to clear the table, shake and fold the cloth, and then brushing their hair, and putting on their school pinafores, they started with their father's dinner and managed to reach school in good time. I have been thus particular in describing the daily life of Alice, as a little child, because I want you to follow her up to girl-hood. Under this excellent mother's care she has attained the age of seventeen, and is now going to service. She has been so regularly kept to school that she can read and write and cast accounts admirably, and is a first-rate needle-woman. She is now going to be nurse-maid to one little boy at the Vicarage, and her bright face of delight is worth seeing when all is settled and Mrs. Temple, the Vicar's wife, says with a smile, as she leaves the cottage, "There, we shall see you on Monday, Alice."

As soon as the door had closed on her, Alice threw her arms round her mother's neck.—

"Dear good mother, I am so happy, and so thankful you did not let me take that place at Elstree Farm. I see you were right now, though I did not think so then."

*(To be continued.)*

---

## **Young Men, are ye strong?**

BY W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A., RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON, AUTHOR OF  
"PLAIN WORDS."



LISTEN to me, young men, for two or three minutes, for I have got something to say to you. Perhaps you think I have put a curious question at the head of my words, when I ask "Are ye strong?" You would like to know what I mean. You shall know. But first of all, I dare say you think a good deal of your strength. You are young, and strong, full of courage, and able to do hard work easily. And you feel as if life and the world were before you, and you were ready to meet them boldly and bravely. It is very pleasant to feel this youth, and strength, and courage. It makes one think but little of other and sadder things. Sickness, sorrow, death,—all these seem far, far away. You are, like those David wrote about, "in no peril of death, but lusty and strong." Well, God gave you your youthful strength. Thank Him for it, young men. He could just as easily have made you weak and sickly. But I did not mean to say much about your bodily strength, though I would have you remember it is God's gift, and a good gift too, if well used. When I asked, "Young men, are ye strong?" I wanted you to think of some words in your Bible. Perhaps you never remarked how St. John in his 1st Epistle



says "I have written unto you young men, *because ye are strong.*" You don't suppose St. John meant to speak of strength of sinew and limb here. No, he explains himself, for he says, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." We see well enough here what sort of strength is meant. Man, you well know, is made up of two parts—body and soul: and I need not tell you which of these two is the most important. It was about *that* St. John wrote. He was not thinking of the poor perishing frame or shell. He was thinking of the *real man* that lives within. For what is the *real man*? What is each man's *self*? Not the body, but the soul. Well then, it was *strong in soul*, not in body, that St. John meant, when he said, "I have written unto you, young men, *because ye are strong.*"

But mark that word, "*overcome.*" Then there must have been a battle. Aye, my friends, and is there not a battle? What were you, young men, signed with the sign of the Cross in your Baptism for? Was it not said over each one of you, "we sign him with the sign of the Cross in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end?" Yes—there is the battle. There are the soldiers. There is the Captain. There is the enemy.

And now I ask over again, "Young men, are ye **STRONG**?" Have ye "*overcome the wicked one*?" Oh! it is a sad sight to see thousands strong to do evil; strong in daring to sin; strong in fighting with their fellow-soldiers; strong in the service of the enemy; strong in words of blasphemy; strong in lusts and passions; strong in drinking and revelry; but, oh! how weak; how poor; how cowardly; in fighting that battle for which they were all enlisted into Christ's army!

I will tell you of some young men who were *strong*. When King Nebuchadnezzar set up the great golden image and commanded that at the sound of music every one should bow down to it and worship it, and that whosoever would not do so should be cast into a burning fiery furnace, there were three young men, who would not obey the King's impious command. And when they were brought before the King and questioned as to their disobedience, they openly declared that they would not bow down to the golden idol. They were threatened with the burning fiery furnace, but that made no difference. They knew the God whom they worshipped could deliver them, if He pleased, but, *if not*, (mark these words, "*if not*," ) if they must die a horrible agonizing death for it, still they shrank not, they would do right, come what would. You know the end. They were firm: and the King was furious, and ordered the furnace to be heated seven times hotter than usual. But God was with them, and *did* deliver them out of the hands of the King. These young men were "*strong*" indeed.

I will tell you of two others who were *strong*. They were old men, quiet, peaceable, loving, gentle old men. Both had once been disciples of St. John, and both had been raised to be Bishops over the Churches where they lived. Persecution raged around, but they heeded not. Calmly, stedfastly, patiently, they did their work, and left all else in the hands of God. And the time came for *them* at last. They were

ordered by the Roman Emperor to renounce Christ, and to sacrifice to the heathen Gods. It was a little act, soon over, and they could have easily excused it to their consciences as necessary to save their lives, and as done under compulsion. But no, they loved One better than their lives. And they hesitated not for one moment. Joyfully, eagerly, exulting in their honour, hastening to meet their Lord, did these two brave ones go to their martyrdom; Ignatius to be devoured by wild beasts in the great theatre at Rome; Polycarp to be burnt at the stake at his own city Smyrna. These, and many others such as these, were "*strong*" also.

Now you, my young friends, have not the *same* trials these men had. But you have your trials, both within and without.

And, I ask you, when temptations come, when Satan puts into your hearts thoughts of evil, when your own corrupt desires would lead you to wrong,—are ye *strong*?

Or, when the world attacks you, and your fellow-companions would entice you into sin, and make you a sharer of their evil words or evil deeds,—are ye *strong*?

For instance,—Do you dare to rebuke an oath? Do you dare to turn away from unchaste conversation? Do you dare to go to God's House amidst taunts and laughter? Do you dare to refuse to join some wicked scheme, because it is wicked?

No. You, young men of these days, are *not* strong. You are weak. You are not brave, but cowards. Judge for yourselves. The burning fiery furnace could not shake those three young men for an instant. Now-a-days is not a laugh or a sneer more than you can bear?

But I fancy I hear one of you asking, "How can I be strong?"

St. John says to the young Christians he wrote to, "*Ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you.*" Aye, that was why they were strong. They knew God's word, and kept it. Does that word abide in you? Do you read it? study it? listen to it? obey it? If not, then how can you expect to be strong?

But don't make a mistake. This is not *all* you want. Many make a mistake in these times, and think that all religion lies in *hearing*, in listening to sermons. And so the great means of grace are neglected. You cannot be strong without God's grace, and you cannot have God's grace if you do not use the means of grace.

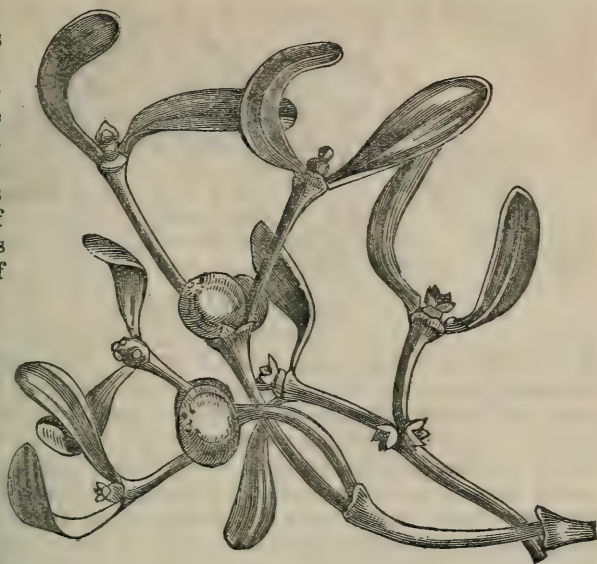
The chief ones are, as I doubt not you well know, Prayer and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Are you using these means faithfully, patiently, perseveringly? If not, again I say, how can you expect to be strong?

And now, young men, think what a grand and noble thing it is to be *strong* in this way. Think how glorious a thing it is to see an honest, manly, brave young Christian, giving his youth and strength and bravery to God, instead of to Satan; doing his duty faithfully and well, "as unto the Lord," fearing no one but God; and fighting manfully under Christ's banner, till he "overcome the wicked one," and win the crown of victory!





**W**H O does not know the Mistletoe? We should not think the Christmas decoration of our houses complete, if there did not hang up somewhere a bunch of its curious fork-branches, with their pairs of nerveless pale-green leaves and a white crystal berry dropped between each pair.



The Mistletoe is said to be the only parasite plant in England, the growth of which does not begin in the ground. The Mistletoe seed falls on some suitable part of a tree, and is fixed there by the glutinous coating, which is round the seed: by degrees the roots pierce through the bark and the plant grows on the bough. The Mistletoe is most frequently found on apple, lime, ash, or poplar trees, and sometimes also on thorn and oak trees.

The Mistletoe was viewed with reverence by our painted forefathers, the disciples of the Druid priests, who taught them that the berry placed between the stems of the plant, was like the ark as it rested between the peaks of Mount Ararat, and from this the Druid superstition is sometimes called the Arkite worship. It is because the Mistletoe is thus the superstitious symbol of a false creed that it has always been excluded from the Christmas decorations of God's House.

The name Druid means Oak-man, since the oak on account of its strength and long life, was accounted a fit emblem of the Almighty God: for the Druids taught the people that there was one only God, though they ignorantly worshipped Him by offering human victims on His altars. On New Year's Day the Druids held a solemn festival, and went forth to search for any tree on which there grew the venerated 'All-Heal,' or Mistletoe, and when they had found it, they cut it down with much pomp. Two white bulls were tied by their horns to the oak, a Druid clothed in a white robe, ascended and cut off the Mistletoe with a golden knife, and another Druid caught it, as it fell, in the folds of his garment. Then followed the cruel sacrifice of human victims, and after it the berries were supposed to have power to heal diseases. Even as late as 1806 the Mistletoe was considered a sovereign cure for epilepsy.

R. B.



## Travellers' Rests.

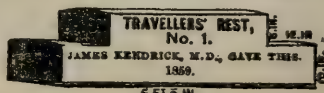
BY JAMES KENDRICK, M.D., WARRINGTON.

ACTUATED, as I hope and believe, by the same motives as Mr. CHARLES MELLY, the originator of the *Public Drinking Fountains*, and as a very humble follower in the same course, I venture to suggest another simple way in which we may alleviate the wants and sufferings of our humbler and less favoured neighbours. The measure which I would recommend is the erection of substantial Stone Seats, or 'TRAVELLERS' RESTS,' at the sides of highways much frequented by those whose poverty compels them to travel on foot. And that these 'tramps' are a large class appears not only from our so frequent meeting with them, but also from the police returns, for the judicial statistics of 1859, rank 125,470 males, and 178,639 females as 'vagabonds,' i.e., those who wander from place to place without having any fixed home.

A medical man, from his acquaintance with human anatomy, is manifestly well qualified to design a rest for the weary limbs of a tired traveller, and without presuming that the 'TRAVELLERS' REST,' figured above, is incapable of improvement, I offer it as one which, by experiment, has been found fully to answer.

Lying down at full length is plainly the posture best fitted to relieve the weary and aching limbs of a tired foot-traveller, but it is not desirable to provide for this on our public roads. Next to this, however, and very little inferior in comfort and relief, is a low seat, so as to allow of the body bending forwards, the elbows resting on the knees. I have been led to fix upon sixteen inches as the best height, and as such it is shown in the drawing. At each end of the centre seat is one of ten inches high for children, which likewise forms a convenient footstool for a mother with an infant at the breast. The other dimensions are given below; but it is necessary to state that the upper surface is rounded, to throw off the rain, and is twenty-two inches from front to back, thus affording space to deposit a large bundle, or to accommodate, if necessary, two other travellers.

I do not consider it an act of self-glorification to render the 'TRAVELLERS' REST' a memorial of the donor; and hope that many a village mason may be induced to hand down his name to posterity, coupled with such an enduring evidence of his kindly feelings towards his fellow-men.



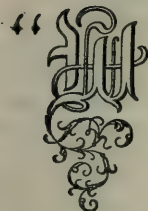


## Limnias; or, the Wonders of the Pond.

### No. III.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A., F.L.S.

"Where may we find the music like the music of the stream?  
What diamond like the glances of its ever-changing gleam?  
What couch so soft as mossy banks, where through the noontide hours,  
Our dreamy heads are pillowed, on a hundred simple flowers?  
While through the crystal stream beneath, we mark the fishes glide,  
To the sport, that we court, by the gentle river side."



"MELL! a splendid morning, old fellow," exclaimed my worthy friend Troutbeck, whom I now beg to introduce by name to the reader, as the somewhat sceptical individual who in the two previous numbers of this subject expressed a most marked contempt for Animalcule fishing—"a splendid morning for our excursion," he repeated, as he marched into my room, singing the above quoted lines of the Angler's song. on the early morning of the third Tuesday in March last; "if the fish wont rise to-day with such a warm breeze from the South-West, they'll *never* rise. Why, with any thing like luck, we ought to take ten or twelve brace of trout at least, if your brook is anything of a place. Come—up at once—it's seven o'clock, and we have, you say, a long drive before us, a cup of hot coffee, and a slice of that pig's countenance—and I'm your man."

"Well it is a promising morning and no mistake," I replied, throwing open my window and sniffing the fresh balmy air, "I am almost as sanguine of success as you are. A 'march brown' or a 'red palmer' must be irresistible even to the capricious maw of a pound-and-a-half trout such a morning; however, let us get the tackle together, I shall take a minnow or two, for there are some deepish holes for a spin just above the old forge bridge and there are heavy fish there too, I can tell you—but let us be off at once."

"Away to the brook,  
All your tackle out-look,  
Here's a day that is worth a day's wishing,  
See that all things be right,  
For 'twould be a spite,  
To want tools when a man goes a fishing."

Off then we started, immediately after breakfast, to the picturesque little village of Shawbrook and after a drive of some thirteen miles, in due time arrived at our destination, the Elephant and Castle Inn. Then off we hurried down the hill to the bridge, where we were to commence operations.

"Why is this your brook?" angrily enquired my brother of the rod, as we approached the spot, "where's the water? it's as *shallow* as thy own brain, friend Grubs, in bringing a fellow all this way to fish in a river without water. Why, are you mad enough to suppose you can ever catch a fish in such a place? The water is as clear as glass, and, I repeat it, as shallow as thy own brain. I *am* disgusted."

Alas! there was some cause for my Piscatorial friend's wrath, and Anglers you know, are at times irritable; there was the merest covering of the clearest water in the brook. My own favourite spots were almost dry, for in truth, the miller had pounded the water about a

mile up stream. It was a trial certainly, but *I* was provided in case of disappointment. Not so my angry companion Troutbeck. He was furious, and I verily believe if the unfortunate miller had made his appearance, he would have pitched him neck and crop into the water. There was nothing to be done in the fishing way at present, that was certain, we waited and waited but the brook continued as low as ever, the water would not rise, the fish of course would not rise, the only thing that *did* rise was Troutbeck's temper. I suppose the fly was not a March brown but a *Dun brown*.

Now, as I never dream of setting out on a fishing excursion, or indeed on any other excursion, without taking care to put into my pockets two or three collecting bottles, the state of the stream gave me but little disappointment; and I congratulated myself that I had availed myself of the advice of the proverb, and had "two strings to my bow." I therefore proposed to my companion that we should stroll about two fields further on. "I think," said I, "that I may perhaps be able to find for you in a small clear pond where, in its season, grows in profusion that Queen of aquatic plants, the White Water Lily, something to interest you, at any rate this will be better employment than grumbling at the condition of the brook, and growling at the poor miller. I will shew you the somewhat novel sight of a leech sitting upon her eggs, yes, firmly and immoveably brooding over them. I see you look surprised and don't believe it, but there is one species at least of fresh water leeches that literally deposits her eggs upon the lower sides of stones, on leaves and branches that are under water, and sits immoveably upon them till they are hatched."

"Oh! oh! just listen to the man, a grub incubating! "quanta est gula," what a digestion for the marvellous must a man have to swallow so monstrous an assertion. It won't do, I can't take in one quarter of what you say," Troutbeck answered, "you must be under a delusion."

"Not at all—what I have stated is strictly true," I replied, "nor is there one jot of delusion about the matter, but come, you see we have strolled on, and here is the spot. Now then, I'll turn over a few pebbles. So—here are water crickets and caddis bait in abundance—but have patience, we shall find a leech by-and-bye. Ha! here you are! do you see this stone? There the creature is on its under surface, closely sticking to it. Now see, I will insert my pen blade gently under the narrow end of the worm, and raise it up. There! as I expected, a cluster of white and pink coloured eggs, some eighteen or twenty, perhaps, attached to the stone, each egg about the size of a small pin's head.\* What have you got to say now my sceptical friend?"



\* See Illustration. The Snail Leech, "*Glossiphonia Sexoculata*" incubating (magnified.) The small outline shows the natural size.



Eh? stop, let me look closer, upon my word you are right, there the little beast actually is, this is curious certainly. But how do you know it will not forsake the eggs? What is the period of incubation?"

"I am sure she will not leave her eggs, even though she be much disturbed; if she does quit her position, which she will never do unless greatly provoked, she will press together the margins of her sides and detach the cluster, carrying her treasures with her. As to your second question about the period of incubation, that depends, of course, on the temperature of the water, but the average number of days ere the leech quits her position is nine or ten.

"But I have always thought that incubation implies a certain amount of warmth in the body of the incubator; now do you mean to tell me that this minim of creation can engender heat?"

"Certainly not, you err at the threshold. Incubation by no means necessarily implies a power to engender heat. It does so as a rule, I own, but there are exceptions, and this instance of the leech is one. In warm blooded animals heat is essential to quicken the embryo. Your asparagus would never have the delicious adjunct of a spring chicken, were you always to place a stuffed hen upon your nest eggs, but a worm is a cold blooded animal and can hardly be said to have any heat. This little animal sits upon her eggs for the sole purpose, I suppose, of protecting them from hungry devourers.

The minnows and sticklebacks are very fond of these same eggs, and will gobble them up as fast as you like to supply them with such dainties, eating them with as much gusto as a Russian eats caviare. To protect the eggs from such enemies the parent leech broods over them. After the young, as fully developed leeches, are able to shift for themselves, at which period they drop off from the mother, they are safe from a fish's maw at least, for fish will not touch them then, indeed even the long armed Hydra, which animal is not as a rule very choice in the selection of his food, appears to care little for these young leeches."

"But what is the name of this little animal?"

"It is one of the *snail leeches* and is so called from its partiality to the aquatic snails which seem to constitute its principal food, though it will suck the juices of small worms, and the various larvæ so abundant in every river and pond. But though I have called this animal a leech, you must not suppose it is very closely allied to the medicinal animal of that name, though in some respects it bears a strong resemblance to the true leeches, which have red blood, while this family has a circulating colourless fluid.

The genus to which the snail leeches belong is called *Glossiphonia*, the *siphon-tongued*, so named from a very peculiar protrusile proboscis, by means of which the animal pierces the bodies of it's victims and pumps out the nourishing juices. This protrusile proboscis is characteristic of the genus. There are several species of this genus, five or six of which belong to the British fauna. This species, however is the only one, I believe, which sits immoveably upon her eggs, unless "*Glossiphonia Marginata*" be an exception; the rest of this family carry them under the abdominal surface and appear to be pretty frequently on the move. But as I have much still to say on the subject of leeches, I must defer saying more at present. I hope, however, that

you will hereafter own that the study of even a despised worm is not altogether devoid of interest, nor beneath the notice of even an angler, "Happy especially," says the clever and delightful author of "Glaucus," "is the sportsman who is also a naturalist," and in truth so he is. The trout are not always in the humour for a fly, but there are plants and animals on every side, "manifold as wondrous," in this beautiful world, which God pronounced to be "very good" on the morning of the first creation. Every created thing teems with instruction. Let the fisherman fill his bottles and basket with plants and animals, and then, though he may be perhaps disappointed as an angler, yet will he be delighted as a naturalist, though he may be denied his sensual dish of fried trout, yet will he enjoy his intellectual feast over his microscope far more, and with ever increasing relish, so true is it that in the study of created things, "increase of appetite doth grow by what it feeds on." But come, it is time for us to start homewards.

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## Short Sermons.

No. I.

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### The Christian's Working-day.

BY ASHTON OXENDEN, M.A., RECTOR OF PLUCKLEY.

AUTHOR OF "THE PATHWAY OF SAFETY," "THE EARNEST COMMUNICANT," ETC.

ST. JOHN ix. 4.

*"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."*



OUR Lord, as He passed along, had just met a poor blind man. And instead of turning from him as many had done, He draws towards him, to relieve his misery. Now, we learn from the 14th verse that it was the Sabbath Day. And if you look back to the 5th Chapter, you will see that a very little while before, Jesus had cured a lame man at the pool of Bethesda: and it seems that the Jews were so enraged at it, that "they sought to slay Him, because He had done these things on the Sabbath Day."

And now, again on the Sabbath, another poor object presents himself to our Lord. What was He to do? Was He to steel His heart against him? Was He to shrink from this work of mercy for fear of the resentment of His Jewish enemies? No, it was one of those works which His Father had given Him to do, and He *would* not, He *could* not, leave it undone. His bright and blessed career was soon coming to a close, and every moment was precious. "I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

Now, Brethren, I pray that God may shew us, that we too have each of us a work to do, and but a short time to do it in.

Let us consider—

1.—*The Work* to be done.

2.—*The Day*, which is given to each of us for that work, and

3.—*The Night*, when our working time will be over.

Our first thought is, *The Work to be done.*

The sun appears in the sky morning after morning, not merely to glitter there; but to warm and comfort God's creatures, and to give health and ripeness to the fruits of the earth. It runs its course, and does its daily appointed work. And when Jesus came among us, *He* had a special work to do—to save men's souls—to do good—to shew us how to live a holy spotless life. "Wist ye not (He said) that I must be about My Father's business?" And again, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work;" and here in the text He says, "*I must work the works of Him that sent Me.*"

And so will every Christian man feel: he will say, "I must work." This is not a time for idleness, but for work—not for ease, but for labour—something is to be done, and I must do it. "I must work."

Many a worldly man also says this; and forthwith sets himself in earnest to the employment before him—he knows that he cannot gain his object without striving for it, and so he is up and doing.

One man sees riches in the distance, houses, lands, large possessions; and so he strains every nerve that he may obtain them. Another dreams of worldly honours—to be advanced among men—to get a great name—and he presses eagerly for this prize; it is always before him, and he never loses sight of it. Oh! I can fancy such persons, when they come to die, waking up from their long dream, and crying out with bitter remorse, "I have worked—I have worked hard—but in vain; I have spent my strength for nought. I have laboured all my life long, but it has been "for the meat that perisheth."

What is the Christian's work? His language is like that of his Master, "I must work the works of *Him that sent me.*" God sends us into the world for a purpose. Ministers, for example, are sent to preach to their people, to pray with them, to lead them on the road to heaven. This is *their* work; and woe unto them if they do it not. And God has sent *you* also to work for Him. There is not one individual, who has not some distinct work of his own, which God sets him to do—some way by which he may glorify his Father, and do good to his fellow-men. Just as it is with any machine, a steam engine for instance—has not every crank, and every cylinder, and every wheel something to do—some part to take? And do we not expect that particular crank, or cylinder, or wheel, to perform its appointed office? So is it with each one of us. God has an employment for us, and if we do not heartily set ourselves to the performance of it, then are we but useless members, unprofitable servants, cumberers of the ground.

Now, there are three special kinds of work which we are called upon to do. There is a work to do for *Ourselves*—a work to do for our *Fellow-men*—and a work to do for *God*.

There is a work to do for *Ourselves*. We have each of us a soul to be saved; a hell to escape; and a heaven to win. And if this work is neglected, then every other work will be in vain. And yet, of all things this is the *very one* that we are apt to neglect. And I will tell you why—because, when we lose it, we do not immediately *feel* the loss. If we lose an eye or a hand, we instantly feel it; if we lose a sum of money, we directly become poorer for it. But a man may lose his soul,



and not be *conscious* of his loss : the world may still smile upon him ; his cup of pleasure may be full ; the cares of this life may sit loose upon him ; he knows not, he considers not, that his soul is unsaved.

My dear Friends, what can we give in exchange for our souls ? We can lay down no price to rescue them from hell. We cannot buy them back, if once condemned. It is true that with all our working we cannot *earn* heaven. But Jesus has purchased it for us. Believe this with all your heart. This is the work of God, that ye believe in him, whom He hath sent. Oh ! then, rest not till you are saved. The door of heaven is yet open. The Saviour is calling you. He is willing—yes waiting—to pardon your every sin, and to give you eternal life.

Now remember, there is work to do *for yourself*, a work in your own soul. Is it done ?

Then again there is a work to do *for your Fellow-men*. The salvation of our souls is *one thing*—but it is not *everything*. The bright and glorious sun, as I said just now, does not shine for itself, but for *others*. And God says to each of us, “Arise, Shine !” We must not be selfishly wrapped up in ourselves ; but we must also lay ourselves out to be useful to our fellow-men. If any one among us, the humblest of us, would devote himself—aye, even for *one day*—to the careful performance of his duty to man, as in the sight of God, much would be done. *One* little grain of wheat, falling into the ground, may produce in the course of years harvests which will require many hands to gather it in. And so one single action may produce untold blessings. One holy lesson, for instance, taught to some one who may come under our influence, taught again by him to his companions, may go on spreading, till an immense effect is produced on a whole neighbourhood. The loftiest mountain is but a collection of grains of earth ; and the ocean is made up of single waves.

Let none of us then fancy that our work must be too small to be of any use. God *can*, and *will*, own it and bless it, if only it be done for His sake. Is some one suffering ? We should try and do something to lessen his distress. We can do but *little* perhaps, but we should gladly *do* that little. Is some one ignorant ? We should endeavour to remove his ignorance, as far as we are able. Do we see some one hastening to ruin ? We should do our utmost to reclaim him. Never say, “What can *I* do for that man ? It is not my business—who made me my brother's keeper ?” We *may* do something, we may pray for him—we may speak to him, though it be but poorly ; and God may bless our endeavours, and make us the humble means of doing good, not only to that man, but through him to others.

Yes, we have *all* of us some work or other, which we may do among our *Fellow-men*.

Then too we have a work to do *for God* : we are to glorify him in this world. We must not merely ask, “Will such and such a thing do *me* any good ? or will it benefit my *fellow-creatures* ?” But “will it be for the glory of *my God* ? Shall I honour *Him* by doing it ?” What a glorious object is this to have ever before us ! What a noble end to be always aiming at ! Not to be seeking our own glory, or our own advancement, and our own good—but to honour our Lord and Saviour, and to add something to His glory !

But I pass on to say just a few words about *the Time given us for doing this work*. "I must work the works of him that sent me, WHILE IT IS DAY." Our Lord Himself, you see, had His "*day*,"—a time in which His great work was to be accomplished. And so have we. What is our life? It is but a day—a few hours, and then our working time is gone. There is the *Dawn* of Infancy—the *Morning* of Childhood—the *Noon* of Manhood—and the *Evening* of Old Age. All these are precious periods, which we may employ in God's service, and in working out our own salvation. When Jesus uttered these words, His life on earth was drawing to a close—it was probably not more than six months after this, that He was put to death. He seemed then to say, "My earthly life is coming to an end. While it lasts I must employ it in doing My Father's work." And, how soon, how very soon, will *our day* close in. Perhaps only a few weeks more, and then we shall lie down and die. Perhaps there are only a few grains in our hour-glass yet to run out. Oh then let us work for eternity. There is a voice from heaven which says to us, "Son, work to-day in my vineyard." It does not bid us begin *to-morrow*, but *to-day*. It does not bid us work for God when we have *done working* for the world, to spend our best strength on things which only concern this life, and to give the dregs, the remnant, the last few drops, to Him, who ought to have all. No, He bids us put forth at once all our powers in His glorious service, to do the work of Him that sent us, while it is day.

And now, for a moment, just turn your thoughts to the last clause in the text—"The *Night* cometh, when no man can work." Death will be *our night*, the dark grave will be *our night*, when no work can be done. And who knows how soon the night *may* come? Ah, if we were to die to-morrow, should we not feel that much had been left *un-done*, that much was still unfinished that we meant to complete? Should we not feel that God and eternity had been too often put aside, and the trifles of this world had been allowed to occupy us far too much? Should we not have to mourn over hours mis-spent—precious opportunities wasted?

Brethren, live as dying men and women. Live in the full persuasion that your life is but a short day; and that you may be much nearer to the close of it than you imagine. How important is every moment! Let us spend it as those who are hurrying on towards an eternity that will never end.

O Sinner, thou hast lived for thyself. Thou hast lived without God in the world. Thou hast laboured hard for that which will perish in the using. Thy *night* is soon coming—a long weary night—outer darkness, where there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

O Believer, *thy night* too is at hand—a night of peaceful rest, when all thy toils shall be over—a night that will be followed by the morn—the beautiful morn—the morning of the resurrection. You shall enjoy a cloudless, endless, day of bliss. "Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

We are indebted to the "*Darlington and Stockton Times*" for the main part of the following Report of the

## OPENING OF ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

The inauguration of these schools was as remarkable and unprecedented a success as the service on the 20th of November, when the church was crowded to excess, on the occasion of the Lord Bishop of Durham preaching on their behalf. Upwards of 900 people were present; and, notwithstanding the unexpected addition of 400 to the number expected, the supply of the usual accompaniments of the tea table had been made by the ladies on a scale of such unbounded liberality as sufficed to satisfy the appetites of a Christmas gathering, closely packed as was that on Tuesday evening. The crowd of people which in a continuous stream poured into the building, for twenty minutes, was of itself enough to disturb most of the arrangements that had been previously made. And, beyond the possibility of averting it, there would have been an unmistakeable break-down, but for the courage and hearty good-will with which the ladies faced the danger. They were supported by the good feeling of all the company; each of whom did his best to get the machine in motion, after a temporary stoppage at the outset. The great marvel of the evening was the continuous supply of hot water, which failed not once to appear when wanted. Mr. Rutherford's apparatus was invaluable; and the volunteers on Tuesday worked as only volunteers can work to keep it going. But to return to the ladies by whom the "thousand" were so prodigally regaled. One does not like to drag their names before the public; but the temptation in this instance is so great that we cannot resist it. They were—Mrs. Addison, Miss Banks, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Bryson, Mrs. Buckton, Miss Burton, Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. R. Child, Miss Child, Mrs. Dryden, Mrs. Fothergill, Miss Gales, Miss Green, Mrs. Gent, Mrs. Hildreth, Miss Nelson, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Middleton, Miss Porthouse, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Senior, Mrs. Shutt, Misses Stockton and Chapman, Miss Sinclair, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, Miss J. Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Watt, and Mrs W. Wooler. The members of the Choral Society, who were present, vied with each other in contributing their utmost to enhance the pleasure of the company; and Mr. Marshall afforded his valuable aid with the greatest cordiality. The Temperance Band played very well, and contributed not a little to the harmony of the evening.

The schools occupy more than half-an-acre of ground, and are divided into an infant's school, 55 feet long and 24 broad; with class-room 20 feet long by 24 wide; and upper school 63 feet long and 20 broad; with class-room 22 feet long and 20 broad. All the rooms intercommunicate with each other, are lofty and admirably lighted, warmed and ventilated. Lavatories have been provided for each school. In the upper school, where the elder boys and girls will be taught, every care has been taken in the arrangement of the buildings to guard against any evils that might otherwise arise from the union of the boys and girls in one school. The boys go in and out by one set of doors, and the girls go in and out by another set. The playgrounds are separate, and cover a space of about 1,600 square yards. There are two convenient houses for the master and mistress.—The reports of the several committees were not read at the meeting, and we think the arrangement to omit all business matters, was a wise one. These will be considered at a meeting of the subscribers, which will be duly announced. The financial part of the undertaking is in a satisfactory state, and as soon as all the subscriptions are paid up the committee think that they will be clear within a few pounds. But a few unforeseen outlays, usual at the end of a large undertaking, may have the effect of disturbing their calculations a little.

Having stated these few particulars respecting the building, it will now be necessary to peep upon the scene, as presented by nearly 1000 faces after tea-taking. They were scattered in the several rooms of the building, and with the exception of the concert room, the people in each were left to their own resources for amusement. And right merrily, we hear, did they pass the remaining hours of the evening. In the principal wing of the building the incumbent took the chair, ten minutes only behind time, and called upon the Choral Society to give their first chorus, "Glory be unto the Lord," after which



The Rev. W. H. G. STEPHENS said that observing so very many before him who were quite ignorant of the origin of the schools, it would not be out of place in him to give a rapid sketch of their history. He said a "rapid sketch" because he did not wish to set a bad example by making a long-winded speech. Whatever faults may be laid to his charge, the introduction amongst the people of St. John's of a dangerous disease, known by the name of "long-talking," should not be brought against him. If they were to have a characteristic, let it be one for action rather than for speech. It was in the year 1842 that the people in this neighbourhood became so numerous as to attract the benevolent and pious attention of several teachers in the St. Cuthbert's schools. From that old and goodly hive, these Christian bees came "up-bank" and alighted in an "upper-room," of Bridge Terrace, in a house which was owned and now occupied by Mr. Anthony Dunn and his venerable mother. At the head of this swarm was Mr. Peter Bailey, who has since gone to his eternal home, regarded and respected by all who knew him. Of his fellow-labourers were Messrs. York and Robson, who have since been ordained clergymen of the Church of England; and Mr. Armstrong, for many years the energetic master of the Trinity Boys' School; Mr. Robinson, who is now living in Stockton; and last, though by no means least of the founders, was their old friend "Lanty Hall," who, during the whole time that he laboured in the school, scarcely once missed attending twice every day. "Lanty" was still amongst them, and long might that example of a straight-forward, honest man continue—if not enlightening the children's minds, at any rate warming their bodies. (Laughter and cheers). Well, the school continued in this room for the space of four years, pioneering (he might say) the way for the church. It was the distinguished office of these teachers, as Christian fore-runners, to make the rough places smooth, and the crooked ways straight. The year 1846 saw the formation of an Ecclesiastical District of that part of the Old Darlington Parish, which was on the East-side of the Skerne; and in the same year, the school shifted its quarters from Bridge-terrace, to that cheerful and high-scented room, at the corner of Station-street, in which it had been held down to the present time. According to the universal law which affected everything of this world, many changes had taken place in the staff of their school-teachers. Still in the person of Mr John Bailey they had a valued link with the founders of their school. As regards Mr Bailey he was bound from every feeling of gratitude and regard to say that he had always found in him, a zealous and considerate co-adjutor—the worthy representative of a worthy brother. There were many others to whom the children and their parents owed a deep debt of gratitude. There were Mr Chambers, who was ordained a few days ago by the Bishop of London, he had done much to promote the welfare of the school—Mr Hobson and Mr Ward had laboured diligently with them. And then there was glorious "old Willie Kell," who, "Sundays and war-days," went about doing good, with a big book of homilies in his pocket, as big as that old heart of his within him. (Applause and laughter.) There were many others whom he would not fatigue them by individualizing—all "good men and true." The gentler sex had, as usual, in all philanthropic undertakings, been of the props that have sustained the house. He would forbear recording their meritorious deeds except in general mention. It would be so outrageous to their feelings for him to pick them one by one to be gazed at and admired. He would now come to the beginning of the present year. The appeals, and of mothers especially, had been urgent for the establishment of day schools, and they were incessantly contrasting the absence of schools on the Bank Top with their rankness in more favoured districts of the town. Moved by these appeals, and resolved to tolerate no longer the non-fulfilment of hopes long excited, he determined with the divine assistance, that the year 1859 should witness, not only the beginning, but the completion of schools adequate for the educational necessities of the parish. The first announcement of his determination he made at the children's annual tea-party, twelve months ago, when he called upon them to make the beginning by contributing their pence. The next announcement was in the church on the first Sunday of the present year, when he told the congregation there was a plain duty before them—that they must rise to the occasion and not flinch from it, whatever may happen. The whole scheme was soon launched, receiving from the people a most generous response; and he would add that that scheme had been efficiently carried out by the several committees to whom it had been entrusted. Certainly they had lost no time. Within two months or so, the preliminary and main correspondence with

the Privy Council was closed—the plans drawn and approved—and the grant of £900, and upwards secured; and by the 17th of March they were in a position, had they been so minded, to let the works. He mentioned this as representations were being constantly made against the Government officers being dilatory and procrastinating; but on the contrary, and speaking from some experience, he had always found them prompt to meet the views of those who knew what they were about and stuck to their work. Well, to make a long story short, the foundations were laid in May; and here they were comfortably housed—as comfortably as the excessive heat and inconvenient pressure permitted—by the end of December. Now, in the retrospect of the year, he did not think there would be many who regretted the money and the time which they had given to the accomplishment of the undertaking. But if there were any, he would take them through these spacious school-rooms, where children will not

“Pant for breath in one small room confined.”

He would take them through the commodious houses and the extensive playgrounds;—and, if after the tour, a shadow of regret still darkened the serenity of their minds,—why, he would say no more. Not that the committee claimed for themselves the possession of infallibility. They had, very likely, made many faults of omission and commission; or, at any rate, some would think so, just as an old neighbour of ours complained the other day, that stables ought to have been built to house the “cuddies” on which the country children will ride to school. (Laughter.) Having thus spoken to them of the past and brought them down to the present, he would, with their permission, being far from well, ask Mr Marshall to come to his rescue, and would defer for a few minutes what he had to say in respect to the future.

The Choral Society then gave the “Hallelujah Chorus.”

The rev. gentleman resumed, by saying that the schools would be opened on the 9th of January, for the instruction of both sexes, and every age of childhood. They had forborne to canvass parents and children, from the calm conviction that, sooner or later, the people of the neighbourhood would take the usufructuary possession of their own property. The infant school, for children under six years of age, would be entrusted to the charge of a Miss Clare, a native of Lancashire. She came to them with a high character from the Principal of the Whitelands Training School. That gentleman had staked his character, and the reputation of the best female training school in England upon the efficiency of their future mistress. The upper school would be conducted upon a principle which, so far as he knew, had not been tried in Darlington. The boys and girls of this school, which will comprise those above six years of age, will be confided to a master, who will instruct them in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the usual subjects of elementary instruction. Mixed schools of this character had, he believed, received the general recommendation of Her Majesty's Inspectors of schools as having been found, upon experience, to have the effect of sharpening the minds of girls, and of softening the manners of boys. (Applause.) The committee had appointed Mr Wilkinson as the master of this school, who was a young man enjoying a seven years character for morality and ability. Her Majesty's Inspector of the district, and the Principal of the Durham Training school speak of him in meritorious terms. He (Mr Stephens) had known him himself for seven years and upwards, and would have not the slightest hesitation, if it were necessary, to take the responsibility upon his own shoulders of Mr Wilkinson's turning out an able master. There was another feature in these schools to which he must allude. He thought that the industrial part of education had been sadly neglected of late; and especially of girls. He was one of those old-fashioned persons who would infinitely prefer, if a choice between the two were necessary to see a girl plying her needle with intelligence and dexterity, than speaking volubly about the mountain system of Timbuctoo, or the water-sheds of Owlyhee. (Laughter.) He could not help thinking that educationalists were carrying their crotchets a little too far, when he saw, some time ago, a little girl, about 10 or 11, overhead and ears, beyond all hope of recovery, in a dreary slough of objects and subjects, of extensions and completions of predicates. (Laughter.) Was there ever such nonsense as this? Rather let the girl be taught to make a shirt or some other useful clothing, that she may help her mother and gratify her heart's impulse to make a nice Christmas gift to her father, or a birth-day present to her brother, all of her own work. The committee, holding such views as these, had appointed a mistress, who would have the charge, and the charge only, of the sewing and knitting depart-



ment. To Miss Simonson, who had lived her life amongst us, of irreproachable character, we should look for the turning out of a race of girls useful in their generation, so far as sewing is concerned. The charges in the Infant-school will be *twopence a-week*: and *threepence* in the upper school. There will also be a payment of one penny each month for firing, pens, ink, and such like. Books and slates will be provided by the school—all writing books, of course, excepted. He had now come to the end of his tether; and begged cordially to thank them for the patience with which they had listened to him. (Cheers.) He had broken his promise of making a short speech, and must throw himself upon their indulgence. And now he asked them to join in giving to God alone the glory of all that had been done in the inception and completion of these schools. They were begun in earnest prayer, and oft had he appealed for divine guidance and strength. He would ask them also to unite with him in beseeching for the continued presence of the Holy Spirit, that in the time to come He may guide the minds of the teachers and children, kindling in their hearts a flame of heavenly love, and warming with a Christian tone and glow the whole atmosphere of the St. John's Schools.

CHORUS—"Then round about the starry throne."

The Rev. J. G. PEARSON was then called upon. He said: As no man could more fully sympathise with another in sickness than he who has suffered from the same complaint, so neither could any one more heartily congratulate him upon his recovery. He (Mr. Pearson) having some fifteen years ago, concluded a similar labour to that of his friend Mr. Stephens, could fully enter into the delight which he must feel in seeing the completion of the noble schools in which they were assembled. At the period he (Mr. Pearson) was engaged in school building there were a great many more difficulties to contend against than we have in the present day, especially in the agricultural districts. In the first instance, they had no Diocesan Society to apply to—the National Society gave them but very scanty aid, and the Privy Council on education did not exist. In order to raise between £300 and £400, and to get matters in trim, he had had to walk and ride 1800 miles. However the school was built at last, and the good work then begun is still going on. The farmers at that time cared little for education. They said it would not make their labourers work any better,—that boys would harrow and plough n better for learning them to read and write, but the introduction of machinery had taught them a different lesson, and that an intelligent and educated labourer was required, to keep in order and put to rights the complicated machinery of the drill and the threshing machine. So that the progress of education was now going on to the delight of those who had been the pioneers of the present educational movement. Mr. Stephens had made an allusion to St. Cuthbert's as the mother church. That very morning, he (Mr. P.) had heard that a very noted character had declared, "Tawd Church had written a letter;" now it was clear that in that case St. Cuthbert's must be looked upon as a person and not a thing, and he should assume her to be a venerable, respectable matron, not at all jealous of her two rising daughters. Nothing could be more absurd than to see a matron of fifty dressed out the same way as her children, and jealous of admiration bestowed upon them; on the contrary, nothing was more respectable than witnessing the maternal satisfaction displayed at seeing the said daughters comfortably settled in life. We shall then look upon this as the weddingfeast of our daughter "Jane," and hope that in due time, she and her sister "Trinity" may rejoice in seeing their daughters "Hoptown" and "Albert-Hill," in like manner, establishing themselves in the world in the way of erecting a church, and parsonage, and schools, for it was quite clear, whenever a town became extended, these should be immediately established. While, however, congratulating the daughter, a plea must be put in for the old lady. It falls somewhat hard upon an old dowager, to have to give three thousand to one daughter, and three thousand to another, and find herself in very straightened circumstances in her old years. Nevertheless it is a matter of pleasure to see the cordiality existing between mother and daughters in this case, and if in the course of time the old parish should require assistance, she can ask it with a good grace from her flaunting children. He (Mr. Pearson) would not add any more, *a solo* was always very tame after a chorus—and a speech but a poor substitute for a song so he would say no more, but again declared the pleasure he felt at being present at the opening of St. John's school.

SONG—"Let the bright seraphim." CHORUSES—"Let their celestial concerts all unite"—"To sing and dance."



Mr. JOHN BROWN was the next speaker. He commenced by saying that they had already heard how the Bank Top school had been managed since 1842, therefore it was scarcely necessary for him to make a remark upon that head; but he might be allowed to say there had been a want of proper schools for the district, for the last fifteen or sixteen years to his knowledge. It was particularly on this account that he rejoiced in being present at this opening ceremony of schools which were calculated to effect a considerable amount of good. As there were many present whom he believed to be fathers and mothers, he would entreat of them all to see that their children were properly educated. When he received his education—but it was only little he got—the chances for a lad were nothing like so favourable as they were at the present day. Parents had their sons and daughters to leave behind them—they would not live for ever amongst them—an opportunity for educating them was now presented to them, and if they embraced that opportunity they would bless the day that the schools at Bank-top were erected. Everyone must feel the great necessity of having a sound and good education, and he would therefore earnestly appeal to parents to send their children to school. The cost was but little. If they sent their children, they must send them in time, and every day. (Hear, hear.) This world was only a battle, but still they must make the best of it. They must look on the bright side of it, and if it was in their power to better the condition of mankind generally let them do it, so that when they came to leave the world, they could say they had left it better than when they entered it. He would entreat them to be up and doing, and not let the opportunity slip, for the night cometh when no man can work. (Applause.)

MADRIGAL—"Since first I saw your face."

Mr. R. THOMPSON, in moving a vote of thanks to the ladies, said that he could hardly find words to express the debt of gratitude which the committee owed to them for their exertions in behalf of the schools. (Applause.) At a meeting held a short time ago, he remembered stating that if the services of the ladies could only be enlisted in the undertaking they would be sure to succeed, as it had proved. He must apologise, on behalf of the committee, if there had been any deficiency in the matter of arrangements that night, as a great many more had attended than was anticipated. It was a proud day for Bank-top to have those schools erected, and the only thing he should be glad to see was that they would be made available by the increasing population of the district. (Applause.)

SONG.—"Excelsior." MADRIGAL—"The Hardy Norseman."

Dr. HASLEWOOD moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Marshall and the Choral Society.

Mr. BROWN moved a vote of thanks to the temperance band, remarking that nothing was more pleasing at any festival than to hear music. A man who had no music in his soul was a phenomenon he could not understand.


These votes of thanks were carried with acclamation, and the proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the "National Anthem." Several gentlemen, including the Chief Bailiff and the Rural Dean, who had been expected to take part in the proceedings, were unavoidably absent.

[A strong confirmation of the sound principle upon which the St. John's Schools have been established in respect to their mixed character was afforded by an influential speaker at a meeting of the United Association of Schoolmasters of Great Britain held in the Society of Arts' room in the Adelphi. In the course of a valuable speech, Mr. Reynolds, Secretary of the Home and Colonial School Society, said, that "The experience of our society leads us to the conclusion that the mixture of the sexes in schools has a beneficial effect, whilst the presence of girls tends greatly to improve the manners of boys; on the other hand, working with boys strengthens the characters of the girls. We are also convinced that the conduct of both in after life is much more satisfactory; in fact, it is necessary they should be thus trained in order that they may be led mutually to esteem each other and learn how to conduct themselves when thrown together." The meeting was held the day after St. John's tea party; and the coincidence of thought and language between Mr Stephens and the authorities of the Home and Colonial Society is striking.]



## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

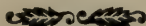
JAN. 9		Opening of St. John's National Schools for Boys, Girls, and Infants.
11		Counties Meeting at Newcastle for Church Extension, Earl Grey, Chairman.
		Meeting for Home Missions at St John's School-room, at 7-30 p.m.
12		Meeting of the Diocesan Church Societies at Durham.
15	S. 2 EPIPHANY .....	Morn. Is. 51—Mat. 13. Even. Is. 53—Rom. 13.
22	S. 3 EPIPHANY .....	Morn. Is. 55—Mat. 20. Even. Is. 56—1 Cor. 4.
29	S. 4 EPIPHANY .....	Morn. Is. 57—Mat. 26. Even. Is. 58—1 Cor. 10.
FEB. 5	S. SEPTUAGESIMA ...	Morn. Gen. 1—Mar. 5. Even. Gen. 2—2 Cor. 1.
12	S. SEXAGESIMA .....	Morn. Gen. 3—Mar. 12. Even. Gen. 6—2 Cor. 8.

 Every Wednesday, Prayers and Lecture in the Church at 7 p.m.

[NOTES.—EPIPHANY is from a Greek word meaning *Manifestation* or *Shewing Forth*. The festival is designed to shew our gratitude to God by commemorating (1) the *shewing* of Christ to the Gentiles in the persons of the wise men of the East, (Luke ii. 8-20)—(2) the manifestation of the Trinity at Christ's Baptism, (Luke iii. to v. 33)—and (3) the manifestation of his glory and Divinity in the miracle at Cana in Galilee (John ii. to v. 12.)

SEPTUAGESIMA, &c. The three Sundays preceding Lent are called respectively, Septuagesima (70th), Sexagesima (60th), and Quinquagesima (50th),—all of them, Latin words—from their being (in round numbers) seventy, sixty, and fifty days before Easter.

CALENDAR is derived from the word *Calendæ*, which was applied to the first day of the Roman month, and is formed from an old Latin word, *Calo*, to reckon. Exceptions have been taken by many Dissenters to the Church of England retaining in her Calendar several festivals of the Roman Church, as for instance, those of Prisca, Martin, Valentine, Crispin, and a host of others which one may see for himself by referring to the Calendar, at the beginning of the Prayer Book. The exception has been taken upon the ground that we observe or ought to observe, according to our principles, these (so-called) holy-days, and that we have a superstitious regard for them. The notion, however, is a pure fiction, as the candid Dissenter will be glad to learn. The Church of England, at the time of the Reformation, included these days in her Calendar for public convenience and not for reverence. Her Calendar was the universal Almanack of the day; and the reasons are various why the names of these Popish Festivals were retained. The writs of the proceedings of Parliament and Superior Courts of Justice were dated according to these Festivals; Wakes, Fairs, and Hirings were regulated by them; and many were wont to be observed by different classes of handicraftsmen, as St. Crispin's day, by the shoemakers. In fact, the people had contracted such familiarity with them, that their sudden disuse would have flung confusion and inconvenience into all the civil relations of life. Circumstances have changed now, it is true; still, their retention in the Calendar, as in the present time, is of great service to the ecclesiastical scholar. In several of the histories written before the reformation, many of the transactions are stated as coming on such and such a holy day, without mentioning the name and day of the month; and if the scholar had not his calendar to return to, he would soon be at sea in his Chronology.]



# SERVICES IN THE PARISH OF ST. JOHN.

## PARISH CHURCH.

SUNDAY	Morning Service	10 30
"	Evening Service	6 30
WEDNESDAY	Prayers and Lecture	7 p.m.

HOLY COMMUNION.—First Sunday in the Month.

BAPTISMS AND CHURCHINGS.—Sunday at 3 p.m. ; also on Wednesday and Friday mornings at 10.30.

MARRIAGES.—Every morning between the hours of 8 and 12 o'Clock.

[Notice of Baptisms, Churchings, and Marriages should be given over-night to the Clerk, Mr. J. Graham, Bridge Street ; or to the Sexton, Mr. L. Hall, 2, Albert Street.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL ..... Morning at 9 15 ..... Afternoon at 2 o'Clock.

## CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.

SUNDAY ..... Evening Service ..... 6 30

HOLY COMMUNION.—Second Sunday in the Month at 10 30.

BAPTISMS AND CHURCHINGS on Sunday Evenings and on Thursdays at 11 a.m.

MARRIAGES are solemnized at the Church of St. John.

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Afternoon at 2 30.

We shall be happy to receive friendly assistance from Churchmen ; and to insert local matter of interest to any of the neighbouring Parishes,—a proportionate number of copies being taken in return. Publicity can thus be given to Lectures or Missionary Meetings ; statements of School-accounts and Clothing Clubs ; the additions made to the Parish Library ; benefactions during the month or year to the Church and Schools ; &c., &c.

This Magazine is sold by Mr. J. Graham, Bridge Terrace ; Mr. L. Hall, Albert Street ; and at the St. John's Schools.

Communications, before the first day of each month, must be addressed to "Mr. William Wilkinson, St. John's Schools, Darlington," and endorsed "Parish Magazine."

January 9th, 1860.



## PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY, 1860.

PARISH MAGAZINE.—*Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies, 1d., may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, and of Mr. L. HALL.*

## HOME MISSIONS.

On Wednesday evening, January 11th, a lecture was delivered in the St. John's Infant School-room, on the subject of Home Missions, by the Rev. Hugh Bennett, the Travelling Secretary of the Additional Clergy Society. After prayers had been offered, the Lecturer was introduced by the Incumbent, as a gentleman to whom not only the parish of St. John but the whole Diocese of Durham was indebted for the efforts he had made to increase the number of Clergy in its poor and populous districts. Mr. Bennett, in an interesting lecture, claimed for the Home Mission the same degree of sympathy and assistance as had been given to the Foreign, illustrating by a variety of statistical details, the fact that parishes containing 10,000 inhabitants and upwards, were left to the ministrations of a single clergyman only. To this deficiency of spiritual provision, he traced the existence of many social evils, and the painful circumstance that the working-classes as a body, while possessing many manly virtues, were indifferent to their eternal interests. It was, he considered, a lamentable circumstance that of the thousands of men who were working in our factories and mines, scarcely 2 in 50 were to be found attending a place of worship on the Sunday. There seemed to be a thorough forgetfulness or indifference upon their part to the commonest duties which creatures owed to their Creator and Redeemer. It was an awful thought that men born for eternity should live as if this world were their only stage of existence. God had given to the working-man everything that he had—his health and strength, his food and raiment—and yet he had not even the gratitude to thank his Benefactor by frequenting "The House of Prayer" and praise. The remedy for this alarming feature in society was now generally admitted to be in the multiplication of clergy, which would restore to the ministerial office the essential characteristic it had necessarily lost in these overgrown parishes. Those who were conversant with the incessant calls upon a clergyman's time, considered that not more than 2,000 people—very many 1,000 only—should be placed under his charge; and where this number was exceeded, there was the danger of the pastor's character being altogether lost, and the preacher's functions alone discharged. No permanent impression upon masses at large would be made till the clergy, becoming personally acquainted with them, could follow up their public ministrations by private exhortations and advice. The lecturer spoke hopefully of the future prospects of the Church, and gave many illustrations of the growing interest in the great work which, as a humble handmaid of the Church of England, the society has in hand. The income of the society has for some time been steadily increasing, and it is, at the present period, maintaining in whole or in part 400 additional clergy—being 120 more than were employed under its grants at this time last year. In the Diocese of Durham, the number of Clergy maintained by assistance from the society has risen, during the past year, from 14 to 23. These are labouring in the more populous and destitute districts—part of the stipend, by a rule lately made, being in almost all cases raised from local sources to meet the grant. The principle upon which the society makes its grants was explained, shewing that it is entirely free from any party character. The Committee require full information as to the amount of population, the income of the Benefice, the additional ministerial work to be done by means of the Curate, for whose maintenance a grant is desired; but leaves to the Bishop of the Diocese all questions as to the soundness or unsoundness in doctrine of Incumbent or Curate. The Bishop's approval and license are in all cases essential. The Bishop of Durham, he was rejoiced to say, gives to the society his hearty support not only by advocating its claims from the pulpits of his Diocese, but by offering an annual subscription of £50 to the General Fund, and £31 10s. to the

Special Fund for the Diocese. The society has lately received valuable support from another benefactor, whose name could not but carry with it great authority in the country, and especially in the Diocese of Durham. The late Robert Stephenson had selected it and the Christian Knowledge Society as the Christian objects of his admiration and respect, leaving to each a bequest of £2000. Such testimony from a practical man like Stephenson, who had the welfare of the working-classes so much at heart, was esteemed of the highest value by the society. In conclusion an appeal was made to the audience that, if the objects and principles of the society obtained their approval, they would take some part in extending its sphere of Christian usefulness by increasing its funds. Instances were mentioned of parishes in which the society maintains Curates, where considerable sums are raised, in aid of its funds, by collectors of small coins—a shilling, a sixpence each quarter—a penny a week. In one case, where the annual sermons produced only £6, and the few rich people gave £4 or £5 in subscriptions, the poor people had contributed in this way no less than £18 towards the General and Special Funds of the Society.

At the close of the lecture, the chairman gave the receipts of the current year, ending March 25th next, and apologised for their scantiness, by mentioning the large outlay that had been made in the erection of their schools. There would not be the same obstacle in the way next year, to a more generous and widely extended support of this valuable Society. The contributions were as follows :—

GENERAL FUND.		£	s.	d.	SPECIAL FUND.		£	s.	d.
Collection at the Church of St					Rev. H. W. Stephens ... ..		5	0	0
John ... ..		4	15	0	Messrs. R. and W. Thompson		15	0	0
" at the Chapel of Ease,					Mr. J. Buckton ... ..		5	0	0
Albert Hill ... ..		1	0	6	Revds. W. H. Stephens, and G.				
" at Coniscliffe ... ..		0	10	6	G. Lynn ... ..		5	0	0
" at Middleton - One-					Mr. Francis Mewburn... ..		1	0	0
Row [per Rev. W.					Mr. J. H. Stobart ... ..		1	0	0
H. Elliott] ... ..		1	0	0	Mr. C. Watkin ... ..		1	0	0
" at Denton, [per Rev.									
G. Birkbeck] ... ..		0	16	0			£33	0	0
Donation by the Revds. G. G.									
Lynn, and W. H.									
Stephens ... ..		5	0	0					
The Haughton-le-Skerne Par-									
ochial Association, by									
the Rev. R. J. Simp-									
son ... ..		3	2	0					
		£16	4	0					

Mr. Stephens explained the "General Fund" to be for the general purposes of the society for maintaining clergy in the poor and populous parishes of England and Wales; and the "Special Fund" to be the sum of £35 required to be raised in order to secure an additional £65 per annum for the parish of St. John. He hoped that a parochial association would be formed that evening, to afford some tangible evidence of their sympathy for the great work in which this society was engaged. It would give him pleasure to place in the hands of any Christian-disposed parishioner a collection card. The humblest and the youngest could thus become instruments of furthering Christ's cause throughout the parish and the land.

Mr. R. Thompson said that after listening to the clear and succinct statement of the Lecturer, he was deeply impressed with the immense influence for good which the Additional Clergy Society possessed; and he was gratified to have the opportunity of moving the following resolution :— "That in consideration of the great spiritual work which is being done by the additional Clergy Society, and of the benefits arising to the Diocese of Durham and to this Parish in particular, a Parochial Association be formed for the purpose of promoting its objects."


Mr. W. Wooler briefly seconded its adoption. After it had been put to the meeting and carried unanimously, it was proposed by Mr. John Buckton, and

seconded by Mr. Richard Child, "That the cordial thanks of the meeting be given to the Rev. Hugh Bennett for his able and interesting lecture."

A vote of thanks was also given to the chairman,—and at his suggestion a beginning of the Parochial Association was at once made by a collection of £1 16s 6<sup>d</sup> towards the general purposes of the Society.

### THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

FEB. 19 S. QUINQUAGESIMA	Morn. Gen. 9 to verse 20—Luke 2. Even. Gen. 12—Gal. 2.
21 SHROVE TUESDAY ...	
22 ASH WEDNESDAY ...	Morn. Deut. 1—Luke 5. Even. Deut. 2—Gal. 5. [Proper Psalms. Morn. 6, 32, 38—Even. 102, 130, 143.]
24 ST. MATTHEW .....	Morn. Wisd. 19—Luke 7. Even. Eccus. 1—Eph. 1.
26 S. 1ST IN LENT	Morn. Gen. 19 to verse 30—Luke 9. Even. Gen. 22—Eph 3.
[Ember Collect]	
MAR. 4 S. 2ND IN LENT ...	Morn. Gen. 27—Luke 15. Even. Gen. 34—Phil. 3.
11 S. 3RD IN LENT ...	Morn. Gen. 39—Luke 22. Even. Gen. 42—1 Th. 2.

 Every Wednesday, Prayers and Lecture in the Church at 7 p.m.

[NOTES.—QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY is so called from its being (about) the 50th day before Easter.

SHROVE TUESDAY.—This day is named from the Old Saxon words, *Shrive*, *Shrift*, or *Shrove*, which signify to confess. It was a constant custom amongst the Roman Catholics to confess their sins on that day, in order to receive the sacrament, and thereby qualify themselves for a more religious observance of Lent. In Brand's Antiquities, vol. 1., is given a full account of the revelries and brutal games which once disgraced the day.

ASH WEDNESDAY.—This name is given to the first day of Lent, from the ancient practice of sprinkling ashes upon the heads of those, who, on that day especially, were sentenced by the church to do some public penance. In many places it was usual for the officiating priest to give ashes of the palm-tree to the congregation, reminding them that as of earth and ashes they came, so to earth and ashes they would return. This was an expressive solemnity at first; but, degenerating as it did into an empty form, led the Reformers to discontinue a ceremony which had become useless; though, in the introduction to the special service of the day, they have recorded their hope that the time may come when some system of wholesome discipline may be revived.—See the preface to the *Communion Service*.

LENT, in the old Saxon language, signifies "Spring," and is now used for this Spring-fast. The observance of Lent is of great antiquity. From the very first ages of Christianity, it was customary for Christians to set apart some time for special exercises of self-denial and of sorrow for sin, as a suitable celebration of the season immediately preceding Easter. Some have therefore said that the Lenten Fast is of apostolic institution; while others, and with great probability, have shewn that it took its rise from the Jewish preparation for their yearly expiation or day of atonement. But whatever was its origin, there was much variety in its observance; some fasting only one day, some two, and some more. In course of time the period of Lent was fixed to forty days, in reference to our Saviour's temptation and miraculous fasting in the wilderness. In reckoning forty days only from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday, the six Sundays in Lent are not included; for, being Lord's days, they are festivals. The Church of England has retained this Lent season in her calendar—has appointed appropriate collects, epistles, and gospels for it; but has left it to the Christian liberty of each member of the Church to prescribe to himself that rule of life, which best promotes in him habits of self-denial and sorrow for sin.]

### CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Index is drawn up for the use of the teachers and scholars of the St. John's Sunday and Day Schools. It is designed, by giving a connected view of our Saviour's life and by arranging the events in certain stated periods, to aid the memory to retain a clear and orderly recollection of the Gospel facts. The Chronology of St. John will be followed, which assigns four passovers, or about three years and a half, to our Lord's ministry.



CHAP. I.

The birth and childhood of our Lord. Time about 14 years.

ORDER OF LESSONS.—Luke 1; Matt. 1, v. 18-25; Luke 2, v. 1-38; Matt. 2, v. 1-23; Luke 2, v. 41-52.

- |         |  |     |                    |
|---------|--|-----|--------------------|
| Sec. 1. | Luke's preface to his Gospel   | ... | Luke 1, v. 1-4.    |
| 2.      | The Angel Gabriel appears to Zacharias. ( <i>Jerusalem</i> .)  | ... | " v. 5-25.         |
| 3.      | The Angel Gabriel is sent to Mary. ( <i>Nazareth</i> .)  | ... | " v. 26-38.        |
| 4.      | The prophecies of Elizabeth and of Mary concerning Christ. ( <i>Place doubtful</i> .)                              | ... | " v. 39-56.        |
| 5.      | Birth of John the Baptist. ( <i>Place doubtful</i> .)  | ... | " v. 57-80.        |
| 6.      | An Angel appears to Joseph. ( <i>Nazareth</i> .)   | ... | Matt. 1, v. 18-25. |
| 7.      | The birth of Jesus. ( <i>Bethlehem</i> .)  | ... | Luke 2, v. 1-7.    |
| 8.      | An Angel of the Lord appears to the Shepherds. ( <i>Near Bethlehem</i> .)  | ... | " v. 8-20.         |
| 9.      | The Circumcision of Jesus and his presentation in the Temple. Simeon and Anna. ( <i>Bethlehem and Jerusalem</i> .) | ... | " v. 21-38.        |
| 10.     | The Wise Men of the East. ( <i>Jerusalem and Bethlehem</i> .)  | ... | Matt. 2, v. 1-12.  |
| 11.     | Herod's cruelty. The flight into Egypt, and the return. ( <i>Bethlehem and Nazareth</i> .)                         | ... | " v. 13-23.        |
| 12.     | Jesus goes to the Passover. ( <i>Jerusalem</i> .)  | ... | Luke 2, v. 41-52.  |
- [Jesus was born at Bethlehem, four years before the common reckoning, *Anno Domini*, so that, correctly speaking, the present year is the 1864th since the Saviour's birth.]  
The Evangelists make no mention, we believe, of Jesus Christ from the fourteenth to the thirtieth year of his age. An interval of (about) sixteen years must be supposed as having taken place between this chapter and

CHAP. II.

The Introduction of our Lord's Ministry. Time, about one year. A.D. 26-27.

ORDER OF LESSONS.—Luke 3, v. 1-18; Matt. 3, v. 13-17; Luke 4, v. 1-13; John 1; John 2, v. 1-13.

- |         |   |     |                    |
|---------|---|-----|--------------------|
| Sec. 1. | John the Baptist's Ministry. ( <i>The Desert and Jordan</i> .)        | ... | Luke 3, v. 1-18.   |
| 2.      | The Baptism of Jesus. ( <i>Jordan</i> .)                              | ... | Matt. 3, v. 13-17. |
| 3.      | The Temptation. ( <i>Desert of Judea</i> .)                           | ... | Luke 4, v. 1-13.   |
| 4.      | John's preface to his Gospel*   | ... | John 1, v. 1-18.   |
| 5.      | John the Baptist's testimony to Jesus. ( <i>Bethabara</i> .)          | ... | " v. 19-34.        |
| 6.      | Jesus' first disciples. Andrew and Peter. ( <i>Jordan.—Galilee</i> .) | ... | " v. 35-51.        |
| 7.      | The first Miracle at a marriage. ( <i>Cana of Galilee</i> .)          | ... | John 2, v. 1-12.   |
- [\* John's preface is placed here for convenience and not in order of time.]

CHAP. III.

Our Lord's first Passover, and the subsequent transactions until the Second.

Time, one year. A.D. 27-28.

ORDER OF LESSONS.—John 2, v. 13-25; John 3, v. 1-36; John 4, v. 1-54; Luke 4, v. 16-44; Luke 5, v. 1-28.

- |         |   |     |                   |
|---------|---|-----|-------------------|
| Sec. 1. | Jesus drives the traders out of the Temple, at the Passover. ( <i>Jerusalem</i> .)  | ... | John 2, v. 13-25. |
| 2.      | Christ's discourse with Nicodemus. ( <i>Jerusalem</i> .)  | ... | John 3, v. 1-21.  |
| 3.      | Jesus, after leaving Jerusalem, remains in Judæa. John's last testimony to Christ. ( <i>Enon</i> .)   | ... | " v. 22-36.       |
| 4.      | Jesus, in returning to Galilee, after John's imprisonment, discourses with a woman of Samaria (see Matthew 4, v. 12). ( <i>Sychar or Shechem</i> .) | ... | John 4, v. 1-42.  |
| 5.      | Jesus teaches publicly in Galilee; and heals a nobleman's son. ( <i>Cana</i> .)   | ... | " v. 43-54.       |
| 6.      | Jesus is rejected at Nazareth, and fixes his abode at Capernaum.  | ... | Luke 4, v. 16-31. |
| 7.      | The healing of a demoniac in the Synagogue. ( <i>Capernaum</i> .)   | ... | " v. 31-37.       |
| 8.      | The healing of Peter's wife and many others. ( <i>Capernaum</i> .)  | ... | " v. 38-44.       |
| 9.      | The call of Peter and Andrew—of James and John. The miraculous draught of fishes. ( <i>Sea of Galilee</i> .)  | ... | Luke 5, v. 1-11.  |
| 10.     | In going through Galilee, Jesus heals a leper. ( <i>Galilee</i> .)  | ... | " v. 12-16.       |
| 11.     | A paralytic is healed. ( <i>Capernaum</i> .)  | ... | " v. 17-26.       |
| 12.     | The call of Matthew   | ... | " v. 27-28.       |

(To be continued.)



THROTH ! THAT " NOTICE " CAME DOWN MIGHTY COOLIN' !

See page 4.

## **Tim Doolan and Frank, and the New Penny Bank,**

**AN IRISH RIGMAROLE.**

**BY WILLIAM MORGAN, BIRMINGHAM.**

Arrah dthin ! me dear Mike, did ye hear of the like ?

Indeed and ye didn't I guess,  
How meself tuck a turn, "like a bee in a churn,"  
Faix dthin I'll take up my pen, and no less.

Hopin' this letther'll find, as it laves me behind,  
Y'rself in good sperits, and Bess ;  
More power to ye Mike, I didn't meet wid y'r like,  
May y'r shadow, Boy, never grow less !

Wait now, till I tell, all the good that befell,  
And how " I've betthered me present condition,"  
An' how I'm beginin' to save, and I've got, by y'r lave,  
To me fortin' a little addition.

But how this came about, sure I'm goin' to let out,  
For I see that y'r longin' to know,  
So if you'll attind, I'll do what I pretend,  
And the how, in a jiffy I'll show.  
Well now Mike d'ye see, both me mother and me,  
Far from poverty never could roam,  
Me tatthered ould bags, was a bundle of rags,  
An' me pay—lost its way comin' home.  
Wid a whisp for a bed and the floor for a stead,  
What a life for poor crathurs to brag on !  
Its meself that's ashamed, it should ever be named  
How I smoked and I drank at "The Dragon."  
But now ye should see, how me mother and me,  
Has two shutes a-piece, and two beds,  
Four chairs an' a stable, two pigs an' a table,  
A cow, an' a pair of bedsteads.  
Besides praties galore, we've got to the fore,  
A new caubeen for Sundays machree !  
An' — now sure I'll be frank, I've a Book at the Bank,  
Where I save all my spendin's d'ye see.  
But how it all came, I'm just goin' to name,  
Ye should see how polite all the folks is,  
"Misther Doolan" an' "Sir," is now all the stir !  
'Twas "Tim," 'fore the days that we riz.  
Well, it came just this way, I was goin' asthray,  
Drank and smoked away every traneeen,  
Whin — "Tim Doolan," says Frank, "did ye be at the Bank ?  
It's the natest that ever was seen."  
"Is't the Bank that ye mane ? an' where is that same,  
That ud harbour a spalpeen like me ?"  
"Throth indeed thin," says Frank, "its the new Penny Bank !  
Bring some coppers an' we'll come an' see."  
So away dthin we wint, and a shillin' I spint,  
An' they gave me a nate little book,  
Green outside, wid the rules, and the name of the Schools,  
And "(53)" in a quare lookin' nook.  
Inside there's D—r. and N—o. 53, an' dthin, a C—r. and T. D.  
That same manes Tim Doolan d'ye see !  
An' dthin there's some squares, and some printed figares,  
All in brown, as I never did see.  
I'll put the address, that ye mayn't be in disthress, \*  
Whin ye set up a Bank at Tralee,  
For he saves a power of throuble, and helps nearly double,  
Two pen-men does all, d'ye see !  
Where was I at all ?—Oh ! at the Penny Bank Hall,  
"Frank," says I, "it's a beautiful plan,  
An' now from this minute, I'm goin' to begin it,  
And I'll save more nor ever I can.

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\* "Morgan's Penny Bank Books," Yardley, Birmingham.



I'll be no more a fool, nor a publican's tool,  
Nor hang myself out for a chimney,  
But it's I that'll thry, meself to deny,  
An' that same I'll begin in a jimney."

"That's a bargain," says Frank, "so good luck to the Bank,  
And from this out, meself'll do nather,  
For in smoke what I spint, would a'most pay the rint,  
An' the dhrink, be a swim for a bather."

Three months were gone by, and I'd saved pretty nigh  
Five pounds out of what I'd ha' spint,  
So, "Mother jewel," says I, "bring y'r purse till we thry,  
Will we raise up the thrifle of rint."

Oh! Mike had ye booked, how the poor darlint look'd,  
Whin I up and I tould of me store,  
How the darlint ould crathur, bam'd in every fathure,  
Wid the joy and the gladness galore!

"Och! acushla machree," says Mother to me,  
"But Tim y're the broth of a boy;  
Throth! and if y'r dead dad, was here me dear lad,  
He'd be kilt, wid the love and the joy!"

To the Landlord we wint, to pay the back rint,  
"We'll be honest first thing Mother jewel,"  
Says his honour, quite bright, "Tim Doolan y're right,  
Y'r hand, Tim, and grant ye may do well."

From this out I may say, we riz up, all one way,  
And meself got conceited an' proud,  
Added table to chair, but for sin didn't care,  
If 'twas dacent an' out of the crowd.

"Cock sure" of me strength, bragg'd and boasted at length,  
How I could resist all ttemptation,  
Me late comrades they sneer'd, in return, I thim jeer'd,  
And match'd meself 'gin them and the nation.

Well! one Saturday night, I beheld such a sight,  
Half the town was mad afther a throoper;  
Oh! he did look so grand, wid his soord in his hand,  
Barrel'd up sthraight as hooped by a cooper.

Guess now, who should it be! why my cousin d'ye see,  
Come on furlough from Sabastopol,  
"Och, but it's good for me sight, so y'r come from the fight  
Jim Casey!! ri-fol-der-ol-ol!!"

"Come Jimmy ashore, Mother's there at the door,  
But it's she that 'll proud be to saize ye,  
Y'r welcome machree, come neighbours, make free,  
Jim Casey's the boy that'll plaize ye."

We'd got past the first flush, says Jim, "get us some lush,  
Sure I never could thrive on dhry nursin'."

Och; dthin came the thrial, to give Jim the denial!  
Me bad heart, me good luck was nigh cursin'.

So says Mother, "Jim Casey, see that bacon so racy,  
An' eggs, boy, tay an' coffee an' mate,  
As much as ever ye will, take, jewel, y'r fill,  
*But Tim's quite done wid dhrinkin' iv late.*"

Whin I heard Mother tell, of me change that befell,  
Me heart jump'd right into me shoes,  
An' me courage all wint, an' me braggin' was spint,  
Meself did'nt know how to refuse.

Oh dthin ! did'nt he laugh, and he called me a calf,  
An' me Mother, Oh, did'nt he plague her !  
But worser nor that, he says, says he, " Pat  
Y'r an ould stingy, hardfisted nagur."

Well, that biled up me blood, an' I ran like a flood,  
To the Bank, for to dhrav out me money,  
"I'll show ye," says I, "how to make the tin fly,  
So here goes for a spree me ould honey."

Whin I rushed to the Bank, Mr. Brown, he look'd lank,  
"Ogh !" says I "I'm come down for me savin's,  
For I'm takin it aisy, wid bould Corporal Casey,  
It's small bones that we'll make of the lavins."

Dthin he tuck down me name, I remimber that same,  
"Ra-payment," says he, "for Tim Doolan,"  
Says—"all right Tim," quite sleek, "call agin this day week,"  
Throth ! that "Notice" came down mighty coolin' !

"Is it wait for a week ? !" "yes," says he very meek,  
Ogh that's no use at all to me dthin,  
For the Corporal's gone, on Monday at one."  
"Rule the 5th, Tim, read over agin."

Whin I came empty back, Corporal Casey look'd black,  
But he spar'd not his cash in the laste,  
So we dhrank and we smoked, till I was nigh choked,  
Dthin was carried home worse nor a baste.

Faix, next day, no mistake, was Sunday, the wake,  
(Not a wake for the dead that I mane,)  
But the village reharsin', for the Devil's devarsin',  
All the badness ye ever can name.

To the wake I wint aff, wid a heart an' a half,  
To me good resolutions good-bye,  
All me badness came back, an' the good "got the sack,"  
I wint home wid a thumpin' black eye.

Weeks roll'd head over heels, I was deaf to appeals,  
Me ould sins was'nt goin' to be bate,  
Whin one week's ind, says Frank, "come," says he, "to the Bank,"  
"Sorra a ha'porth," says I in a hate.

Whin I seen how he vex'd, I was greatly perplex'd,  
An' I up, an' began to relint,  
Whin clear off was the man, wid me legs off I ran,  
And sthraight to the Penny Bank wint.

I got there in a hate, for 'twas desp'rate late,  
"Hold hard, don't shut up Sir, jist wait,  
Here's five shillin's," says I, "if ye don't put it by,  
It's the "Green Dragon's," sartin as fate!"  
Mr. Brown tuck the "tin," when he'd let me in,  
"Will ye sit down an' wait Tim a thrifle;"  
His looks were so kind, that I had'nt the mind,  
Me betther intintions to stifle.  
Whin the books were all done, an' we wor alone,  
Says he, "Tim, you've both vex'd an' you've griev'd me,  
Six weeks y'r away, what's become of y'r pay?  
I know Tim ye'll never deceive me.  
I was 'sham'd to reply, and somehow looked shy,  
But he spoke like a man wid a sowl,  
Put his hand on me arm, ah! that settled the charm,  
So I up, an' I tould him the whole.  
I blam'd Corporal Casey, he'd made me onaisy,  
And he'd been the cause of me fall,  
Dthin I talked of me fate, an' of me concait,  
Curs'd me pride and me boastin' and all.  
"Tim me boy, never heed, reproaches but feed  
The evils that dwell in our heart,  
You've now had a proof, that you can't keep aloof  
From the Devil, whin he plays his part."  
"Tim Doolan, me man, thry just one other plan,  
It's a schame that never can fail,  
Will ye take God's own Book, read the 15th of Luke,  
An' for Heaven an' glory set sail?"  
That same chapther he read, an' another instead,  
"Tim remimber, King Solomon's rule,  
Its thruth you now know, for its breach laid you low,  
"*He that trusts his own heart is a fool.*" \*  
I wint home that same night, wid a sperit more light,  
For I saw there was hope for me yet,  
I read an' I pray'd—I felt if I delay'd,  
The blessin' I never might get.  
Me heart had sore pains, for its sins an' its stains,  
And no comfort at all could I see,  
Till by faith, that I heard, my Redeemer's own word,  
"*Heavy-laden ones, come unto me.*" †  
Months an' months pass'd away, still we'r happy all day,  
'Taint religion that makes thim long faces,  
We've comforts all round, and in health we abound,  
*It's the dhrink and the smoke that debases.*  
But now my cabin's as sweet, as a bit of new meat,  
Not a pipe in't for frind or for foe,  
I've struck down at the root, I was detarmin'd to do it,  
So I writ up a "Notice" ye know.

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\* Prov. xxviii. v. 26.

† Matthew xi. v. 28.



☞ NOTICE ! Frinds, from this out, mind what y'r about,  
For I've done wid this dhrinkin and foolin,  
NO PIPES and NO BEER, is allowed to come here,  
Thim's my colors,—y'r Sarvint,—TIM DOOLAN.

Och ! Mike, by-the-bye, I'd forgot pretty nigh,  
To tell ye, Mike, how that I'm married,  
A sweet beautiful crathur, in every fathure,  
“ Good Mary” ’s the name that she carried.

She's a jewel all out, and takes mother about,  
An' makes all the place nate and thrim,  
Linds a hand to the neighbours, and evermore labors,  
For to keep our hearts lookin' to Him.

Wasn't I right, don't ye think, that I left off the dhrink,  
An' that p'isonin' tobacco, so rank,  
An' by God's help that I took, to the ould ancient Book,  
And wint into the New Penny Bank ?

Well, Mike boy, good-bye,—there's my supper I spy,  
Polly says that the coffee's a coolin'  
Read this letther all round, they'll be plazed I'll be bound !  
Your affectionate Brother—TIM DOOLAN.



## *Two Lives.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM,” “ OLD JOLIFFE,” ETC.

““



H ! my dear, young folks are too apt to think their mother wrong, but there wouldn't be much harm done if they do as you did, only think them wrong but mind what they tell 'em all the same. Mostly at these farmhouse places there's hard work, early and late, for young girls who haven't done growing, and who are sure from over-lifting or getting a chill, to come home fit for nothing, running up a doctor's bill, or having to go to the Hospital. I always said my girls, if ever I had any, should stop at home till I could get them good service in a gentleman's family, and thank God for enabling me to keep my word—it's been a hard struggle, Alice dear, to bring you all up—father and I have had many a sleepless hour talking over how we should manage, and there have been hard winters, when we've thought we must all go in the Union, but we put our trust above, and God always sent us friends to help us through. Mrs. Temple says, since she first came here, she's always had her eye on us, because we was always clean and decent, and kept our Church so regular, and I'm sure she has been a true friend to us : however, dear, we must not sit here gossiping, we've only a week to get you ready, and we must put our wits to work, for it will cost something.”

“ Yes, mother, that's all that troubles me, where the money is to come from, for though I'm pretty well set up for under-things—for I bought them with the money I got for my work—I've no aprons nor caps, and I want one more print dress, and a pair of boots.”

Her mother smiled, and rising went to a box, which she unlocked, and taking out a half-sovereign, held it up before Alice.

"I've been a long time saving it dear, but as soon as I thought you were getting old enough for service, I kept putting away little by little that I might get you some clothes, and we'll go off when father's had his tea, to the shop, and buy what you want, you shall go tidy to your first place, my bonny girl." And the good mother patted kindly Alice's face, which *was* a bonny one truly, but she herself, could only kiss the patient, loving, self-denying mother, for her heart was too full for words. They were just preparing to set out for their walk to the shop, when a servant from the Vicarage arrived, with a large parcel, she said her mistress had sent for Alice, and when with trembling delight Alice opened it, she found it contained two pretty pink dresses, and a dozen yards of long cloth.

"There mother, dear mother, now I needn't have your savings ; see, father, oh ! how kind, isn't it ?"

"It is indeed, surely," said her father.

"We must buy the boots you know though," said her mother, "and the caps, but it won't take all the money, certainly ; and I feared we should not have got you a dress with my grand savings, as you wanted boots, so I should have got uncle to make them, and pay him a little at a time, but now I think we'll buy them at Mr. Smith's outright and pay for them." And so when Alice had sufficiently examined her present, she and her mother started for the shop, and the next few days found them busily employed in making up the articles ; and on the following Monday, with a face radiant with hope and happiness, though a few tears glistened in her eyes as she kissed her mother, Alice started to take up her abode in her first place, and soon her mistress could see how well the girl had profited by her good mother's teaching, and fully satisfied did she feel that as long as she required a nurse, Alice Mason should remain with her, unless she were called upon to fulfil the duties of a wife herself.

Two or three years passed on, and many a happy Sunday evening had Alice spent at home, telling her parents how comfortable she was, how kind they all were to her ; and at length, one Sunday she came to tell them the family were all going away to stay in London, and that she was going too of course ; she had now two little children to take charge of, and justly proud she was of the confidence her mistress placed in her. Many an earnest injunction did both father and mother give her that evening before she left, on the necessity of careful steady conduct in London. They had never themselves seen the wonderful city, but only knew of it as a dangerous place, full of temptations to evil, and were terrified at the thought of Alice going there ; but she assured them that they need have no fear, that she would write to them often, and with such a kind and careful mistress she should be quite safe : and with this assurance to her parents, and promises to her younger sisters and brothers, to send them something from London, which much delighted them, Alice took her leave, but poor Mrs. Mason could not help a few large tears falling, as she watched her out of sight, for it was the first of her children she had parted from, and she could not get over the feeling that London *was* a dreadful place, and that it was a terrible long journey to go. However, a few lines

from Alice to announce her safe arrival, satisfied her anxieties as to her safety, and in a week's time she wrote a long letter, saying how much better she liked the country than London, though it was such a grand place, and so much to be seen and done; "and who do you think mother, I have fallen in with," the letter went on to say, "why Susan Jennings, she's at service here, and so smart, servant of all work at a chemist's, she tells me; she says she never gets out till the evening, but she likes that best, and goes out most evenings. I cannot think how she can like to do so, I am afraid to go out then, and wouldn't if I might, but mistress won't let any of us go out after dark, only cook, who mistress says is old enough to take care of herself. Dear mother, Susan says she is let go to Church every other Sunday, but she always takes a walk in the Park instead, as it does her more good than being mewed up in a close Church. Dear mother, I think this is very shocking, for it seems to me in this great noisy place one wants oftener to ask God to take care of us than in the quiet country, and when I am listening to the prayers, I can think that you and dear father are saying the same words, and that does seem so comforting—well, I must stop, for it is time to see to the children's dinner—tell father not to be uneasy about me, and don't you either, mother, for I am very happy and very quiet.

"Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

"ALICE MASON."

This letter was a great comfort to Alice's parents, for they felt now a hope that their dear girl would come back to them unspoilt by this her first contact with the world, but they felt sorry for the account of their neighbour's child, they could not but fear a bad ending to such a bad beginning.

Well, a few weeks soon went by, and the Vicarage party returned home, and very very happy was the next Sunday evening that Alice spent with her father and mother, telling of all her adventures, and of the wonders of London. Her mistress had kindly made her a present of half-a-sovereign, that she might buy something in the beautiful shops, and she had bought her mother a gown, and her father a handkerchief, and her brother and sister a book each; and these presents had to be shown and delivered, and there was so much to hear, and so much to tell, that the evening passed away so rapidly, they could scarcely believe the clock spoke the truth when it gave warning for nine o'clock.

"Well, I must go, really," said Alice, "and mother, shall I just tap next door, and tell Mrs. Jennings I've seen Susan—I forgot to name that I saw her again after I wrote to you—and she told me she was going to leave, that her mistress had told her she was dirty and untidy; poor girl, she looked so, I'm sure, when I saw her, but perhaps Mrs. Jennings would take it kind if I just said I'd seen her."

"Well, perhaps she will, dear, but don't stop talking, or you'll get late."

Mrs. Jennings opened the door to Alice's knock, and even in the hurried glance she gave round the room, she could see the contrast between that home and her mother's. Jennings, in his working-clothes, was lolling on two chairs, smoking his pipe, the two youngest children were eating cold potatoes with their fingers, on a filthy dirty



cloth, which covered the table, and which, with some meat and cheese, seemed to have comprised their supper, (and a very good one too, if it had only had the sauce without which no meal can be agreeable, viz., cleanliness;) a flaring guttering candle was in a dirty candlestick, and in short, nothing could look more comfortless, or more unlike her mother's bright, neat room. She quickly said all she had to say, and wishing Mrs. Jennings "Good-night," hurried away, no longer wondering that poor Susan was dirty and untidy, coming from such a home.

And so the time went on, Summer and Winter following one another, and Alice kept her place and had twice had her wages raised, and now we shall find her going of an evening to her mother's with a companion, who was always a welcome guest there, for he was loved by Alice, and was worthy of that love; and the father and mother were glad to think they might live to see their darling with a kind protector before they were gathered to their rest. He was the eldest son of the miller, and would inherit a nice little property, so that there was every prospect of worldly comfort for Alice as well.

The miller and his wife highly approved of their son's choice, for they had known Alice from her childhood, and knew that so good and dutiful a daughter would make a good wife, and the kind old miller said that as he should like to see them happy before he died, he would have them marry at once, and come home to them, he was not afraid they should quarrel, neither was Alice, and so the bells of the old church soon shook the tower with their merry peal in honour of the wedding of gentle Alice Mason and Robert Allan: and with handsome presents from her master and mistress and the children, valued tokens of their respect and affection for her, Alice begins her new life, and her new duties. Here we might end as the Fairy tales do with saying, "she lived happy ever after," but that our Tale purposes to be of *Two* lives, and therefore it must close on a far less happy scene, but, it is to be feared, a more common one.

Knowing nothing of service from the miserable places she had been in in her own village, and having learned no neat or useful ways at home, how could there be any hope that poor Susan Jennings would ever make a good servant? She went from place to place, seldom staying much more than a month at any, spending what little money she got on tawdry cheap finery, having had no principles instilled into her of carefulness or economy, so it will be no surprise to learn that she is soon at home again on her parents' hands, worse off for clothes than when she went away, and that she might have been seen ragged and dirty in the Churchyard, watching that bright wedding with feelings of mingled envy and despair, pitying her own "want of luck," and wondering why Alice had been so much more fortunate! Poor girl! certainly on her mother's head must rest the most blame, how from that neglected slatternly home could she hope to send forth a child to work her way respectably in the world? Susan turns home again as the little procession winds out of sight and thinks the best thing for her to do is to try to get married and not to work and slave for nothing as she has done, and so she soon makes acquaintance with a labouring man whom her mother takes in to lodge with them, notwithstanding they are too crowded for comfort and decency as it is. And he a poor silly fellow is flattered by the preference she so evidently shews him,

and offers to marry her ; the weak parents make no objection, one room is taken in a house in the village for them, and with no previous savings, no clothes but those she stands up in, which they have managed to purchase for her, Susan Jennings, a few months after Alice, commences *her* new life and *her* new duties.

And again the years roll on, and Mr. and Mrs. Mason, and the old miller and his wife, are resting beneath the sod in the Churchyard, and young Mrs. Allan, healthy and blooming as a rose, comes each Sunday after service with her husband and little ones, and pays a visit to their graves, and then with sobered face, with tears slightly dimming her bright eyes, returns to her happy home where the tender love of her husband and her children comfort her for the loss of that true mother, and she prays that she may so follow her example on earth that she may join her in that bright home whither she humbly believes she is gone. But on one of those peaceful Sundays, a visitor to the Union might have seen stretched on one of the beds in the sick ward, the dying form of Susan Jennings ; entire want of management of her husband's small wages and a fast increasing family, had driven the wretched couple to despair, and to drown it they had both recourse to strong drink ; in a fit of drunken ill humour her husband had struck her down, left her, and did not come back that night. She was within a few days of her confinement, and a humane neighbour seeing her in so sad a plight, had her conveyed to the Union. She had been there but a few days, when she gave birth to a dead child, and was now herself going to give account of the "deeds done in the flesh ;" no tidings could be heard of her husband, she asked once to see him and said she forgave him, but her last words which should make every parent tremble as they awaken the memory of their heavy responsibility, were, "Oh ! mother, I have to thank you for all this," and so she died, and was buried, with no one to mourn her or to miss her ; her children lived on in the Workhouse, for nothing more was heard of their father, and the dank weeds and long grass soon grew over her grave, and she passed out of mind and was forgotten.

What more have I to tell, the moral of the tale speaks, I think, for itself, a warning to those who marry with hardly a thought of the serious duties they thereby bring upon themselves, and I would have all Wives and Mothers who may read this little history, to ask themselves is there a lesson here for me ? Am I keeping the injunction of the Apostle, "to be devout, chaste, a *keeper at home*," loving my husband and children, and striving earnestly to do my duty to them. If they can answer these questions, happy are they, for then will they have the satisfaction of knowing that however their children may turn out, (and even with the most careful nurture there may be one black sheep in the fold,) the All-Merciful will know and take into account that the fault was not theirs, but that they "have done what they could."





VERY one knows the Purple Crocus, as it is seen in gardens, but all may not be aware that it grows wild in many parts of England. In the months of April and May, the meadows in the neighbourhood of Nottingham are covered so closely with the Spring Crocus, that they look at a distance as if they were flooded! The same appearance is repeated, though in a less striking degree, in October, during the blooming of the "Naked Flowering Crocus," so called, because the leaves have sprung up and withered in the summer. But though beautiful to look upon, the crocus leaves make the herbage almost useless. The flower of the Colchicum, (from the bulbs and seeds of which is prepared the well-known gout medicine,) differs but little in colour and form from this

crocus, though it is of quite a different family. The Saffron Crocus, which is also purple, was introduced into England in the reign of Edward III., and was extensively grown at Saffron Walden, in Essex. This species may be distinguished from all others by the yellow stigmas which hang out of the flower, instead of being upright. These stigmas, when dried, form the saffron sold in shops; that grown in our temperate climate is considered of a much better quality than the drug which comes from abroad, but, notwithstanding, its cultivation in this country has declined. It was formerly used much in medicine. In Salmon's Herbal (1710,) we find that "saffron in barley broth" was given for the plague. The Yellow Crocus was first cultivated in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Gerard praises it as "a pleasant plant that bringeth forth yellow flowers." Homer, who wrote nine hundred years before Christ, speaks of the mountains glowing with "flowery crocuses."

R. B.



## **The Old House, and its Inmates.\***



N a summer night, not long ago, a woman started up hastily from her sleep—what strange noise was it she had heard?

She could see nothing, hear nothing now; all was darkness and silence. She got up and struck a light, and stared

around, but everything looked as it did when the early night closed in. The room was a back garret, in a dingy alley in London depths; one amidst a number like itself, a thread in the web of a spider: the window had scarcely any glass in it, but was patched up somehow to keep out the air; on the decayed and rotten floor slept the master of the room, a bookbinder; on the same floor slept also four children, and aunt Jane. As the woman gazed about the room, she perceived that her sister also was awake. They held a whispering consultation as to what the noise might be; it certainly

came from the wall of the house, and sounded like the unloading of a cart-load of bricks; yet nothing was to be seen out of its place; so after a while they put out the light, and laid themselves down on the floor again. The morning came: the unhappy poor family knew well enough the probable cause of their night alarm; they knew the house was not safe. Already had the plaster fallen from the ceiling, the bricks from the fire-place; one of the stairs had fallen in, and the floor of one of the rooms, was entirely gone; yet they dared not say anything: if they took away the character of the place, they were afraid the landlord would make them leave, and sad as the shelter of the Old House was, and difficult as it was to pay 1s. 6d., for which the landlord made his weekly call, it was better than the streets. This week too the 1s. 6d. was not ready. Saturday night came, and with it the landlord, but there was no 1s. 6d. Sunday morning came, and with it the landlord; but still there was no 1s. 6d. The bookbinder and his wife were not the only inmates of the Old House. The floor below them was occupied by two families. In the back



\* From "Castle Rag, and its Dependencies," by Miss M. A. Barber.  
London: Nisbet and Co. 2s.

room lived a man named Palmer and his wife, with three sons and one daughter ; in the front room, another man and his wife, this man, Sibert, was paralytic. The neighbours of the upper story found in Mrs. Palmer a willing listener to the tale of strange sounds. Mrs. Palmer was quite sure the house would fall some day, and Mrs. Palmer's husband was quite sure she was always thinking so. Mrs. Palmer, however, had some cause for discontent. She was always fancying she heard odd noises, especially in one corner of the room, near the fire-place, where her children's bed was spread out. And the boards there were so rotten and decayed, that when she stepped the floor came up, and she had to put them down again as well as she could. The Palmers were better off than their friends in the garret, they paid 2s. per week for their room, and they had two beds in it ; besides which, the rent was paid regularly, and therefore Mrs. Palmer could grumble to the landlord when he made his weekly rounds ; a privilege she did not fail to avail herself of. "Look here," she said to him on one occasion, "at this great crack by the fire-place, the children will fall through some day into the cellar ;" and indeed, when you looked through the crack, you could just see into the cellar. "It shall be looked to," said the landlord, standing at the door, and eyeing the crack from the place where he stood.

That Sunday evening the voices of the old walls again terrified Mrs. Palmer ; all day long Sibert had been hammering at his door, putting on a lock ; "I don't think any of us will want locks or bolts long," said the frightened woman ; "I don't think the house will stand long." The week came and brought its usual labours : the voices of the old walls were forgotten, or if they spoke there were none to hear. Mrs. Palmer went out for a day's washing when she could get it ; and then Elizabeth her eldest daughter, about fourteen, took care of the baby. Poor as they were, Elizabeth was a pretty, well-conducted girl, and a favourite in the neighbourhood. It happened Mrs. Palmer had a day's washing on Tuesday, and very tired she was when she came home ; however she brought 1s. 6d. with her, which precious treasure she carefully put under her bed. The poor go early to bed : often in the country, long before day has closed, every cottage light is out, every window shut up ; early then, about nine o'clock, Elizabeth and the children went to bed in their own corner, leaving their mother up, cooking her husband's supper, and Palmer standing by ; the eldest boy of the family had not come home from work. Again the melancholy tones of the old walls were heard, low and ominous in Mrs. Palmer's ears. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I am sure the house is falling !" "Oh !" said her husband, "you're always thinking so ; it's Sibert sharpening his knife !" "But," said Mrs. Palmer, "that would not make the walls crack, nor the dust fall," and she looked to the corner of the room, on the floor where her children were sleeping, and whence she fancied the sound came ; her husband made no further answer, they sat down to supper, and then went to bed. A few minutes after midnight, Mrs. Palmer awoke, baby was crying ; she got up and walked the room with him. All was silent around her ; everyone in the house seemed asleep. Again the old walls spoke in their low fearful tone. She held her child in her arms, and walked the room. Could she be mistaken ? The floor under her seemed to shake. This time

the bookbinder too heard the strange sounds ; he had been busy preparing his work for the next day, and it was nearly midnight before he had laid himself down, on the dirty rotten floor, on which was his bed. Wearied and sorrowful he slept, but he hardly slept, when he was roused by the strange sounds. "Hark !" he said to his wife, "how it is hailing !" but the stars peeped through the broken window, and showed all was calm without. "No such thing," said his wife, "but the house is on fire !" for, as she uttered the words, she perceived a rent in the hearth, through which a bright light was shining up from below. In moment a terrific sound pierced through the heart of the dull alley, and the house fell with a rattling crash : all that the amazed spectators who rushed to the spot could see, was a black, impenetrable cloud of dust ; all they could hear, the groans and shrieks proceeding from its darkness. And there the crowd stood—gathered from among such as are abroad in the London streets after midnight—the policeman,—the costermonger,—the bricklayer,—the chimney-sweep,—the cabman, gazing in unutterable horror and compassion at the ruins before them. Until the cloud of black dust should have settled down, nothing could be done, and they stood face to face with it, watching with intense interest its subsiding. Then, instantly, they set to work, to open this living grave. Near the entrance of the house, with her baby in her arms, they found Mrs. Palmer ; mother and child both safe ; them they carried to a neighbour's house. Deep groans still sounding from the ruins, quickened the humane and courageous labourers in their task. The chimney-sweep and the bricklayer made prodigious efforts, which were soon rewarded by the sight of our poor friends of the garret, the bookbinder's wife, with her baby too, clasped living in her mother's arms ; a beam had fallen across her shoulder, which, though it pressed painfully upon her, protected her during the fall of the other ruins, and in this moment of terror, the mother had had the presence of mind to hold her infant under the beam, by which its life was saved. The poor little thing however was much hurt, and carried off to the hospital, together with Aunt Jane, the bookbinder himself, who had fallen right through to the ground, and Sibert and his wife, all stricken and suffering. With such vigour and ability had the chimney-sweep and his friends worked, that only half-an-hour had passed, since the fall of the house, when they brought out Mrs. King and her baby. Still there were some left under the ruins ; Palmer, the pretty young Elizabeth and her little brothers : they worked on lifting away bricks, beams, rubbish ; another half-hour passed—still they worked on, but still they found no one—and they heard no groans under the ruins now—another half-an-hour passed and another—they had now moved the whole of the upper part of the ruins, and had got down to the cellar of the house ; Palmer, Elizabeth, and the lads, were still missing. They began to examine the cellar, and here to their joy they found Palmer and the boys, apparently quite uninjured ; they carried them out into the open air of heaven ; but though their bodies were still warm, there seemed no breath in them ; they too, were carried away to the hospital ; they never breathed again, the bodies got gradually colder ; they were dead, not crushed by the ruins, but suffocated by that frightful dust.



And now where was the favourite of the neighbourhood, the modest and pretty Elizabeth ? Deeply hidden still in the depths of that living grave. The fearless and kind-hearted men worked on, all through the hours of the night, till morning twilight began to dawn, when, in her night-dress, just as she was when the bed on which she was lying gave way beneath her, they found Elizabeth quite dead, quite uninjured ; she was suffocated, like the others, by the dust-cloud. They carried her to the dead-house of St. Stephen's Church ; in her there was no hope of life.

A jury was assembled, the story heard, witnesses examined, evidence taken. A policeman did not see that the house was worse looking outside than many others, indeed, not so bad. Two gentlemen had been to survey the house about three years before : they wished the house was pulled down, and asked the people why they did not leave : one would not enter the house, would not venture upstairs. It was rented as "an Old House." The wood was worm-eaten, the rafters were decayed. The number of people in the house was greater than the old decaying timbers would bear. The landlord did not see anything the matter with the house, except that a step on the stairs was loose, and a board by the fire-place. The city authorities complained of the state of the house. The house was out of repair, but not dangerous. Nobody thought—nobody knew—nobody considered—nobody had observed. Such was the evidence ; but the cry of the bereaved mother, the fatherless child, and the maimed poor, went up to heaven.

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## For Fathers and Mothers.

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### "What's to be done with Winter Evenings ?"



WELL, let us think about it : for we're not dormice, and we don't want to sleep away all the dark hours between sunset and sunrise. Candlelight and fires—they cost something, 'tis true, and maybe some of us don't feel quite so well-to-do this winter time as we did in summer. But still it is pleasant, too, to have a bit of time at home, to get acquainted with our children, whom we don't see much of when we go to work as soon as they're up in the morning and maybe don't come back till they're put to bed at night. Well, here's one thing for winter evenings, we can do something even without much candlelight.

"Where's the place on the earth's wide face  
Like our own fireside !"

Come then, and let's see how the bairns have come on in their learning. Maybe one can say us a Psalm or a bit of the Gospel, and another a hymn. And then we may ask them a question or two out of the Bible, and perhaps light the candle then, and fetch down the Book, and take one by one to read us a few verses. Oh ! the long light summer days are pleasant, with plenty of work and plenty of sunshine,

but after all, there's something quite as pleasant in our own fireside. But now the good mother says it's time for the children to go to bed, so Good-night all, my darlings, and God bless you.

Now for the bigger lads. How can we make the home fireside pleasant for them too, and save them from wanting to stop out at night, and from all the dangers of bad company? They have been at work, maybe, and want a bit of amusement. Well, we must let them have something that they like, and yet that has no sin in it. Perhaps one has a liking for music, encourage him by all means, if he can sing, let him join the Parish Choir, and turn "the best member that he has," to the best use he can. And if he wants an instrument of some sort, don't refuse, if you can afford to let him have it, at least if he is willing to give up something himself towards it. An accordeon is no great expense, and even a violin, if he has real taste for music, will not be "money thrown away!" Only don't allow it at wrong times and wrong places, and encourage him to play at home and to teach the little ones to sing with him.

Again, if a young man has a taste for reading, don't grudge him the time, or the few sixpences which will make him free of the Lending Library or Reading Room. Take an interest in the books he reads, and let him talk a bit about them, and read aloud to you now and then. Let the lad feel that you like what he likes, when it is without harm, and then he won't be tempted to like what he ought not to like, and what he could not ask his father to like too. If you find a real bad book or song about in your house, don't stop to hear anything but burn it at once, and let all the house see you do it and know why, let them see that you will not suffer bad foul words to be read or said in your house. Cheap tales and ballads that pedlars bring round are often bad—don't encourage your children to spend their pence in these, almost everywhere some good books are within the reach of all, and how happy a winter evening may be with a cheerful family-party and a good book for company, those who have tried can tell.

And with one to read aloud you must have some to listen. The lassies will have their sewing or knitting, what shall the lads do? Has one a fancy for carving? Let him have his bits of wood and try if he can make a wooden spoon, or even a few pegs for the clothes-lines, he's not wasting time, and he'll be less inclined to grow weary of listening. Or let the lads learn to make nets to cover your cherry tree next year, or even your currants, all comes in useful, and helps on the long evening pleasantly. And if you can afford a bit more candle, let them write in ruled books either copies or chosen pieces out of books. They will be glad to keep up their writing, and the books of extracts will be valuable to them by-and-bye.

And if you have some lonely old neighbour, who perhaps finds the long dark evenings very weary and cannot pick up heart to do much for himself to cheer the time away, call him in to share your fire and your cheerful evening; your fire will burn all the brighter for it, depend on that. Or let one of your young folk, or two of them go and sit a bit with the poor lonesome neighbour, love and kindness and good-will, these are what make the home hearthstone the centre of gladness and happy content. But though these things must spring up in our own hearts and begin their work at home, they will soon die, if we let

them end there. Love, peace, good-will, these are the things to warm our hearts on cold dark days, seek them everywhere, and seek them first and most of all at home !

## Short Sermons.

No. II.

ACTS V.

BY THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON ALLEN.

IT is plain what is the great and important lesson taught to us in this familiar chapter, containing the sad story of Ananias and Sapphira. It is a lesson of most grave and serious warning against the sin of *false pretences to holiness and liberality*.

The opening verses of this 5th chapter of the Acts, containing the awful history of Ananias and Sapphira, remind us of that remarkable verse at the beginning of the 12th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, "when there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, inasmuch that they trode one upon another ; when Jesus began to say to his disciples, *first of all*, Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is *hypocrisy*."

There is no sin more spreading, more difficult to be guarded against, than this of falsehood, and it is a sin which specially besets those who are under some serious impressions, and who feel it to be their duty to follow our Lord. Every one of us, when we set ourselves to take the right road, are sure to meet with this, amongst other temptations, from Satan, that we shall be tempted to make at one time or other, a greater profession of religion than we really feel. And yet as all falsehood comes from the devil, and the acting or utterance of falsehood fits us to be the devil's partners—so particularly *falsehood in religious profession, is specially a sin which makes a separation between us and God, and prepares us for eternal death*.

Ananias and Sapphira gave up a large portion of their worldly goods, for the relief of their fellow-men, and in professed devotion to God : but while they pretended to give the whole, they kept back part. It seems that they desired to be highly esteemed amongst their fellow-Christians. We read at the conclusion of the chapter (Acts xi. 24.) that goes immediately before—of Barnabas, a good man, and one that was full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith, how he, having land, sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the Apostles' feet. It may have been that on this open devotion of his earthly goods, the Holy Spirit was specially poured out upon Barnabas in a signal measure, and that it was, in the hope of receiving like special and precious gifts of the Holy Ghost, that Ananias and Sapphira pretended to do the same that Barnabas had done. But whatever may have been Ananias and Sapphira's hopes and expectations, there was nothing before them except *that burning lake*, which we know to be *the portion of all liars*, the



blackness of darkness and of torment for ever. Peter said, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God. And Ananias hearing these words, fell down and gave up the Ghost: and great fear came on all them that heard these things."

We cannot from a sudden calamity argue that the sufferer is punished for some special sin. The Tower in Siloam fell on those who were not greater sinners than those around who escaped—but there are at times certain plain indications of God's righteous judgment in punishing the sinner, that silence all questionings, and make us feel in our inmost hearts, that verily there *is a God that judgeth the earth*. The leprosy of Gehazi—the death of Pharoah, and of Herod in rebellion against God—the miraculous discovery of Achan's fraud—the miserable end of Saul—the sudden failure of Nebuchadnezzar's understanding—the hand-writing on the wall that brought the news of coming judgment to Belshazzar—the terrible end of Judas the traitor—this immediate execution of the sentence against Ananias and Sapphira, all bear testimony to that most certain truth, that there is a treasuring up by the sinner, of wrath against the day of wrath, and that there will be a revelation of the righteous judgments of God.

Ananias and Sapphira having both united in one sin are both united in one terrible punishment. These hypocrites are by the judgments of a single day cut off from the congregation of God's people. If at this time every false pretender to godliness and liberality were in a moment removed from the midst of us, which amongst ourselves could hope to escape? Yet God spares us; *but will God spare us for ever?* No, undoubtedly not so, brethren. If we are not earnestly seeking for inward purity, for perfect truthfulness, for heart cleansing, for entire devotion of ourselves to God, surely we shall only be reserved for a future day of doom, unutterable, inevitable. *The mercy of God leadeth us to repentance*. God spares us now in order that we may humbly seek at His throne of mercy for all those spiritual graces of which He seeth us to be in need.

We read upon Ananias and Sapphira's punishment that great fear came upon all the Church and upon as many as heard these things, and that though the careless multitude durst not join themselves to the Church, yet believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women. *For the purification of the Church proves the enlargement of the Church*. When the hypocrites are separated the saints are added to.

Going back, however, to the passage of Scripture before us. Besides this awful warning as to the danger and the sin of false pretences to goodness, we have other excellent lessons in this chapter, to which we shall do well to give earnest heed, as to the relative rights of man and man.

From what St. Peter says to Ananias and Sapphira, we learn that there is no ground from the teaching of Holy Scripture for that idle, and I may say, wicked and pernicious doctrine of the community of goods. Peter saith distinctly to Ananias, that while the land remained

with him, the land was his own, and after that the land was sold, the money that was received for it was altogether in Ananias' power, as far as man could have called him to account. The institution of property is a sacred institution, next to the purity of marriage, there is no greater earthly instrument in the hands of God so far as we can see, for the civilisation of man than the institution and safety of property. Thou shalt not steal, is as much the Divine Commandment as Thou shalt not kill; and though the possession of property is a trust of great importance reposed in us by God, it is to God and not to man that we must give account thereof; no one has a right to the money of another, it is his own under God.

Thus then there is no necessary lack of charity in forcing men to pay their debts, or in strictly guarding that which God hath entrusted us with, from robbery and waste. To guard that which is our own, to teach others plainly the difference between what is mine and what is thine, if only it be done in charity, is to set forward the cause of righteousness in the world. From the earliest times, under the teaching of Christ's Apostles, Ananias and Sapphira, as we read, were free to keep, as they were free to sell. The sin for which they received their awful punishment was not the keeping to themselves that portion which they thought fit, but the making a false pretence to goodness and liberality,—the saying that they had offered the whole when in fact they had *not* offered the whole. In the early Church then, it is plain, that there was no enforced community of goods, and when our Lord gave the rich young man the command, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven;" the command was given as a special, and not as a general command, by Him who knew the heart and who saw what this young man specially needed: and indeed reason teaches us that it cannot be for the advantage of others that what the rich possess should be divided amongst the poor, for thus soon would *all* be poor together, there would be no employment of labour, and one of the greatest encouragements to thrift, industry, and self-denial would be by such an evil doctrine taken away from the world.

What God requires of the rich, is, that *they be ready to give and glad to distribute*, and what God requires of the poor, is, that by honest industry they should earn their bread in the sweat of their brow according to the first sentence given to Adam. For this is the plain teaching of the Apostle, that if any man will not work, neither should he eat; how plain is St. Paul's admonition to the Thessalonians, as we find it written in the third chapter of the second epistle, "we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busy-bodies," that is, prying and meddling in matters which do not concern them. "Now them that are such," (continues St. Paul,) "we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus, that with quietness *they work*, and eat their own bread."

Leaving, however, this part of the chapter, we have in the verses which follow a signal example, how God will stand by, and will shew Himself to be on the side of the faithful preachers of His Word; and we have further a pattern of what all preaching should be, in the boldness of Peter's utterance, and in the distinctness with which he sets forth the doctrine of a crucified and glorified Redeemer.

As to God's standing by the faithful preachers of His Word—we read

here that by the hands of the Apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people, insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them, and when there came a multitude out of the cities round about Jerusalem bringing sick folk, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits, they were healed every one. God's temporal mercies have ceased to be thus signally manifested by the hands of his servants, but if only these servants prove faithful and look in the right direction for strength, and depend upon their Master and not upon themselves, God's spiritual mercies never cease. The sick and weak in faith still receive healing and strength under the believing preaching of Christ's gospel; yea, moreover, and devils also are cast out—the devil of covetousness, and the devil of impurity, and the devil of coldness and unbelief.

When Peter and his companions were fastened on by the High Priests and locked up in the prison, God sent His angel, as ministering to them that shall be heirs of salvation, and opened the prison doors and led them forth and said, "Go, stand and speak in the Temple to this people all the words of this life," and in obedience to this commission there is something truly admirable in the courage and plainness with which Peter and the others preached to the Jews a risen Jesus, "Him hath God exalted to His right hand, to be a prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins."

This boldness in preaching Jesus, now that the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the Apostles, is a remarkable contrast to the previous cowardice of the Apostles. When the enemies of our Lord laid hold upon Him to put Him to death, we then read that all the disciples forsook Him and fled. Peter, who had previously shewn such shameful timidity, is now more answerable to his name, he stands up firm as a rock in his Master's cause, and charges home, on the consciences of the Jewish rulers, their sins. "That Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree, Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins."

But further, brethren, in this bold preaching of Jesus by the Apostle Peter, we have all of us exactly that teaching which we specially need, for have we not all need for repentance? and it may be that many of us are looking to ourselves for repentance—it may be, that is, that many of us convinced of the evil of sin, are making resolutions of amendment in our own strength, but here Peter's sermon comes in for our direction, "*Him* hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins," all good things come of Jesus, and to Jesus we must look for every blessing, specially for spiritual blessings. "Turn thou us, good Lord, so shall we be turned." (Ps. lxxx. 3, 7, 19. Lam. v. 21. Jer. xxxi. 18.)

This ought to be our prayer in heart as well as in words, a prayer suitable at all times, but specially suitable at that Season, when our Church reminds us that our Saviour has risen from the dead, and is now sitting on the right hand of God for this very purpose, to bring us to a sense of our sins, and to draw us as humble penitents to the foot of the Cross, putting all our trust simply in the finished work of Jesus, our Lord.



# ST. JOHN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, 1860.

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PARISH MAGAZINE.—*Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies, 1d., may be had at the ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, and of Mr. L. HALL.*

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## CONFIRMATION.

The Bishop of Durham has enjoined the Clergy of Darlington and its immediate neighbourhood to give notice that he purposes, God willing, to hold a Confirmation at the Church of St. Cuthbert on the first of May next. As a general rule, the Bishop is indisposed to accept candidates for that profitable rite under the age of fifteen; but will make exceptions in the case of those, being somewhat under that age, who may be recommended by their respective Pastors as having "a proper understanding of the covenant which was made for them in Baptism, and shall be resolved, by God's grace assisting them, to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and to walk in His commandments all the days of their life." And this notice of Confirmation leads us to observe that the religious instruction of the young, which is a duty most strongly enjoined in Scripture, is a primary object in the system of the Church. It would be hard to say what more she could recommend or do. Baptism, the first step in the Christian course, requires nothing for the completeness of the Sacrament, but the affusion of water by a duly authorized person, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. But the Church of England, following a practice which has prevailed from the earliest ages of Christianity—proof upon proof appearing from a chain of writers since the second century—and which existed even in the Jewish Church, expressly connects with the Sacrament of Baptism the duty of Christian instruction by appointing Sponsors, who solemnly take upon themselves the responsibility; and by impressing upon them the truth and duty in which the child should be brought up. This is most reasonable; for the child being now by baptism made a member's of Christ's body, the Church, is bound to take care, that as far as in her lies, proper nursing shall be secured, and suitable nourishment provided for its tender years; till, coming to riper age, it shall walk alone and receive more solid food. For this object, she has provided a summary of elementary instruction in a Catechism, for which we cannot feel too gratefully nor speak too highly of. It is so short and simple that a young child may understand it very fairly; yet, so comprehensive, that when duly explained, it applies to every part of the Christian system. In these short questions and answers, it describes, first, the privileges obtained in becoming by baptism a member of Christ's visible Church; secondly, the duties belonging to those privileges—Repentance, Faith, and Holy Obedience, with direct reference to the promise and vow made by the sponsors,—and thirdly, the recognition of the child himself, of his privilege, his personal obligations, his holy resolve, and his dependence upon God's help to make it effectual. A summary of faith, of duty, to God and man, and of the nature and objects of prayer, founded respectively on the Apostle's Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer; with a short explanation of the Sacraments completes this concise and comprehensive manual. Arrived at years to answer for himself, the child is called to the important rite of confirmation; which the Church of England, following the example of primitive times, so insists on, that she enjoins it at the time of Baptism, and requires it to be ob-

3.—i.

served, before the disciple can be admitted to the Holy Communion. And with the view of this rite not being lightly nor irreverently undertaken, the Bishop, after giving notice, comes in person that those who have been examined and approved by their parish minister may solemnly confirm their renunciation of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil ; may confirm their professions of belief and obedience ; and be confirmed by the blessing of the Bishop, and the prayers of the congregation.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND INSTITUTE.**—The announcement of the annual Soiree on Tuesday evening, March 13th, leads us to mention some particulars connected with the Institution. It was founded in the January of last year, and its progress hitherto has been very satisfactory, numbering at present nearly 200 members. The library, to which much attention is directed, consists of about 300 volumes, principally books of a religious character ; it being a primary object of the Institute to provide a class of reading not obtainable at any of the existing libraries in the Town. Considerable efforts have been made towards the inculcation of a musical taste amongst the members, especially with reference to Church music. A singing-class under the able direction of Mr. Marshall, has existed for some months, and has made encouraging progress. A second class of the same character has been lately formed. The Institute has been placed in connection with the Society of Arts with the view of enabling the members to avail themselves of its annual examinations. A Mathematical Class, under Mr. C. Jackson, of St. Cuthbert's School, is in active operation ; and Classes for Latin and English History are in course of formation. It is to be regretted that the number required for the commencement of a Bible Class is still deficient ; as in all Church Institutes the study of God's holy Word should be one of its essential objects. Lectures or Conversational Meetings are held during the Winter months. The Reading Room, which is very comfortable, is open every Evening (Sundays excepted) from 6-30 to 9-30; and for the convenience of studiously disposed members, a private Reading-room has been provided. The yearly subscription is from 2s. 6d. to 10s. ; and as the rent and a considerable portion of the working expenses are met by an endowment, the members' subscriptions are almost wholly available for the extension of the Library.

**BELLASIS AND FOSTER'S ALMSHOUSES, YARM LANE.**—A General Meeting of the Trustees was held in the Vestry Room of St. Cuthbert's Church on Tuesday, February 28th, at which were present the Revds. J. G. Pearson, T. W. Minton, W. H. Stephens, and Messrs. Buckton, Watkin, R. Child, and T. Potts. The accounts of the year in respect to the repairs of the Alms-houses and the completion of the roads adjoining, amounting to £11 6s 4d, were produced, examined and approved. The Trustees undertook to raise the amount in the following proportions, St. Cuthbert's, £4 4s. 10d. ; Holy Trinity £3 10s. 9d. ; and St. John's £3 10s. 9d.


## RESIGNATION OF A LIVING.

Resignation is an act by which a beneficed Clergyman surrenders his charge to the person from whom he received it. There are several peculiarities connected with the avoidance of a Living by resignation, which it may be instructing for Churchmen to know. It can be made only to the superior from whom it was *immediately* obtained ; for instance, where institution was required, the Bishop, who has the right to institute, is the same to whom the resignation is to be made. Resignation must be made either by the personal appearance of the resigning Clergyman before the Bishop, or by a document presented to the Bishop, which document has been signed by the Clergyman, and witnessed by the Bishop's official. No condition can be attached to the resignation ; it must be made voluntarily, and not from any corrupt inducement. If an Incumbent receives any sum of money for resignation, the tran-

saction is criminal, exposing the giver and receiver to legal penalties. No resignation can be valid until it is accepted by the Bishop, and if the Bishop should refuse to accept it, the Clergyman must continue in his charge. The Bishop is no more bound to accept a resignation than he is to admit a person into Holy Orders. Nor is this amongst the dead matter of clergy law, for the Bishop's withholding his consent is of frequent occurrence. By an Act of Parliament, however, passed in the 1st year of Victoria, the acceptance of a second Living by a Clergyman vacates his first without the Bishop's consent. When the Resignation has been accepted, the Bishop gives notice of it to the Patron, and unless that Patron presents another Clergyman within six months after the receipt of the notice, the presentation to the Living for that time falls into the hands of the Bishop.

### THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

MAR. 18 S. 4TH IN LENT .....	Morn. Gen. 43—John 5. Even. Gen. 45—1 Tim. 1.
25 S. 5TH IN LENT .....	Morn. Exod. 3—John 12. Even. Exod. 5—2 Tim. 3.
ANN. OF V. M.	
APRIL 1 S. BEFORE EASTER	Morn. Exod. 9—Mat. 26. Even. Exod. 10—Heb. 5, to v. 11.
6 GOOD FRIDAY .....	Morn. Gen. 22 to v. 20—John 18. Even. Isaiah 53—1 Peter 2.
8 S. EASTER DAY .....	Morn. Exod. 12—Rom. 6. Even. Exod. 14—Acts 2, begin v. 22. [Proper Psalms. Morn. 2, 57, 111. Even. 113, 114, 118.

 Every Wednesday, Prayers and Lecture in the Church at 7 p.m.: and during Lent at the Chapel of Ease, same evening and hour. A Cottage Lecture in Freeman's Place on Thursday evening. A Singing Class at St. John's Schools every Thursday evening.

[NOTES.—ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.—Although this Festival has some reference to the Virgin Mary, yet it is observed by the Church of England as more peculiarly belonging to our Saviour. It refers to the tidings brought by Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary, of the incarnation of our Lord. The angel first *announced* the approach of this event to Zacharias the father of John the Baptist (Luke 1 v. 17); telling him that his son should be the fore-runner and prophet of the Messiah. Six months after (Luke 1 v. 26), he visited Mary and saluted her with the words, "Hail, thou highly favored of the Lord, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." (v. 28.) The Church of England commemorates this event on the 25th of March, hence called Lady-day.

GOOD FRIDAY.—The day set apart by the Christian Church in memory of the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ: it is called by way of eminence "good," because of the unspeakable good things purchased for us by Jesus Christ. In the very first age of Christianity this day was observed as a day of the strictest humiliation, from a sense of the guilt of the sins of the whole world which drew upon Jesus his painful and shameful death. The suitability of the Psalms to this day is obvious. They were all composed by David in times of great calamity and distress; and most of them refer, prophetically, to the crucifixion of our Lord. Part of the 22nd being recited by Him on the Cross. The Lessons are as appropriate to the day as are the Psalms. Gen. 22. contains an account of Abraham's readiness to offer up his son, typifying the perfect offering which was made this day by the Son of God; and John 18 narrates the apprehension and trial of our Saviour. The evening lessons (Isaiah 53) contain a detailed prophecy of our Saviour's passion; and (1 Peter 2) exhorts us to patience under afflictions, from the example of Christ, who suffered so much for us.

EASTER is derived from the Saxon *oster* 'to rise,' and is the day on which the Christian Church yearly commemorates our Saviour's resurrection. After the Calendar, in the Book of Common Prayer, the Tables and Rules are given for



knowing when the Moveable Feasts and Holy-days take place. Easter-day is the pivot upon which all of them turn ; and to determine the day of the month upon which it falls the following rule is given. " It is always the first Sunday after the Full Moon, which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March ; and if the Full Moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after." For example, on looking at the Almanac we find that the first Full Moon after the 21st of March is on the 5th of April ; and the first Sunday after the 5th being the 8th of April, this is Easter-day of the year 1860. This rule was settled at the great Council of Nice (A.D. 325), summoned by the Emperor Constantine, in order to allay the bitter controversy and discussions which had arisen between the Eastern and Western Churches, respecting the day when the resurrection of our Saviour should be commemorated.]

## CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(Continued from the February Number.)

### CHAP. IV.

Our Lord's Second Passover, and the subsequent transactions until the Third.  
Time, one year. A.D. 28-29.

ORDER OF LESSONS.—John 5 ; Matt. 12, v. 1-21 ; Luke 6, v. 12-19 ; Matt. 5, 6, 7 ; Luke 7, v. 1-17.

- |         |   |     |                   |
|---------|---|-----|-------------------|
| Sec. 1. | The healing of the infirm man at the pool of Bethesda, and Christ's discourse ( <i>Jerusalem.</i> ) | ... | John 5.           |
| 2.      | The disciples pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath. ( <i>On the way to Galilee.</i> )                  | ... | Matt. 12, v. 1-8. |
| 3.      | The healing of the withered hand on the Sabbath ( <i>Capernaum.</i> )                               | ... | " v. 9-14.        |
| 4.      | Jesus at the Sea of Tiberias is followed by Multitudes.   | ... | " v. 15-21.       |
| 5.      | Jesus chooses the twelve Apostles. ( <i>Near Capernaum.</i> )                                       | ... | Luke 6, v. 12-19. |
| 6.      | The Sermon on the Mount. ( <i>Near Capernaum.</i> )   | ... | Matt. 5, 6, 7.    |
| 7.      | The healing of the Centurion's Servant. ( <i>Capernaum.</i> )                                       | ... | Luke 7, v. 1-10.  |
| 8.      | The raising of the Widow's Son. ( <i>Nain.</i> )  | ... | " v. 11-17.       |

(To be continued.)

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Mr. Mears, the well known bell founder, has examined the tenor bell, and reports that nothing short of re-casting it can restore the original sound. This will involve an outlay of about £20. The cause of its being " cracked," is unknown ; but there are indications of an imperfect casting upon its surface.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.—There is no truth in the report which has been circulated, that children not attending the Day-school are excluded from the Sunday-school. As long as the property of the schools is respected, and their rules obeyed, all are at liberty to attend.

## BENEFACTIONS TO THE PARISH OF SAINT JOHN.

FOR THE CHURCH.—Miss Sitwell, Stainsby Hall, Derbyshire, £3 ; Miss M. Darwin, Breadsall Priory, Derbyshire, 10s.

FOR THE CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT-HILL.—A Lectern, by Miss Sitwell, and Service Books consisting of a quarto Bible, and folio Common Prayer, by the Christian Knowledge Society.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS. For the yearly support of—Flounder's Trustees, £5 ; a Lady who wishes the sewing to be good, 10s.

ELEEMOSYNARY GIFTS.—Miss Addison, £1 ; P. N., 10s. ; and Rev. G. T., 10s., towards the purchase of linen for a monthly-bag.



### **William Caxton, the first English Printer.\***

**THE** art of printing with moveable types was discovered by John Guttenburg, of Mayence, in Germany, about the year A.D. 1438; but it is William Caxton who is commonly called the "Father of Printing," because he much improved the process, and was the first person who introduced it into England.

William Caxton was born probably about A.D. 1412, as he himself tells us, in the Weald of Kent. Of the rank, and employment of his

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\* "Heroes of the Laboratory and Workshop." Routledge Warne and Routledge. Price 2s. 6d. An excellent Volume for the Parish Library or the Workman's Bookshelf.

parents we are ignorant ; but their son says of them, "in my youth they sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I get my living, I hope truly." At the age of fifteen, young Caxton was apprenticed to William Large, a mercer of the city of London, who was afterwards sheriff and mayor. Having served his apprenticeship, Caxton took up his freedom in the Mercers' Company, and became "a citizen of London town." That he had conducted himself during the time of his service to the satisfaction of his master, is proved from the fact that in his will, in 1441, he left to William Caxton a legacy of twenty marks, (£13. 6s. 8d.,) a considerable sum in those days, when the usual price of wheat was 5s. 4d. a quarter, malt 4s. a quarter, and a pair of plough oxen could be purchased for about 23s. In the year after he received this legacy Caxton went into the Low Countries. How he had been employed in the interval, from the expiration of his apprenticeship till this period, we know not, but probably in mercantile affairs ; and it is thought that he left England either as an agent for some other merchant, or on his own account. He continued for some time in the Low Countries, which were then the great mart of Europe, where was carried on the trade of the produce and manufactures of most parts of the world. Hence their friendship was eagerly sought by the neighbouring powers, and treaties of commerce between them and England were frequently made and broken. It required much knowledge of mercantile affairs to conduct these alliances, and therefore merchants were often employed to arrange them. The character of Caxton, as a man of business, and his long residence abroad, seem to have pointed him out as a fit person for such work ; and we accordingly find him appointed, in 1464, as an ambassador, "to continue and confirm a treaty of commerce with Philip of Burgundy." This prince was one of the most powerful rulers in that part of Europe, and his court one of the most polished. His taste for literature made him a patron of the liberal arts ; and it was natural that Caxton should acquire in such a school much information, which he afterwards turned to excellent account : in fact, he seems to have mastered the French language, and gained some acquaintance with the Flemish or Dutch ; above all, he imbibed his passion for learning, and made himself master of the art of printing "at great charge and dispense," as he tells us.

On the marriage of Charles, son and successor of the Duke of Burgundy, with the Princess Margaret, sister of our Edward IV., in 1468, Caxton was appointed to a situation in the household of the Duchess. We have no means of learning what his duties were in this new capacity, but it is plain that they left him plenty of time on his hands. He says, "I had now no great charge or occupation, and wishing to eschew sloth and idleness—which is mother and nourisher of vices—having good leisure, being at Cologne, I set about finishing the translation of the "Histories of Troy." When, however, I remembered my simpleness, and my imperfection in French and English, I fell into despair, and for two years after, laboured no more in this work." The translation, however, was afterwards finished by command of the Duchess, who desired him "to continue and make an end of the residue," which command he "durst not disobey." He mentions, in his preface to the volume, that "his eyes were dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, that his courage was not so ready



to labour as it had been, and that age was creeping on him daily, and enfeebling all his body ; and finally, that he had learnt and practised at great charge and dispense to ordain the said book in print, and not written with pen and ink, as other books be." It thus appears that he had acquired the art of printing ; but by what means he became acquainted with it, cannot be discovered.

No precise information has been obtained as to the time when Caxton returned to England, but in 1477, he had taken up his residence in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey, under the patronage of Thomas Milling, Bishop of Hereford, and Abbot of Westminster, a man of superior abilities and learning for the times in which he lived. It is believed that "The Game of Chess" was the first book he printed in England ; it was dedicated to George, Duke of Clarence. Caxton enjoyed the Royal patronage, and some of the nobility also encouraged him. Whether their favours were of a profitable nature, does not appear ; but (to their honour) it is mentioned that the mercers of London showed themselves great promoters of literature. He was himself indefatigable in cultivating and perfecting this new art, and although, as we have seen, already in the autumn of his days, he laboured with unwearied diligence, and printed, in all, sixty-four works ; and besides the labour of looking after his press, he translated most of these books into English from the French. In the performance of this task, he found no small trouble in his choice of words, for, in those days, the inhabitants of one county hardly understood those of another ; "the common English that is spoken in one shyre varying from another, and certainly," he adds, "the language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born."

In his selection of works for the press, he was reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his readers ; to gratify the nobles with treatises of heraldry, hawking, and the game of chess ; and to amuse the popular credulity with romances of fabulous knights, and legends of more fabulous saints. Yet, on the whole, when we reflect on the troubled state of the country at that period, (he carried on his works during the reigns of Edward V. and Richard III.,) we cannot but feel amazed that he did so much, and persisted in prosecuting his labours, so as to succeed in establishing the art of printing in his native land.

His last book, "The Lives of the Fathers," he translated from the French, and his admirable assistant and successor, Wynkyn de Worde, says that he finished that work "at the last day of his life." He died in 1491, and was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

All honour to the "Father of Printing."

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## Gold-edged, versus Black-edged.

BY W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A.



O ignorance is so common as ignorance of ourselves. People are terribly *long-sighted* about faults and failings. They can see plenty of them clearly enough in others a long way off, but they are as blind as beetles when they look at home and think of themselves. But there are a good many

people who don't care at all to know their own faults or failings. They had rather not. It would be so very unpleasant to find out they were not so good as they think themselves. I don't mean that they won't allow that they are sinners. Of course they say this in a general sort of way. But as to any *special particular* sins, this is an uncomfortable thought, and so they had rather not come to the point. And thus the world goes on, and knows uncommonly little about itself.

I once knew a man who was not at all content with this general knowledge—or general ignorance—for it is much the same thing,) of himself. He was rather a curious character, a man of original notions, and singular habits, of mind and body. He looked into things, and took very little for granted. He wanted to know the reason of what he heard, and had an insatiable appetite for knowledge of all kinds. He was a man who had to work for his living, and all his savings he spent in books, till he possessed at last a very valuable library, which (singular to say,) he had *read*. Well, as I said, this man, while inquisitive about many kinds of knowledge, was no less inquisitive as to knowledge of himself. He did not care much for general doctrines about the sinfulness of man, but he wanted to know what sort of a man he was *himself*. So what do you think he did? It was a curious notion, but the fact is he got two sheets of paper, one gilt-edged and the other black-edged, and resolved, for a certain time, to put down every good action on the one sheet, and every bad action on the other. Well, he soon filled up the black-edged sheet, and then he thought he would look into the record a little more closely. And, first of all, there was no doubt at all about the items on the black-edged paper. They all belonged to it plainly enough, and most likely there were a good many more little things that ought to have been there too. But when he took up the gilt-edged sheet, he found a very short account to reckon up. There were certainly some half-dozen or more actions recorded as good. But he began to think about these a little, to turn them over, and look at them on every side. And the result was that he found something so faulty in them, that one by one he absolutely began to put them over on to the black-edged sheet. This action was good itself, but was done through some worldly or other inferior motive. This one was begun from a right motive, but spoilt by some wrong feeling in the doing of it. And so they went, one by one—all but three. And these three were a great puzzle. My good friend could not find anything positively wrong about them. But then, the more he looked at them, the more dissatisfied he got with them. He saw how far they were from being all they ought to have been. They were sadly imperfect, terribly deficient. They might have been so very much better. And thus at last, feeling that, if they were not *bad* actions, they certainly had no right to be reckoned as *good* ones, he struck these out altogether. And so not one item was left on the gilt-edged sheet. "And what did you do then?" asked a friend to whom he told what he had done. "Why, what could I do," was his answer, "but go down on my knees, and thank God for Redemption!"

Now, my friends, I think we may learn something worth learning from this little anecdote. I have told you the somewhat quaint experience of a shrewd hard-headed thoroughly unsentimental man.

And that experience is simply the echo of God's word. God's word says, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight," that is, in other words, no man can be saved by any righteousness of his own. If he could *do all*, perfectly obey every command of God's law, even then he would be an "unprofitable servant," doing no more than was his duty to do. But now what are his "*best righteousnesses*?" Let him try the gold-edged and the black-edged papers, and he will, if he is an honest man, soon find out.

May we all have wisdom to know ourselves. It will be no bad Lenten lesson to learn. And when we have found out what we are worth, may we have wisdom also to do as my wise friend did—go down on our knees, and thank God for Redemption.



### *A Jestin' Letter of Dr. Martin Luther's.*

**T**EVER were two friends more unlike in face and character than the two Reformers, Luther and Melancthon. Melancthon was a frail little man, gentle, timid, and somewhat over-ingenious; Luther was a great burly fellow, made to shoulder his way through evil report and good report; upright and downright—a man who feared God, and feared neither man nor devil beside. It was from their having the Fear of God in common, that Luther was able to bear with his weaker friend. It was this that gave beauty and completeness to Luther's character. Look at the large-headed, bull-



necked man ; there is something of coarseness in the face and plenty of the animal, though the features are not befouled and hardened, as they might have been, by sensuality ; but beneath coarseness and animality, we may trace the calmness of single purpose, aye, and more than this ; for, unless I deceive myself, we find in the face, as well as in the history of Luther, indications of that noblest of earthly sights—a strong man, leaning in child-like confidence on God. Two points in his character, with which we are now concerned, are closely connected with this confidence. Luther would jest in times of the deepest anxiety, but even in his relaxation, God and God's work were ever present to his mind.

April, 1530, was a critical time for the Reformers.\* It was in the preceding year, that John, Duke of Saxony, and other German Princes, had entered their *Protest* at Spire, against certain matters in a proposed decree, "contrary," they said, "to God's Holy Word and their right conscience," and had thence got the name of Protestants. And now, in April, 1530, Charles V., Emperor of Germany and Italy and King of Spain, a young, but powerful and resolute, monarch, was coming from Italy, as the sworn servant of the Pope, to crush this Gospel-religion, which *he* called heresy. At first the Protesting princes proposed to resist force by force. "Let us march our armies to the Tyrol," said they, "and close the passes by which Charles must enter Germany." Happily Luther, with all his courage, knew that it was not by the sword, but by patient endurance, that Christ's Gospel had won, and was to win its way. Force can do nothing for, or against, the salvation of souls. Once before, when he and Melancthon were the chief objects of the Emperor's anger, Luther had said, he would rather die ten times over, than see the Gospel cause one drop of blood to be shed ; and now again he persuaded the Duke of Saxony to give up all thoughts of war, and to obey the Emperor's summons to meet him at Augsburg, where a great Diet or Council was to be held.

On the 3rd of April, the Duke started from his own city in the north of Germany, attended by one hundred and sixty horsemen. Their rich scarlet cloaks covered many a fearful heart, but Luther was full of faith and hope, and it was then that he composed a beautiful hymn, that has been like a war-song for German Protestants ever since, beginning, "Our God is a strong tower." Here is a verse of it translated into English :—

"And were the world with devils filled,  
All eager to devour us,  
Our souls to fear should little yield,  
They cannot overpower us.  
Their dreaded Prince no more  
Can harm us as of yore ;  
Look grim as ere he may,  
Doom'd is his ancient sway,  
A word can overthrow him."\*

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\* D'Aubigne's "Hist. of the Reformation."

\* "Lyra Germanica," 21st Sunday after Trinity.

Can you not imagine the bold words ringing out in Luther's clear, manly voice, as they rode along beside sparkling streams and through fresh valleys, in the pleasant spring-time, till other hearts became as cheerful as his own? But Luther was not allowed to accompany them to Augsburg, as he had wished. They spent Easter-day at Coburg, and just as they were starting again on the 23rd, the Duke sent a message to Luther, to bid him remain behind. He would be near enough to Augsburg to hear how matters went with the Protestants, and to help with advice, whilst his presence at the Council, said the Duke, would only serve to anger the Emperor. The gentler and less well-known Melancthon went forward and took the chief part in drawing up the famous "Confession of Augsburg," in which the Protestants were permitted to declare the nature of their Faith, but Luther remained behind; and it was in the old castle of Coburg, whilst waiting anxiously for news from Augsburg, and working hard at his translation of the Bible into "a tongue understood of the people," that he wrote the following letter, entitled in the books, "A Jestig Letter from Dr. Martin Luther to his friends at home, anent a Council Imperial of Daws and Rooks, under the which however there doth lie a right serious meaning."

"Grace to ye and peace in Christ, dear gentlemen and friends. I have received your letter, and have understood how it goes with ye all. That ye may understand in turn how matters go here, I do ye to wit, that we, namely, myself, Marcus Veit, and Ciriacus go not to the Council at Augsburg; there is another Council though, to the which we *are* come. Just under our window is a thicket, like a little forest, here have the Daws and Rooks summoned a Council, and here keep they such a coming and going, such an outery day and night, as they were all stark staring mad; here prate young and old together, till I wonder in myself how voice and breath hold out so long, and would gladly learn, an there be any of this noble race yet in your parts—Methinks they must be gathered together here out of the whole world. Their Emperor have I not yet seen, but their Nobility and great Dons are ever sweeping and strutting before our eyes in no very costly array, just in plain colours—all alike black, and all alike grey-eyed, and all alike chanting one song, only with charming variations of young and old, great and small. They regard not great Halls or Palaces; their Hall has for its vault the fair broad heaven, their floor is mere earth, carpeted with good green twigs, and the walls thereof even so far apart as the ends of the world. Neither hold they discourse of steeds and armour; they have feathered wheels, whereon they outspeed even the bullet, and avoid the wrath of the foe.

They are mighty men of valour, but what Resolutions they come to, I know not yet. This much have I learnt from an Interpreter,—that they intend a mighty raid and onslaught upon Wheat, Barley, Oats, and, generally upon Corn and Crops, and many a knight will be there, and great deeds will be done.

So ye see, friends, we have taken our places at *this* Council, and mark with no small pleasure how merrily the princes and gentlefolk, with the other orders of the realm, sing and revel. And specially doth it please us to see after how knightly a fashion they stride along; how they whet their bills, and brace on their armour to win themselves

glory and victory against the Wheat and Barley. Our good wishes go with them—that they may each and all get spitted on a stake.

I hold though, that they are in no wise different from the Sophists and Papists, with their preaching and scribbling; them too must I have before me, the whole flock of them, to hear their sweet voices and preachments, and to see how very useful a folk it is—for the consuming of all the fruits of the earth, and for prating lengthily to the same end.

To-day heard we the first nightingale, for she liked not to trust herself to April. Up to this time our weather hath been simply glorious, it hath never yet rained, save yesterday a little. With you mayhap it is different. And so God keep ye. Look well to the house.


MARTINUS LUTHER, D."

"Given at the Council Imperial of the  
Wheat-warriors, 28th April. 1529."

C. P. B.

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## The Voyage of "The Fox" in the Arctic Seas.

N 1845, the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, with 135 men on board, left this country, under the command of Sir John Franklin, to explore the Arctic regions, where the ice and snow never melt, where for months the sun is not seen, and where darkness and silence reign.

The brave sailors went forth but they returned not—the last tidings of them were received from some whalers, and bore date July, 1845. When months and years passed and nothing was heard of the missing ships, expeditions were sent out to search for them, but they could find no trace. At last, in 1854, some relics of Sir John Franklin's ships were brought home, with some tidings gathered from the Esquimaux, that a large party of Englishmen had been seen struggling with difficulties near the great Fish River. This gave a clue as to the point where the sailors had been compelled to desert their frozen-up ships, and Lady Franklin resolved to make yet another effort to learn the fate of her noble husband. For this purpose she bought the *Fox*, a little vessel of only 170 tons burden. The summer-sea yacht was stripped of its finery, and was sheathed with stout planking outside, and strengthened with cross-beams inside, while the sharp stem was 'cased in iron till it resembled a huge chisel set up edgeways.'

Captain McClinton, who had already thrice visited the Arctic regions, accepted the command of the expedition and with a crew of twenty-two tried men, and provisions for twenty-eight months, the *Fox* steamed out of Aberdeen on July 1st, 1857.

All went well with them till the 12th of August, when, just as they thought they were getting through the terrible "pack" in Melville Bay, the *Fox* was beset and imbedded in a mighty ice-cradle, fixed in which she drifted 1385 statute miles during 242 days! The "pack" is formed in the following way:—Each winter the sea called Baffin's Bay freezes over, in spring this vast body of ice breaks up, and drifts southward in a mass, called "the main-pack," if a ship is sailing through these pieces of ice when the frost sets in, she is welded, as it were, into a continent of thick-ribbed ice, and has to remain there until the spring



releases the waves from their bondage, when they gradually break up the ice, and the "pack" again becomes an ocean.

It was not till 24th of April, 1858, that the *Fox* escaped from her long imprisonment, and as we look at her "steaming out of the rolling pack," in the picture kindly lent by Mr. Murray, we understand better than by any words the fearful dangers of those Arctic seas.

Captain M'Clintock's narrative, which was written on board the *Fox*, and which proves that he is both a hero and a Christian, ought to be read in every English home, and ought to be upon the shelves of every library. Read how he records in his diary the marvellous deliverance from the perils of the rolling-pack:— \* \* \* \* "On Saturday night, the 24th, I went on deck to spend the greater part of it in watching, and to determine what to do. The swell greatly increased; it had evidently been approaching for hours before it reached us, since it rose in proportion as the ice was broken up into smaller pieces. In a short time but few of them were equal in size to the ship's deck; most of them not half so large. I knew that near the pack-edge the sea would be very heavy and dangerous; but the wind was now fair, and, having auxiliary steam-power, I resolved to push out of the ice if possible. Shortly after midnight the ship was under sail, slowly boring her way to the eastward; at two o'clock, on Sunday morning, commenced steaming, the wind having failed. By eight o'clock we had advanced considerably to the eastward, and the swell had become dangerously high, the waves rising ten feet above the trough of the sea. The shocks of the ice against the ship were alarmingly heavy; it became necessary to steer exactly head-on to the swell. We slowly passed a small iceberg, sixty or seventy feet high; the swell forced it crashing through the pack, leaving a small water-space in its wake, but sufficient to allow the seas to break against its cliffs, and throw the spray in heavy showers quite over its summit."

"The day wore on without change, except that the snow and mists cleared off. Gradually the swell increased, and rolled along more swiftly, becoming in fact a very heavy regular sea, rather than a swell. The ice often lay so closely packed, that we could hardly force a-head, although the fair wind had again freshened up. Much heavy hummocky ice and large berg-pieces lay dispersed through the pack; a single thump from any of them would have been instant destruction. By five o'clock the ice became more loose, and clear spaces of water could be seen a-head. We went faster, received fewer though still more severe shocks, until at length we had room to steer clear of the heaviest pieces; and at eight o'clock we emerged from the villainous "pack," and were running fast through straggling pieces into a clear sea. The engines were stopped, and Mr. Brand permitted to rest after eighteen hours duty, for we now have no one else capable of driving the engines."

"Throughout the day I trembled for the safety of the rudder and screw; deprived of the one or the other, even for half-an-hour, I think our fate would have been sealed: to have steered in any other direction than *against* the swell, would have exposed, and probably sacrificed both. Our bow is very strongly fortified, well plated externally with iron, and so very sharp that the ice-masses, repeatedly hurled against the ship by the swell as she rose to meet it, were thus robbed

of their destructive force ; they struck us obliquely, yet caused the vessel to shake violently, the bells to ring, and almost knocked us off our legs. On many occasions the engines were stopped dead by ice choking the screw, once it was some minutes before it could be got to revolve again. Anxious moments those !”

“After yesterday’s experience, I can understand how men’s hair have turned grey in a few hours. Had self-reliance been my only support and hope, it is not impossible that I might have illustrated the fact. Under the circumstances, I did my best to ensure our safety, looked as stoical as possible, and inwardly trusted that God would favour our exertions. What a release ours has been, not only from eight months’ imprisonment, but from the perils of that one day ! Had our little vessel been destroyed after the ice broke up, there remained no hope for us. But we have been brought safely through, and are all truly grateful, I hope and believe.”

Many captains would have returned to England after such an escape, but neither Captain M’Clintock nor his crew appear to have thought of so abandoning their self-imposed task. After visiting Greenland to renew her stores, the *Fox* was laid up for the winter amid the ice of Port Kennedy, and her crew spent a second winter in the Arctic solitude. Here, on November 7th, a great misfortune befel them, in the sudden death of Mr. Brand, their chief and only engineer.

But the little company were not cast down. And on February 17th, the several officers set out in sledges, drawn by dogs, to explore the vast tracts of ice and snow for some traces of Sir John Franklin. Nor did they search in vain, for Lieutenant Hobson found a paper, which gave the sad tidings, that the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been deserted, that Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th June, 1847, that nine other officers and fifteen men had then died, and that the rest, consisting of one hundred and five souls, were to start the day after the paper was written (22nd April, 1848,) for the Fish River. This hapless party seem to have perished soon afterwards from scurvy and privation, and Captain M’Clintock found the remains of several skeletons, and in one place, a great heap of clothing upwards of four feet in height. He also found a boat, mounted on a sledge of oak planks, in which there were portions of two human skeletons.

“One was that of a slight young person, the other of a strongly-made middle-aged man. The former was found in the bow of the boat, but in too disturbed a state to enable Hobson to judge whether the sufferer died there ; large powerful animals, probably wolves, had destroyed much of this skeleton, which may have been that of an officer. Near it we found the fragment of a pair of worked slippers.

“The other skeleton was in a somewhat more perfect state, and was enveloped with clothes and furs ; it lay across the boat. Close beside it were found five watches ; and there were two double-barrelled guns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked—standing muzzle upwards against the boat’s side.

“It may be imagined with what deep interest these sad relics were scrutinized, and how anxiously every fragment of clothing was turned over in search of pockets and pocket-books, journals, and even names. Five or six small books were found, all of them Scriptural or devotional works, except the “Vicar of Wakefield.” One little book, “Christian



*"The Fox" steaming out of the "rolling pack."*





Melodies," bore an inscription upon the title-page, from the donor to G. G. A small Bible contained numerous marginal notes, and whole passages underlined. Besides these books, the covers of a New Testament and Prayer Book were found."

The sad search was continued to the 2nd of June, when the sledge-parties returned to the *Fox*, and being favoured by an open season, they steamed out of Bellot Sound, and reached Spithead in safety on September 20, 1859.

Thus ended the voyage of the gallant little *Fox*, and thus have Captain M'Clintock and his dauntless crew closed a long and weary search of eleven years, and lifted, so far as human hands will ever do it, the veil of mystery that hangs over the ill-fated Franklin Expedition.

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## The Game without an End.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY, AUTHOR OF "LEGENDARY TALES," ETC.

"WHO IS LORD OVER US?"—PSALM XII. V. 4.



TWO friends sat together over a winter fire, in a snug lodging-house parlour. The wind was howling outside, and sleet was beating noisily against the windows. One of the friends was the Curate of the place, and he was sitting upright on a chair in the middle of the rug, looking into the blaze before him, with a cheerful energetic face, and listening to the other, a traveller and an author, who, leaning back in an easy chair, was relating an adventure which had befallen him in some far distant land.

It was a very interesting adventure, but presently the Curate became uneasy, and by-and-bye looked at his watch, and in a few minutes afterwards, having waited for a break in the story, interrupted his friend.

"This is what I warned you of, Delafield! The clock has struck seven, and my class will be waiting for me at the school. If I once break my rule about time, the boys will break it every week. Go I must:—but you will finish this account when I come back. I would not miss it for the world. I will be with you again at nine. Here are books, and papers, and pens, and ink. Do whatever you like. You must not mind my leaving you, and I can't ask you to come out such a night as this."

"You may ask or not, as you please," replied Delafield; "I am coming with you."

The Curate, who had got up while he was speaking, to prepare for his start, and was now drawing on his goloshes, looked up, surprised at his friend, but the latter was evidently quite in earnest, rose deliberately from his lounging position, and threw round his shoulders his own defence against the weather, a Scotch shepherd's plaid.

He stood upwards of six feet high, and had adopted, as almost a travelling necessity, the present fashion of a long natural beard; time and opportunity for trimming and shaving not being always to be had in the wild countries which he had lately been visiting.

He had a slow manner, and was slow of speech ; in these respects, therefore, a great contrast to his friend, the Curate ; but for all that, they were both of them good men—men who feared God, tried to do good to their fellow-creatures, and resisted their own evil passions.

Their lines of life were quite different, but God allows as many different ways of being good and of doing good, as he provides different situations and inclinations ; and out of the diversity comes a much greater amount of general improvement and happiness, than could arise if all men were to be exactly alike, and exactly equal in their powers.

The Curate and traveller both knew this, and could therefore love and admire each other, without wishing to change their lots, or thinking that God's blessing was upon one, more than upon the other.

But now that the traveller was coming to be a looker-on at his work, a new idea struck the Curate.

"I will tell you what, Delafield," cried he "if you are to be at the school, I cannot let you be idle. This is my reading night. I am not going to teach. On these nights I find some good entertaining story, and read aloud. But such stories are not easy to find ; and if you will tell them one instead, it will be a thousand times better. Some of your own adventures, or something you have seen or heard of in other countries."

The traveller was a shy man by nature, and fancied he had rather hear his friend read, than talk himself. Beside which, he argued, he did not know the people, and they might not care a straw for any thing he could tell them.

Of course the Curate would not hear of this objection, but the friends continued to talk the matter over, as they walked through the wet to the school ; and had not quite settled how it was to be, when suddenly the Curate's quick eye caught sight of one of the lads of his class, just turning into a public house, and, without stopping to expostulate, he rushed to him, seized him by the arm, and ordered him to come along with him instead.

The lad looked sulky for a minute or two, but it passed off, and he submitted, not only to be taken to the school, but to listen to a long rebuke from his friend, who warned him, as a clergyman was sure to do, and bound to do, of the danger of beginning a bad habit so young.

He spoke all the more strongly because he knew that the lad in question, although a good fellow in some respects, had often been tempted to the same public house on other occasions, not only from being naturally of a jovial turn, and fond of what he called, "a bit of good company," but because he had a leaning to another practice, quite as dangerous and quite as tempting as drinking—*gambling*. It mattered little in what form this taste developed itself—pigeon-shooting—quoits—skittles—knurr-and-spell—even cricket can be turned into an instrument of evil, instead of a means of healthy exercise, by a gambler, just as easily as cards or dice.

The lad was at first shy at answering the Curate's questions, as to what was taking him to the public house on that particular night, but let it out at last. There had been a pigeon-match in the afternoon, and he had lost, and now he was going to supper with his friends :—supper, and cards, and beer, he admitted at last. The Curate told him

he was glad he had caught him just in time, but added, that he feared he was incorrigible. To which the lad made answer, that there was no harm in a bit of amusement now and then. He wasn't going to be always there. A spree did a body good. Yes! when it did not end so as to do a body harm, was the Curate's reply; but where a lad once began the habit of going to a public-house, he could not be sure that he should ever be able to leave it off.

This idea made the young man laugh, and he suggested that "a body could always do as they pleased," he should think!

"Well; do as *I* please to-night," was the Curate's final remark, for they were now at the school door, "and I will promise you something much better worth listening to, than anything you can ever hear at a public house!" He spoke with the smile of good humour as well as the force of authority, and pushed the boy—smiling too—into the lighted school-room, then turned round to his friend.

"You will tell them something, Delafield! you must, indeed!"

Delafield nodded his head and the two went in.

A sort of introduction of the stranger now took place, and a circle was formed round the fire, of some thirty or forty lads, to whom a cold wet night was, fortunately, a matter of total indifference, and the traveller was placed in the chair of honour, the Curate sitting on the bench quite happily by the side of his friend of the public-house.

Twenty or thirty lads was a large number to collect from a village for the rational purpose of listening to reading, but the Curate would like to have seen it doubled and trebled; and that men, and women, and girls, should have attended also. As it was, however, the meeting was always a very satisfactory one; and if the party looked but small in the noble-sized building where they met, they were clustered round the fire, and by the lights, and took little notice of the emptiness and darkness of the rest of the room.

The Curate kept up a little conversation, till he saw that the traveller's first embarrassment in his new position was over, and that he had collected his ideas, and then enjoined silence on every one; which order acted as a sort of word of command on the traveller himself, who, glancing around him, began as follows:—

"I have travelled among so many *people, and nations, and languages*, as the Scripture calls them, that it seems a strange thing I should feel shy of talking to a set of youngsters, like yourselves. But I do feel shy, and I think it is because you *are* such youngsters. I am so afraid you may think what I have to say, dull; partly because you may not quite understand it; partly because it may not be the sort of thing you would like best to hear."

A cry of "That's quite impossible!" from the Curate, was confirmed by a few stampings of feet from the boys.

"Well, I will do my best; and I have decided to tell you a very extraordinary story which I learnt in my travels, when I was not a great deal older than yourselves, and which you are not likely to have heard before, and which," added he, waving his arm to the distant parts of the room, where the windows were clattering under the sleety wind, "is rather suited, as I fancy, to such a stormy night as this."

One or two of the boys here looked at each other, and several shuffled about, as if slightly uneasy, for the traveller had made a short



pause, during which the noise of the storm became more distant than before ; and, moreover, there was something so very peculiar and solemn about Mr. Delafield's appearance, as he had turned round, with his long black beard and his waving arm, that a sort of queer feeling, bordering on a shudder, began to creep through the young company.

But the Curate, who never slept at his post, called out, in his lively way, "Don't be afraid boys. Mr. Delafield will tell you nothing but what's right !" and every thing seemed to be made comfortable at once.

Nay, now a general grin passed round the assembly, and then they all fixed their eyes on Mr. Delafield, awaiting what he should say. And he proceeded at once.

"It is now many many years ago, since I was journeying through one of the remotest parts of the British Islands. I am not going to tell you where. Enough that it was a land of lonely mountains and valleys, and moors, and mists ; where the few scattered hamlets were seldom large enough to deserve the name of villages, and where every thing was as different from this busy, populous neighbourhood of yours, as it is possible for you to imagine.

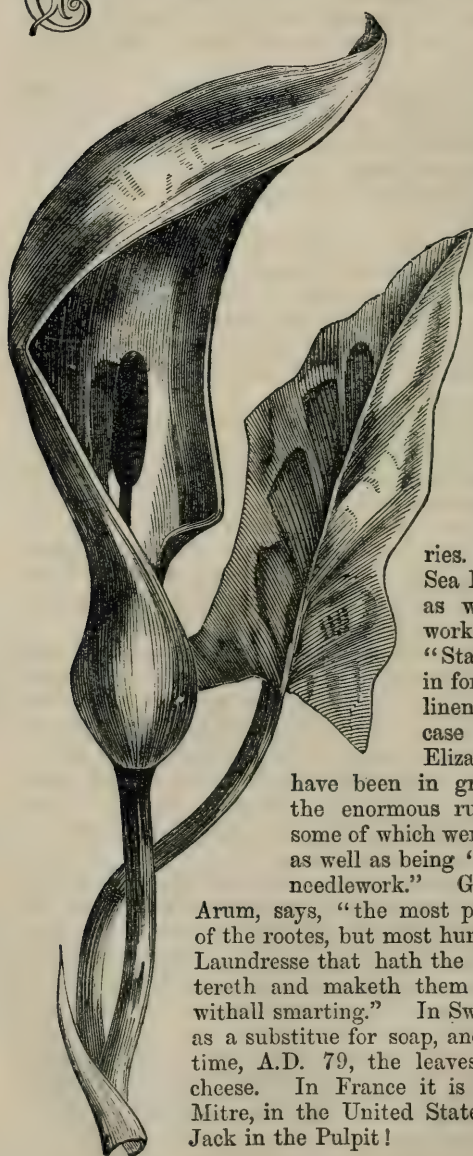
"But, boys, there is one thing which, let the countries be as different as they will, always remains the same everywhere, and that is, *the nature of man*. Children are born, and boys grow up to men, and men grow old with the same feelings, and passions, in every place alike. And therefore there is in every place alike, God's work to be done, and the Devil's work to be undone—wicked inclinations to be got rid of, and holy ones to be cultivated. And so this story of mine, about one of the former inhabitants of those wild mountainous districts, has a meaning for you as well as for those among whom I heard it.

"It was in the height of the summer that I visited the country I am speaking about, and it was at the close of a bright sunshiny day, that I found myself at the entrance of a ravine, that is, a sort of narrow valley between hills, the tops of which were covered with the larch fir. I observed this particularly as I came up to the ravine, for those extensive larch plantations are generally a sign that one has entered upon the estate of some great landed proprietor. They do not grow in that manner naturally : one is sure therefore that they have been planted, and that at considerable labour and expense.

"The ravine became narrower the further I proceeded, and darker at the same time, for the steep crags on either side quite kept out the light of the fast declining sun ; and, to tell you the truth, I grew very weary of my gloomy walk, and of picking my way, or rather stumbling about among the big stones and fragments of rock, which was the only pathway to be found, and over which, at some seasons of the year, a fierce torrent dashed along.

"You may judge, therefore, of my delighted feeling, when, on coming to the end of the ravine, I found myself looking down from a height upon a wide-spread richly-wooded vale, all warm and glowing in the crimson lights of the setting sun. I took off my hat in a sort of involuntary deference to the magnificent scene, and smiled, although I was alone.

*(To be continued.)*



THE Arum, better known as Cuckoo-pint and Wake-Robin, adorns our hedge-rows in the Spring with its curious greenish white flowers and tufts of beautiful shining leaves, and in the Autumn with its clusters of scarlet berries.

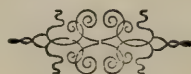
It has large roots, which though disagreeable to the taste, may be ground with water, and the starch used for food; in this form they are eaten in Dorsetshire, under the name of Portland Sago. Mr. White notices in his History of Selborne, that the roots are scratched up and eaten by thrushes in severe weather, and that several kinds of birds, particularly pheasants, feed on the berries.

The natives of the South Sea Islands cultivate the Arum as we do potatoes. In old works on plants, it is called "Starch-wort," as the root was in former times used to stiffen linen; this was specially the case in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when starch must

have been in great demand, to support the enormous ruffs and frills then worn, some of which were above a yard in height, as well as being "clogged and pestered with needlework." Gerarde, speaking of the

Arum, says, "the most pure white starch is made of the root, but most hurtfull for the hands of the Laundresse that hath the handling of it, for it blistereth and maketh them rough and rugged and withall smarting." In Switzerland it is now used as a substitute for soap, and Pliny says that in his time, A.D. 79, the leaves were used to preserve cheese. In France it is known as High Priest's Mitre, in the United States as Indian Turnip and Jack in the Pulpit!

R. B.



## Short Sermons.

No. III.

### *The Manliness of Godliness.*

BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

1 CORINTHIANS, XVI. 13.—“*Watch ye. Stand fast in the faith. Quit you like men. Be strong.*”



It is a common sneer with those who cry down religion, that the strong minds of *men* have weighed it and found it wanting—have set it down as an imposture and a sham, and so have left it in the main to women and children. And, certainly, when we look round on many congregations—when we notice those who present themselves for Confirmation, or at the Lord's Supper—or who attend at week-day meetings for Missionary, or other religious purposes, we are forced to confess that one part of the sneer is true—that often men form but too small a proportion—though the reason that has been given for their absence, that they have proved our religion to be false, we utterly deny. For some of the greatest minds our England has ever nursed—Lock, Newton, Bacon, and Milton, in the old time; Butler, Pearson, and Arnold, in more recent times, probed religion to its very core. It stood the test of their giant intellects, they lived in its principles and died in its hope!

It is *not* then because men's stronger glance has seen through the hollowness of religion that they are wont to slight its services, nay, that they so woefully take the lead in vice and ungodliness, that when we hear of infidels, swearers, or drunkards, we think at once not of women but of men.

Surely this is a state of things which every man who calls himself a Christian ought to mourn over and seek to remedy. Was it meant to be so—that as a rule men should be godless, women God fearing?—that in working for God, men should be passive and women active? Not so do I read the Sacred Record. From the MAN Adam, created in God's image through a long line of holy MEN—Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the knowledge and the worship of the True Jehovah was handed down, until He saw fit to anoint a priesthood for His people Israel. And then He chose men, and men only, for the sacred office.

When the Lord Jesus Christ sent forth twelve Apostles and seventy Elders, to plant His Gospel on the ruins of the haughty system of Judaism, that would not believe that its work was done, and in the face of a mighty and world-wide Idolatry, He sent MEN, an men only, as His instruments for the work.

When St. Paul (one of these Apostles,) is writing to his converts, exposed to the temptations of Corinth—a rich and profligate city of Greece—his word to them is. “Quit you like MEN.”

Thus we see that Scripture gives no sanction to men's neglect of religious duty. How comes it then?



It is not enough to say that womanly affection is the warmer, and that the religion of JESUS is a religion of affection—for men's love as strong as death, has led them to stand at the stake—"pale martyrs in their shirt of fire." Men's love in our own day is strong enough to lead hundreds to give up name and fame, friends, and home, and country, and to go forth as Missionaries to far distant shores.

It is not enough to say that men mix more with their fellows—and so are exposed to greater temptations—for is not the man cast in sterner mould? Is he not gifted with stronger powers, and more unbending will, in order to resist these very allurements.

It is not enough to say that man's toil is more excessive all the week and requires Sunday as a day of mere animal rest—of lounging and sleep. It *were* enough to say so, if we were content to believe that when we are dead, then, as the dogs, we are done with; but if you believe that you have souls, which make you better than "dumb driven cattle," if you believe that you are to live an endless life, then I say that the work which leaves you so worn down on Sunday, as to be unfit for the public and private worship of the God of heaven, is sinful work, and ought to be cast aside, or modified at any sacrifice and at any risk; "for what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (*St. Matthew xvi. 26.*)

But I believe that these are not the real reasons which cause the absence of men from religious service. I ascribe it to two other causes: *first*, to a common notion that religion is unmanly; and *second*, to a wide-spread spirit of indifference.

*First*, I trace the comparative absence of men from all that pertains to religion, to a common notion that religion is unmanly, a thing like worsted-work, which should be reserved for the female sex, and which is too fragile for the grasp of man's powers.

Is religion unmanly in its character? I answer it is *not*, for it requires more courage to be religious than to be ungodly,—and courage of the highest kind—moral courage, not mere bodily courage. It requires more courage to own yourself a pious man in a room full of scoffers, than it would to enter the trenches beneath the fire of Sebastopol, or to lead the way against the ranks of rebel Sepoys.

Does religion make men unmanly? I answer it does *not*. Captain Parry, of H.M. ship *Hecla*, some years back, on returning from a dangerous expedition, declared publicly, that the best seamen on board the *Hecla*, such as were always called on in any case of greatest peril, were those who had thought the most seriously on religious subjects. and if a still more scrupulous selection was to be made out of that number, the choice would fall without hesitation on two or three individuals possessing dispositions and sentiments eminently christian. And no one can read the journal of Captain M'Clintock, written amid the perils of the Arctic seas, without feeling that he had a child-like trust in God, as well as an unflinching and fearless spirit.

Here is plain proof that religion does not unman the British sailor. The same was shown of the British soldier, in our wars in the Crimea and in India. The names of Hedley Vicars, of Captain Hammond, of Colonel Shadforth, and of others in the Crimea, are now familiar to us as the names of men who were sincere believers and yet un-

daunted soldiers. In our Indian warfare, what heart has not thrilled at the name of Havelock—who has not heard of his “saints,” who were “always ready?” Who has not heard of that brave Ensign Cheek, who, stripling as he was, died sooner than deny his Lord. Moreover, we heard of officers on the eve of engagement gathering a few pious men for prayer to the God of Battles on some bleak hill-side, or in some deserted idol-temple. And these were men against whose gallantry no malignant tongue dare breathe a whisper—even before they put it beyond the reach of doubt, by dying the hero’s death in the fierce battle-clash.

It is, then, a charge utterly groundless, that if a man is truly religious, he must be faint-hearted, poor-spirited, and a coward. Rather, the truest manliness is only to be found joined with true Godliness, for surely *he* can best face death who has long been yearning for the glory he looks for beyond it.

*Second.* But there is another cause of that which we deplore; true, alas! of all sexes, in all ages, but influencing mainly the *men* of this generation—to wit, a spirit of indifference.

With their minds fully occupied with other things—their business or their pleasure, their farm or their merchandise, their daily toil or their family cares—men will not take the trouble to enter on the question of religion. They gladly echo any cry against it, or any inconsistency in its professors, as an excuse for putting far from them a business-like inquiry into its claims, with a firm resolve to abide by the upshot of that examination, whatever it may be. Are you, whose eye is on this page, such a man? Then I address to you the words of the text, “Watch ye,” or rather, “Wake ye;” bestir yourself, I beseech you, and slumber not thus on the brink of hell. Rather “quit you like men,” like reasoning and intelligent men, in this matter. Do not take your knowledge at second-hand. Study for yourself the claims of God’s Book. Ponder over the nature and attributes of God as there revealed, and settle the momentous question, “Are you to be or not to be for eternity?”

If you answer that you have done so, and that all that you can come to is, that God is a “great Perhaps,” and eternity a “May-be,” and that you are not going to trouble yourself about them; then I bid you act on this great “Perhaps,” or this momentous “May-be” as you constantly act on the “perhaps’s” and “may-be’s” of daily life.

You don’t expect it, you take every means to prevent it, but *perhaps* your house may be burnt down, therefore, on the chance, you insure.

You have travelled safely by rail a hundred times, but there is just a possibility that you *may be* the victim of a railway accident, and therefore you pay threepence to secure a hundred pounds for your family, if bereaved of you, their prop and stay.

If there is the faintest likelihood—the lowest degree of probability of heaven or hell, God and the judgement being true, surely—surely you ought to insure your soul against worse flames than those of earth, against a worse death than that of the body—for “I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do, but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: fear Him, which, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell: yea, I say unto you, fear Him.” (*Luke xii. 4, 5.*)

But if you honestly search and study, I believe you will own religion to be no mere "perhaps" or "may be."

When you review the perfect character of the Lord JESUS CHRIST—Who is described even by Tom Paine as "a virtuous and amiable man, the chief trait in whose character was philanthropy." When you remember, that if He was a virtuous man, then He practised no imposition when He wrought miracles; and if He worked miracles, then the doctrines which He did them to confirm, must be true also.

When you study the history of Christianity—when you inquire into its monumental accords, be they in musty manuscripts, or be they dug out of the sand-swept Nineveh, or the Catacombs of imperial Rome.

Or when you compare the benefits that Christianity has conferred on mankind, with those of infidelity or mere benevolence; or when you note the results of real piety in some sorely afflicted person, how it gives steady cheerfulness in life, and oftentimes even triumph in death; I say that long before you have exhausted these evidences of religion, you will see that it is not only your duty but your truest happiness to embrace it, and to try to live up to it.

And when you have done so, let me urge you to "stand fast in the faith."

Lay it down as a settled principle, fix it high above the tide-marks of shifting opinions, that "Christ crucified" is the One Saviour of sinners, and that to be like Him, is the one object at which you have to aim.

And strive not only to stand fast—but also to "be strong."

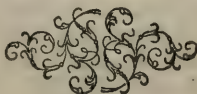
Seek to grow in grace, to do something for God. Don't let any one say that he is "only a working-man," and can do nothing.

John Williams, whose life the present Archbishop of Canterbury called "the 29th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles," was an artizan in a dockyard.

William Carey, who translated the entire Scriptures into seven of the principal languages of India, began life as a shoe-mender.

Thomas Wright, earned for himself his glorious title of the "prisoners' friend," while he was working from five in the morning till six at night, amid the heat and the din of a Manchester iron-foundry.

Whatever our position may be—if we have the will to serve God, the way will not be wanting, if we seek for the help and guidance of the Holy Ghost. If we remember the word sent to Zerubbabel, "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," then before *us* as before *him*, the great mountain of seeming difficulty will become a plain! and then, "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," we shall be able to show to our fellows, that true godliness is the only real manliness, for it alone attempts to copy Him, Whose life was the perfection of manhood—the man CHRIST JESUS, "Who left us an example that we should follow His steps."





# ST. JOHN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL, 1860.

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PARISH MAGAZINE.— *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, and of Mr. L. HALL.*

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## THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

This Society made a grant of £100 to our new Schools. It may be interesting to know that a Depot for the sale of its publications and school materials, together with the works of the Christian Knowledge Society is just about to be established in Darlington, and for which donations are earnestly requested; but when people are asked to support the National Society by becoming subscribers, or by giving their alms in church towards its funds, they often ask, in return, the following three questions:—

- 1.—What is the National Society?
- 2.—What good does it do?
- 3.—Do I not do all that is required of me if I help our own Parish Schools?

In reply to these questions, we say

1.—First, that the National Society is an association of clergymen and laity; among the former including all the Bishops, and among the latter Her Most Gracious Majesty. It was originally founded in the year 1811, and made into a chartered corporation in 1817; and the object for which it was founded and incorporated is explained by its full title, ‘The National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church throughout England and Wales.’ It is, therefore, an old-established Society, and no novelty; it has all the weight which can be given by the approval and encouragement of those on whom the good government of Church and State rests; and for its object, it has that of making our children good citizens and good Christians.

2.—The second question wants a volume to answer it fully; but it must be answered very shortly. There are two ways of calculating the amount of good done by any Society such as this is; the one by reckoning up the amount of money which it spends, the other by pointing out the “good” itself which is effected by it. The reader shall have the benefit of both ways, that he may choose which he likes.

Since the National Society was established, it has expended upwards of £350,000 in aid of school-building alone, besides large sums upon training masters and mistresses for schools, and other important objects. The money thus spent has drawn forth from private individuals other monies *of at least five times the amount*. Thus it is that schools and teachers’ houses have been built, and training colleges for schoolmasters and schoolmistresses set going; and wherever any National Society money has been granted for these purposes, the building is secured to the National Church for ever by the lawyer’s work of the trust-deeds. So much for the money.

As for the “good” itself, it stands shortly thus. When the National Society was first established, there was very little education of the poor at all in the land. Some children here and there used to “pick up” reading and writing, and in the best parishes they were taught the Catechism by the clergy; but far the greater part of them turned out to be “no scholars,” and often

grew up in a godless way. Even now-a-days things are not perfect in the matter of education, as we all know ; but they are a great deal better than this. For there are few children among the poor now who do not go to school for some years ; few who do not learn to read and write well ; few who do not have the advantage of a clergyman's teaching in the National School. And there are many children so well taught in these schools that they are fitted to rise in life, and taught so religiously that the rise will do them no harm. Now, this change has been brought about chiefly by the National Society, which has collected the money of Church-people all over the country ; and, having stirred them up to take an interest in the education of the poor, has distributed the money so collected to the places which stood in greatest need of schools. By this means the Society has been able to set on foot more than 10,000 schools, all in the closest connection with the Church ; and Church-people now take so much care in the matter, that they spend at least a million of money every year in supporting schools for the poor, educating nearly two millions of children.

3.—After the two preceding answers, perhaps the third question hardly seems to require any. But it may be as well to point out that every Christian owes a duty to the Church at large, as well as to the Church in his parish ; and if you are able to do ever so little more than the necessities of your own parish require from you, you have not done all that is required of you till that little has been done. The effect produced by any alms which you offer up to God to be distributed by the National Society will probably be this,—that one or more poor children will be kept out of sin and ignorance for a longer or shorter time. Perhaps the end to yourself will be, that having been privileged “to save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins,” you who are reading this may have some share in the words of the Good Shepherd when He shall say, “Behold, I and the children whom Thou hast given Me.”

There are three ways in which persons who are not rich may help the work of Church-education through the National Society :—

1.—By subscribing yearly to its funds; subscriptions being generally of 5s, 10s, or 21s.

2.—By making a gift of a sum of money, large or small, without promising to continue it yearly.

3.—In some special cases, by becoming Local Collectors for the Society.

The amount of its grants to this Diocese alone are upwards of £10,000.

#### THE LITURGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

At a time when a miserable fraction of the Anglican Clergy are doing what in their small power lies, to lower the Prayer Book in the estimation of our people by underrating its merits and exaggerating the minor defects inseparable from human composition, the following testimonies to its value will be gratifying to our friends. The extracts are not made from the writings of Churchmen, nor of Clergymen (John Wesley excepted) but of eminent dissenting ministers—not obscure individuals, but men of the most powerful minds and the most devoted hearts that ever graced the ranks of nonconformity :—

I freely and cheerfully attend the divine service of the church, knowing nothing in the prayers but what I can heartily say amen to.

MATTHEW HENRY.

Let us give God praise for the national establishment of our religion.

MATTHEW HENRY.

I conform to the Liturgy as a private person to hear it read in public assemblies, in order that I may bear my testimony against *independency*.

PHILIP HENRY, M.A.

The constant disuse of forms is apt to breed giddiness in religion, and it may make men hypocrites who shall delude themselves with conceits that they delight in God, when it is but in those novelties and variations of expression that they are delighted.

RICHARD BAXTER.

I believe the Church of England comes nearer the scriptural plan than any other national church upon earth.

JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

I consider it the purest national church in the world.

ADAM CLARK, LL.D.

I reverence the Liturgy next to the Bible.

ADAM CLARK, LL.D.

The public Liturgy of the established church is a public blessing to the nation ; nor is there a church upon earth that so much promotes the abundant reading of the Word of God.

ROWLAND HILL, M.A.

The evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastened fervour of its devotion, and the majestic simplicity of its language, have combined to place it (the Liturgy) in the very first rank of uninspired compositions.

ROBERT HALL.

I am charmed and delighted beyond measure with the reflection, that when pouring out my soul before God in the appropriate and beautiful language of the Church of England, I am actually addressing my Heavenly Father in precisely the same words which were used by the holy Apostles, and primitive disciples of Christ.

W. THORPE.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM AT AYCLIFFE.—When our Diocesan preached on behalf of the Schools at St. John's Church, in November last, the Clergy and some of the parishioners of Aycliffe came in person to support the cause which we had deeply at heart. This exhibition of brotherly feeling has not, we fear, been reciprocated by ourselves ; and we scarcely know whether, after such ingratitude on our part, any credit will be given to the congratulations which we now heartily offer on the success that attended his Lordship's appeal last Sunday week, April 1st. The Church was crowded with an attentive congregation, and the Bishop preached an excellent sermon from Matt. 26, v. 40 and 41. We say "excellent" sermon, because we must confess ourselves to be of that practical turn which estimates the excellency of a sermon by the fruit it yields. Not but that the sympathies of a congregation, though, will often give point to a dull discourse. The object which enlisted the advocacy of the Bishop was that of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts ; and the offerings of the congregation amounted to no less than £10 14s—the largest ever yet known in the parish. The parishioners of Aycliffe have taken up the cause of Foreign Missions in the genuine spirit of Christian liberality—having contributed during the past year about £60, we believe, to the evangelization of the heathen and the extension of the English Church in our Colonies and Plantations abroad. The remittances to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel alone were £37 10s ; while the Church Missionary Society receives from many an earnest and generous support. This is as it should be, and we hope the time may come when something of the same self-denying spirit for the salvation of the world may be infused into our parish.

## CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(From our Lord's second to his third Passover, continued.)

	SUBJECT.	ORDER OF LESSONS.
Sec. 9.	The message from John the Baptist in prison, and Jesus Christ's reflections ( <i>Galilee</i> ) ... ..	Luke 7, v. 19-35.
10.	Jesus forgives a woman who had been a sinner ( <i>Capernaum?</i> )	" v. 36-50.
11.	The circuit of Galilee ... ..	Luke 8, v 1-3.
12.	The healing of a demoniac, the Scribes and Pharisees blaspheme ( <i>Galilee</i> ) ... ..	Matt. 12, v. 22-45.
13.	The true disciples of Christ his nearest relatives ( <i>Galilee</i> )	" v. 46-50.
14.	Parable of the Sower ; its explanation, and reasons for teaching in parables ( <i>Sea of Galilee</i> ) ...	Matt. 13, v. 1-23.
15.	Jesus discourses to his disciples and the multitude ( <i>Galilee</i> )	Luke 12, v. 1-59.
16.	Parable of the barren fig tree ... ..	Luke 13, v. 1-9.
17.	Parable of the tares. Other Parables ( <i>Galilee</i> ) ...	Matt. 13, v. 24-58.
18.	The tempest stilled ( <i>Sea of Galilee</i> ) ... ..	Mark 4, v. 35-41.
19.	The two demoniacs of Gadara ( <i>Sea of Galilee, N.E. Coast</i> ) ... ..	Mark 5, v. 1-21.
20.	Levi's feast and discourses on fasting ( <i>Capernaum</i> )	Matt. 9, v. 10-17.



21. Jairus' daughter raised and a diseased woman healed  
(*Capernaum*) " v. 18-26.
22. Two blind men healed, and a dumb spirit cast out  
(*Capernaum*?) " v. 27-34.
23. Third circuit in Galilee ... .. " v. 35-38.
54. The twelve instructed and sent forth (*Galilee*) ... Matt. 10, v. 1-42.
25. Herod's opinion of Christ, and manner of John's death  
(*Galilee*?) Matt. 14, v. 1-12.
26. The twelve return; five thousand fed (*Sea of Galilee*,  
*N.E. Coast*) ... .. John 6, v. 1-14.
27. Jesus walks upon the water (*Sea of Galilee*) ... " v. 15-21.
28. Our Lord's discourse to the multitude at Capernaum.  
Peter's profession ... .. " v. 22-71.

THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

April 10	Election of Churchwardens, 7 p.m.
15 S. 1ST AFTER EASTER	Morn. Num. 16.—Acts 12. Even. Num. 22—Jam. 4.
22 S. 2ND AFTER EASTER	Morn. Num. 23, 24—Acts 19. Even. Num. 25.—2. Pet. 1.
26	Meeting of the Diocesan Church Societies at Durham.
29 S. 3RD AFTER EASTER	Morn. Deut. 4—Acts 26. Even. Deut. 5—1 John 5.
May 1	Confirmation at St. Cuthbert's Church.
6 S. 4TH AFTER EASTER	Morn. Deut. 6—Mat. 4. Even. Deut. 7—Rom. 5.
13 S. 5TH AFTER EASTER	Morn. Deut. 8—Mat. 11. Even. Deut. 9—Rom. 12.

Every Wednesday, Prayers and Lecture in the Church at 7 p.m.; and a Cottage Lecture, in Freeman's Place, on Thursday evening. A Singing-Class at St. John's Schools every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

[NOTES.—The election of Churchwardens for the Parish of St. John will take place on Easter Tuesday, the chair will be taken at 7 o'clock in the evening. The retiring Churchwardens are Mr. R. Thompson, and Mr. R. Child; both of whom, however, are eligible for re-election. Agreeably to the resolution of the Vestry Meeting held July 29th, 1859, the Churchwardens will on Tuesday evening make their statement of the money received and expended by them during their year of office. By this arrangement, it is expected that greater regularity in the Vestry proceedings and in the Parish accounts will be secured for the future. It is to be hoped that there will be as favourable a result this year as there was last year, when the Churchwardens and Vestry congratulated each other with smiling countenances upon the balance in their favour of £1 19s.

DIOCESAN SOCIETIES.—We hope to give in our next number an abstract of the proceedings of the several societies which meet at Durham, on the 26th. They are, respectively, branches of Parent Societies in London, confining their operations to promote the employment of additional Clergy, as also the erection of New Churches and Schools within the Diocese of Durham.]

BENEFACTIONS TO THE PARISH OF SAINT JOHN.

FOR THE CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.—Darlington Iron Company, £3 3s.; Mr. D. Smith, Jun., 5s.; Mr. W. Hobson, 2s. 6d.; Darlington Forge Company, £2 2s.; Mr. Anthony Hall, 5s.; Messrs. R. and W. Thompson, £1 1s.; Mr. J. H. Garbutt, 10s. 6d.; Miss Garbutt, 10s. 6d.; Garbutt and Company, £2 2s.; Mr. J. R. Breckon, 10s. 6d.; Mr. George Stephenson, 10s.; Messrs. Russell and Sons, 5s. 6d.; Mr. John Thompson, 4s. 3d.; Mr. M. Windale, 5s.; Mr. W. Garthwaite, 10s.; Rev. W. S. Evans, 6s.; Weekly offertory, £1 1s. 11d. We cannot record these donations towards defraying the expenses of fitting up the Chapel and conducting Divine Service, without attributing their receipt to the laudable exertions of Mr. J. H. Garbutt, and Mr. J. R. Breckon, the Treasurer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Several numbers of the "Leisure Hour," and "Churchman's Penny Magazine," have been received, with thanks, from Mrs. Addison.



## **The Pot and the Kettle.\***

A FABLE.



HE fire was burning up cheerfully, and with good reason, for Mary, the maid, had just made it up for the afternoon. She had raked out the ashes, fed it with two or three chumps of fir-wood, and packed it well down with small coal; and so the fire was grateful, and repaid her care.

"Now, then," said Mary, "I shall put you on that bright blaze, Polly; and do you make haste and boil for my tea!"

Then on the very top of the fire she put a small kettle. It was a

\* From *Funny Fables for Little Folk*, which have in them pleasant lessons that many old folk would do well to learn. (London: Griffith and Farran, 2s. 6d.)

neat little article, with a graceful bend in its neck and a charming coquettish little lid, with a round knob like a brooch in the middle of it. A slender spout grew out of one side, with two pouting lips, from which the steam curled forth in wreaths and circles. An elegantly-shaped handle crowned its beauty, and gave a finish to the whole. In fact, it was as pretty-looking a tin tea-kettle as you would meet with on a winter's day. It was a merry thing, too, and instead of sputtering and hissing spitefully, as some of its family are apt to do, it hummed and sang its little cheerful lay—a fit companion to its neighbour the cricket.

"Hum-m-m," sang the little kettle, merrily; "bubble, bubble; how pleasantly warm the fire is! hum-m-m; I feel quite inclined to dance—bubble—what a nice world it is, after all—hum-m; I feel quite chirruping!"

"What are you making all that horrid hissing noise about?" asked a gruff voice close by.

The poor little kettle started at the sound, so that she almost toppled off the fire. After recovering herself a little she looked about, and saw a huge round pot perched sulkily upon the trivet. His great sides were sturdy and black; he had a thick lid with a wide rim, and a fierce-looking ball in the middle, and altogether he seemed extremely ill-natured.

"Dear me," said the kettle, "how you made me jump, Mr. Pot! I hope I don't disturb you. I am only singing a little to myself. Mary is in a hurry for her tea, and as it is Saturday, and I dare say she has had a hard day's work, I am doing my best to boil as soon as possible!"

So the little kettle chirped and sang away more busily than ever. But the great pot was in a bad temper, and tried to annoy her in every way he could—like some people who, when they are out of sorts themselves, wish to put others out as well; and this he was trying to do, if possible, with the kettle. So he sputtered and snorted, and hissed and fizzed, but as he found she did not mind it, but seemed to try and sing her little merry melody so as to keep in time with his, he growled and gurgled worse than ever. Then he sent great splashes of his greasy water over her; but the good-tempered little thing did not mind it, and they only fell on her bright side, and rolled off in a minute, leaving no mark behind. Then he gave a great lurch forward, as far as he dared without toppling over himself, to try and upset her; but the fire, who had watched the whole scene with his bright eyes, thought it was time to interfere: so he gave way suddenly, and drew the kettle down into a snug place, where the pot could not reach her.

"For shame on you!" fizzed the ashes.

This enraged the pot more than ever; so then, as the kettle was beyond reach of everything but his malicious words, he gave her double allowance of them.

"You little insignificant thing!" growled he, "with your ridiculous puffs and blowings! One would think you were a steam-engine at least, and pulling a hundred carriages!"

"I was in existence long before steam-engines, or rather my family were," laughed the little kettle, merrily. "I have heard say that it was from watching, when a boy, the steam come out of the



spout of his grandmother's tea-kettle, that a great man first found out the powers of steam."

"You conceited creature!" said the pot, sarcastically; "it must have been a bigger kettle than you, I am sure. Dear me! what a curious bit of family history! Are you quite sure it was a tea-kettle?"

"So I have heard," said the kettle; "but at any rate I am doing my little humble duty quite as effectually in boiling Mary's water as the great steam-engines are in their respective places. Little grains of sand, in their fashion, help to build a wall as well as big stones!"

"Do hold your chattering tongue!" said the exasperated pot; "you are a most impertinent idle thing. I only wonder you are not ashamed of your disgraceful, black, dirty appearance, you little smut, you!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" rose in chorus from a dozen voices—poker, tongs, shovel, all joined in calling "Shame!"

"Pray what's your own complexion?" wheezed the bellows.

"Look at home!" screamed the hearth-brush.

Even the poor little kettle, roused at last, boiled over with indignation. In came Mary, the maid.

"There's a good little Polly," said she; "you're the best kettle in the row for boiling in a hurry. You're worth your weight in gold. Deary me, look at that horrid pot! it's as black as the chimney-back. It's such a heavy, awkward thing, I can't keep it as I would like; but, by good luck, here's Bob come to clean the knives, and he shall scour it for me."

So Bob, the knife-boy, took away the pot, and scraped all his outer skin off with an old knife, till he was quite raw. Then he had a great coarse flannel and some sand, and he rubbed him till the pot didn't know whether he was all inside or out.

"I can't get him clean, Mary," said Bob; "the black is so grained into him, he'll never look tidy. He's as black as a tinker now, and I should say I've taken a pound of dirt off him."

The degraded pot groaned with mortification and pain, still more to see the little kettle, to which Mary had given a friendly polish, smiling like silver on the hob.

"Poor old pot," said the kettle, sweetly; "I am afraid you have suffered much. Let us be friends."

"Here, Bob," said Mary, "go over to the shop and get me a pound of soda. I'll boil up a good gallon of water and soda in that pot, to take the grease out of his inside, at least."

"Oh!" groaned the pot, "I wish I was in the dust-hole."

"Serve you right," said the poker, sharply. "Who's smut now?"

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### Charity.



HE makes excuses where she might condemn;  
Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them.  
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,  
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased;  
She rather waives than will dispute her right,  
And injured, makes forgiveness her delight.—COWPER.

## The Game without an End.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY, AUTHOR OF "LEGENDARY TALES," &c.

“ND indeed I had good reason to be glad, for below me in the valley I beheld both the object and the end of my day's journey—the celebrated castle of the country, and not far off the village where I was to find shelter for the night.

“I had travelled miles to see that castle, for it was a remarkable one, as having been the scene of some curious events in history; and it was renowned, besides, for the astonishing thickness of its walls, the fine architecture of its Norman-French turrets, and its staircase of a hundred and fifty steps.

“And truly it was as grand and gloomy a building as ever was raised by human hands!

“Some people are curious about seeing such sights, and I suppose I am, or I should not be a traveller; but it turned out, in this particular case, that what I heard of the place interested me a thousand times more than anything I saw there.

“I am not going to spin out my tale by a description of my descent into the valley. Enough to say that the outline of the fine old fortress I had journeyed here on purpose to see became more and more imposing as I advanced towards it, until, indeed, as I neared the bottom of the hill, the trees by which it was surrounded rose up like dark clouds and hid it from my sight.

“‘*There were giants in the earth in those days* when that castle was built,’ was my inward thought; and then followed another:—‘What a glorious lot in life to possess such an inheritance—to look down from those turrets upon fields and villages, and wood and river, and feel it all one's own—all one's own to rule over, direct, and enjoy!’

“Some such remark as this I made to the mild old man who was master of the little village inn where I took up my lodging for the night; for I was young at the time, and fancied that if I had but the fine opportunities some people had, I should do fine things and be a great man.

“But my host, whose grey hairs and thoughtful face I had admired from the first instant I looked at him, shook his head at me very seriously after I had spoken—so seriously that I asked him why. In answer to which he reminded me of the Scripture parable of the talents, and that to whom much was given of him much will be required when God comes to judgment; adding, that for his part he never looked at the dark walls of the great lord's castle without thanking God he had not had to pass through the fiery temptations of the lot I had just been longing for.

“As he said this, he was about to leave the room; but I was so taken with the man's earnestness, that I begged him to remain and keep me company for awhile, and he complied.

“‘And you think all high places dangerous and to be avoided, then?’ I asked, willing to hear what more he had to say.

“‘Not to be avoided, sir, when God calls us to them, but not to be lightly coveted, as you were coveting just now; and as to their being dangerous—well I know a man may as easily go to ruin from a low station as a high one. But it’s a dreadful thing, sir, to think of the mischief one man may do when he’s set upon a hill, as one may say, for other people to take pattern by!’

“A dark frown came over my friend’s face as he spoke, and, from his turning towards the window whence the turrets of the castle were visible, a suspicion came over me that he had some particular cause for his observations; and I frankly asked him if such was not the case.

“He looked at me for a second or two in silence; then asked me where I was going to after I left that country. I answered, to my mother’s for a few months, and after that to Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Nazareth, to trace out the footsteps of our blessed Lord.

“‘Not to London, then, into gay parties, to make a jest of a serious tale?’ he inquired.

“I protested that my very soul would revolt from such a thing. And then he told me he could believe me; for who would dare to be a mocker who was going to see the very place where our Lord had suffered for the sins of men?

“‘And have you really never heard of the wicked Lord Warloch?’ he asked.

“‘Never.’

“‘And yet you came to see this castle?’

“‘Yes. So-and-so and so-and-so happened there,’ I replied, running through one or two incidents to be found in the guide-books. ‘And besides, the greatest of our English poets has written about it. And then, again, I have set my heart upon going up that wonderful staircase!’

“The innkeeper could not help smiling: he found me such a youngster by comparison with himself, and my energy over the staircase amused him.

“‘But never mind that,’ I went on; ‘tell me all about the wicked Lord Warloch. I never heard of him before, I assure you.’

“‘Well, sir, the man who lived to be called the wicked Lord Warloch,’ began the innkeeper, ‘was once as fine a youth as ever stepped. I have heard my grandfather describe him, for he saw him often as a lad, and used to say he was the pride of his mother and of everybody that belonged to him—he was so handsome and well-grown, and full of spirit and life. He was an only son, to be sure—more was the pity; for everything he said and did was certain to be right, and everything he wished was law; and nobody noticed, I suppose, that he often wished for what was sinful, and got it too, and had always a laughing excuse ready if any accidental friend spoke a word of warning or remonstrance. You can guess the sort of things, I dare say, sir:—What could it signify what such a lad as he might do? He should be steady enough, too, when he got old. It was nonsense to make such a fuss about a glass of wine more or less, or a cheerful game at cards with his friends: the wine hurt nobody but himself, and not himself really: he was just the same after it as before it; when it began to hurt him, he would leave it off—there was no difficulty about that. And as to the betting and gambling, it



served to warm his blood—that was all. He didn't want to be a greybeard in his teens. And the money was his own, to do what he liked with; and if he did lose a few hundreds to his friends now and then, his loss was their gain, and he was all the better friend. *Et cetera*, for I need not go on, sir, I am sure,' pursued the innkeeper. 'The devil seems always to give people ready wit enough to answer good advice with when they don't choose to take it; and even when some one once told him such habits of self-indulgence were leading him into vice's hateful both to God and man, he had still a back-door to slip out by:—They were not going to lead him into anything; he could leave off whenever he chose, but he didn't happen to choose just then.'

"Excellent!" shouted the Curate, as his friend paused in his narration for a moment. "You hear that, boys!—all of you heard it, I hope. It's the way with all people who begin to do wrong: they think they can stop when they like. Now you must all of you remember this story for life!"

Mr. Delafield smiled. His friend had gone ahead of the story, and found out the moral before he had come to it. But no matter about that: the boys were all attention, and he proceeded:—

"The innkeeper went on to tell me that the folks in the neighbourhood spoke of the young lord as the finest young fellow they had ever seen for a long time: but by and by one or two admitted that he was *a little gay*, to be sure; and presently a few more shook their heads, and *feared he was rather wild*; and even his mother got frightened, and began to talk to him, for evil reports reached her ears, and startled her up from her fancy that her boy could do nothing wrong.

"I speak only of his mother,' said mine host, 'for his father had died when the child was sixteen; and he had, besides, never done anything towards breaking in the boy's soul to godly restraint; and now that it fell upon the mother to try for this, it was far too late for her to be able to do any good. It's a foolishness for parents to think of holding their children in when they've taken the bit between their teeth and are off!'

"The innkeeper paused. I was looking intently at him, and feeling a little surprised, perhaps, at the intelligence with which he thought and spoke; and he seemed to have caught scent of my impression immediately, for before continuing his story he remarked,—

"You're wondering, I dare say, sir, to hear me speak so freely about such matters; but my grandfather was steward to the lady till he found he could help her no longer, and then he and my father set up a school together; and my bringing up has been a better one than you might suppose.'

"This explanation made, he proceeded again with his account, which I am giving you as nearly as possible in his own words, for I made notes of it a day or two after.

"Whatever unpleasant reports,' said he, 'had been spread about, there was a grand time when the young lord came of age and took possession. I have heard my father talk of it often, sir, and say he never could forget it as long as he lived. He was there to see, for the family had a very kind feeling to ours; and so, though he was

quite a lad at the time, he was allowed to sit at the great dinner and hear what was said.

“ ‘He heard all the healths drunk, sir, and joined in the shouts when the people, great and small, all wished the young lord a long life and a merry one, and a beautiful wife—if one good enough could be found—and children, and riches, and all the glories and good things of this world. And he was like you, sir: he looked on and listened, and thought to himself, what a grand lot God had given this young man; and I fancy, too, that, like you, he must have felt to wish the lot had been his: for he once told me, that when grandfather said a prayer to them that night, before they went to bed, he prayed that they might, one and all, be kept from the sin of envying and discontent; and father took it to heart, and felt ashamed at the time, for he feared the prayer had been meant for him, though nobody said so outright, and no notice was taken. Still he had it to think about; and it’s a good thing when a parent can read straight along a child’s heart, and give a right turn to it before a sinful thought has taken root.’

“The innkeeper stopped here to take breath, and I nodded my entire approbation of his sentiments. Not that I had really been guilty of coveting the fine lot as decidedly as he supposed. Mine had been but a dreamy remark, not a discontented wish; but it would have been difficult to make him understand this, so I let him run on undisturbed, and took all his teaching in good part, in spite of the impatience I felt to get fairly at the story of the wicked lord.

“My host continued:—

“ ‘You see, sir, the young man began his grown-up life with a feast, which was all right enough; but he tried to make all life a feast, and that was wrong, for it’s what God doesn’t intend shall be. He cared for nothing but jollity, and jollity he would have, no matter at what price it was bought, or who suffered by it—jollity in the morning, jollity at midday, jollity at night; and so long as *he* was jolly, the world might go to pieces. His mother cried herself into her grave, but what was that to him? It dulled him a bit, certainly, at first; for though everybody else had seen, for some time, that she couldn’t hold out long, he wouldn’t listen to it, so it came as a sudden blow. But when the funeral was over, and his false friends began to creep a bit nearer again, all went on as before—nay, worse, sir, worse! But I’m not going to tell you all—no, nor half, sir,’ continued the innkeeper, clenching his fist, and repeating, ‘no, nor half!’ in a whisper. ‘For,’ he continued, ‘the poison spread, sir, as poison does—spread into other families, both high and low, and there was mischief done everywhere; for there were still the riches and the merry life going on, which the people had wished the young lord when he came of age—and they are tempting things to young folk. And there was even a mother found at last, who, for the rank and riches’ sake, was willing to let a daughter come and be the beautiful wife the young lord was to have; but you may guess what came of that. What did he want with a wife? She was a living reproach to him—even worse than his mother had been; and at the end of the first year she was a corpse, and the child was taken away by her family, to be reared a long way off its natural home; and the father,

who cared as little for the child as he had cared for the mother, was contented that it should be so.'

" 'You are describing a very unusually bad man,' cried I, interrupting my host—'a man without natural affections.'

" 'I don't know about that, sir,' replied the innkeeper; 'I am describing a misguided man—a man without any training, for nobody had given him any—a man that thought of himself before his neighbour, instead of his neighbour as himself. I'm not so sure, sir—begging your pardon—that there was anything more in it than that.'

"I spoke no more, but nodded to my host to go on. I was by no means sure either that he was not right.

"And he continued, pretty much as follows:—

" 'There came a very unexpected change by degrees: some of the young lord's companions began to get shy of him, and dropped off, and visited the castle no more. Fathers got to hear a something of the doings there; and the 'fine young fellow,' as they used to call him, began to be spoken of as a *reprobate*. There was cursing enough, it was said, in the hunting and racing and gambling up at the castle; but there was cursing elsewhere as well—cursing among ruined families—in this very village—among the ill-used tenantry. Can you wonder, sir? The man who was set over us by rank, by riches, and power, was the man whom every parent must teach his children to shun, as they would shun the arch-fiend himself. More was the pity that they could not always succeed! My father had a brother, sir—once a goodnatured, harmless young man—who was drawn into that whirlpool, and could never be dragged out by any effort that could be made. The last time my father ever spoke to him on the subject he cursed him for interfering, called the young lord his master, and swore that he would stand or fall by him, both in this world and the next. And so, sir, as you will hear, he did!'

"My poor old host broke off suddenly here," continued the traveller, "and seemed much agitated; but, as I could give no comfort, I did not speak, and after a few seconds he proceeded:—

" 'You can understand now, sir, why I feel so warmly on the subject. But no matter: what is past is past; but a stranded ship may be a beacon for those on shore, and that is all that it is worth. I must go on with my story, or it will outlast the night.'

"I feared so too, and we stirred the fire, put on more fuel, and he went on:—

" 'The company dropped away gradually, you understand, and the young lord—young no longer, though—now became savage and overbearing in his temper, so that even his servants dreaded coming near him; and it was then that the phrase of *the wicked Lord Warloch* first was whispered about. And soon afterwards there appeared suddenly at the castle two strangers, who at once took up their abode there, to the surprise of everybody. Foreigners they were—and Germans, it was said—and father and son. They had very little communication with the people of the neighbourhood, for no one understood their language, and they either could not or would not speak ours.

(*To be continued.*)



**A** YOUTH and a maiden, as they were walking by the side of a stream, were struck by the beauty of a flower, which they had

never noticed before. The maiden begged the youth to gather it for her; and he, heedless of danger, bent over the stream to reach it. The treacherous bank gave way beneath his weight, and he was plunged into the water. After many vain attempts to climb the bank again he sank to rise no more, but not before he had

given to the maiden the flower of her desire, with the touching words "Forget-me-not."

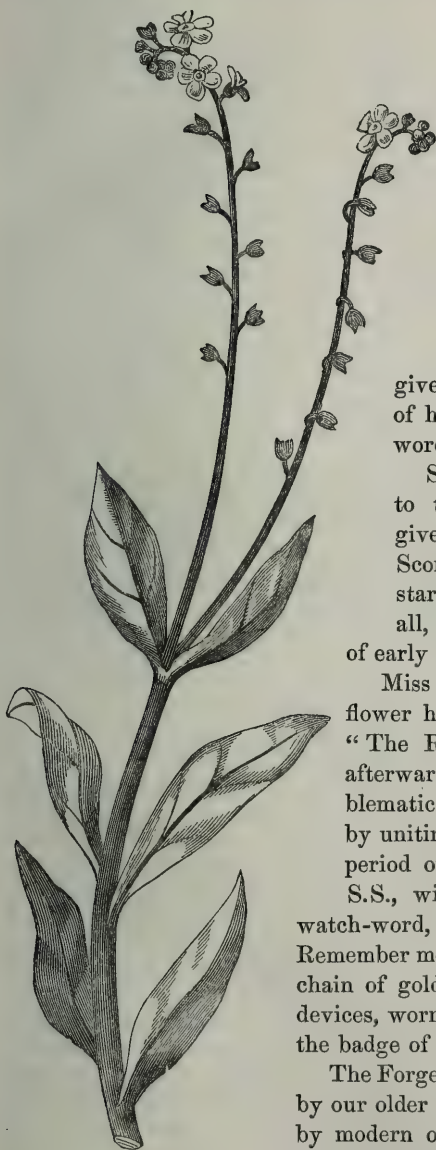
Such is the German legend as to the sentimental name often given to the Water-mouse-ear or Scorpion-grass, whose bright blue star-flowers are so familiar to us all, in the fields and hedge-rows of early spring.

Miss Strickland tells us that this flower has also an historical interest. "The Royal adventurer, Lancaster, afterwards Henry VII., gave an emblematical and poetical meaning to it, by uniting the Forget-me-not at the period of his exile to his collar of S.S., with the initial letters of his watch-word, '*Souvenez-vous de Moy*:' Remember me." The collar of S.S. was a chain of gold set with ciphers and other devices, worn by knights, and from which the badge of their order was suspended.

The Forget-me-not has been overlooked by our older poets, but is frequently sung by modern ones. It is counted the emblem of friendship, perhaps from its clear

sky-blue colour—the type of fidelity.

R. B.



## A Scene in Switzerland.



NE of the most beautiful roads by which the traveller enters Italy from the North is that which crosses Mount St. Gothard; and there is one part of this route which specially strikes the traveller, familiar though he be with scenes of grandeur. It is the valley of the Reuss, named after the stream that flows down it; and this valley is remarkable, not only for its scenery, but also one of the most stirring incidents in Swiss history is connected with it. The memory of William Tell, the great patriot, still lingers here: this valley was his birth-place; while, at the town of Altorf, the tyrant Gessler set up his cap for men to bow to; and the spot in the market-place is still pointed out where Tell shot the apple from his son's head. In the Reuss itself he is said to have met a watery grave.

This tradition invests the district with peculiar interest; so that the traveller passes on with mind stirred up by such recollections to the grand scenery above. As he ascends the winding road, he takes his last look at the blue waters of Lake Lucerne behind, ere the view is shut out by the steep mountains which rise on either side of him, clothed with the dark green fir-trees and dotted with picturesque chalets, or wooden cottages, where the Swiss live during the summer months, for the sake of the pasturage which these slopes afford for their cattle and goats.

Here and there a silvery waterfall comes tumbling over the rocks into the stream below, while, above all, the traveller catches a glimpse of the snow mountains and their glaciers. Above him are the Alps,

“The palaces of nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow!  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to show

How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.”—BYRON.

After some hours' ascent the traveller reaches the head of the valley, where vegetation becomes more rare: here a blade of grass, there a stunted bush; while, from crannies of the rocks, the parsley fern, that loves so well the cold and solitude, puts forth its crisp green leaves. Steeper rise the mountains on either side; so dark and gloomy in themselves, they seem to begrudge the wayfarer the few sun's rays that reach his path. A silence, almost deathlike, reigns around, unbroken, save by the ceaseless roar of the Reuss, as it rushes down the valley, bearing all before it; now and then some rock stands up as if to check its wild waters, but in vain: it soon finds a new course, and, impatient of control, rushes on towards the lake. Sometimes, swollen with the melted snow, it overflows its banks; and then woe to the cattle, woe to the chalet, woe to the village, which may be within reach of its resistless flood!

To construct a road through this valley required all the skill of engineering; yet, in spite of obstacles, in spite of the river's force, it has been done, and the traveller thus reaches the “Devil's Bridge.” Here the stream thunders over the rocks and lashes itself into fury;

yet a bridge, slight but firm, has been thrown over it. The traveller crosses it, and passing through a tunnel hewn out of the rock, he emerges into a far different scene. A bright and smiling plain now lies before him, to his eye all the fairer from its contrast with the gloomy valley left behind.


And if the traveller be an Englishman, as he passes into the peaceful vale of Andermatt, the scene may well serve to suggest to him thoughts which befit this Easter season of the Christian year. Nature seems to "put forth a parable," which "he that runs may read;" "the stones" preach "a sermon;" "the running brook" is indeed "a book." And this is the interpretation of their teaching. Up the valley of the shadow of death the Saviour wended His way; gloomy was the prospect; few rays of comfort were shed on His path, which ran counter to the torrent of sin: even *His* efforts were thwarted by these dark waters, which have swept away so many to destruction. Yet He gained the end, and there lay the final struggle. In obedience to His Father's will He crossed the stream of sin and Satan's malice by the bridge of the Cross: while Satan, in the abyss below, "having great wrath," (Rev. xii. 12), threw up spray and foam, which did but wet the "heel" of Him that was passing over. Then, entering the cave hewn out of the rock, He passed into the bright realms of everlasting peace and joy!

Thus He has shown a "more excellent way" to the pilgrims of earth who are toiling up the rugged valley of life, and pointed out to them the bridge which should carry them over the waters of sin; so that, through the grave and gate of death, they might pass to the plains of Heaven, where the roar of the torrent is no longer heard, and where there is no darkness at all, but "sacred, high, eternal noon."

W.

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## Our National Coal-cellar.

T has been calculated that the coalfields of Great Britain yield 63,000,000 tons per year. In Manchester and its neighbourhood a motive steam-power equal to 1,200,000 horses is constantly maintained, to support which there are consumed 30,000 tons of coal per day, or 9,500,000 a-year. The Transatlantic steamers from Liverpool and other ports use 700,000 tons a-year, and the manufacture of gas absorbs at least 10,000,000 tons per year.

When we are using coal in such prodigious quantities, it is natural that people should ask what stock there is in the cellar, and whether there is no danger of its running short, and it is satisfactory to know that Dr. Buckland reckoned that the Durham and Northumberland coal-fields alone would last for 400 years. In the South Wales district it is said that there is coal enough to supply the present consumption for 500 years; the Yorkshire field is of extent, and the Scotch bed twice as large; while in the whole of England there is sufficient coal for the use of all Europe for the next 4000 years, although the quantity exported from this country in 1858 was 6,078,000 tons!



## Short Sermons.

No. IV.

### The Two Ways.

BY THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF ELY.

ST. MATT. vii. 13, 14.—*“Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”*



AT the conclusion of this chapter we find it recorded, that when Jesus had finished His sermon the people were astonished at His teaching, for “He taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes.” I think that no one who reads the sermon as it has been preserved to us, notwithstanding the disadvantage of not having *heard* the words uttered by Him who spake as never man spake, will wonder that the preaching of Christ should have produced this effect. The people would contrast the solemn weighty sentences of Jesus with the curious and unpractical arguments of their own teachers—the life of His words, which went directly to their hearts and consciences, and found there the evidence of their truth, with the wretched quibblings of those who taught that to swear by the altar was nothing, but to swear by the gift upon it was a binding oath; who laid stress upon tithes of herbs, and omitted the weightier matters of the Law—the people who had been fed with the chaff of empty argument and endless distinctions would say, Here is a teacher, who speaks words that we can understand: He means what He says, and says what He means: He tells us of the way of life and of death: He speaks with authority: we ought to listen to such teaching as His.

And even if there were no empty formal teaching, with which to contrast the teaching of Christ, and by contrast with which His teaching would stand out as having authority, still the people who heard Him might well have been astonished at His doctrine. Put the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount by the side of almost any other teaching, and see how wonderful it is in respect of the marvellous simplicity with which the deepest subjects are treated. Here are no dark sentences, no long arguments, no wearisome discussions. Christ speaks as a master in His own house, who has authority, and who knows that He has it. The most solemn matters, even those which concern heaven and hell, are treated as by one who has fully measured His subject and who knows its depths, as by one who speaks that He knows and testifies that He has seen.

The verses which form the text of this sermon fully illustrate this character of the Lord’s preaching; and, being of such a kind, they seem to be a sermon in themselves, and almost to forbid human comment upon them. I feel this very deeply in taking them for a

text; I am afraid of darkening counsel by words without knowledge; I am afraid of taking away the point and diminishing the weight of the sentences of Him who spake with authority: I shall be satisfied if anything which follows shall tend in any degree to lead any of my readers to serious and prayerful consideration of our Lord's own exhortation to them in the text.

What is that exhortation?

Jesus says, "Enter ye in at the strait, or narrow, gate." And to explain what He means by the narrow gate, He goes on to speak of *two* gates, and of *two* ways or roads, which it is possible for us to take.

First, there is the wide gate and the broad way: by which, I suppose, the Lord intended to describe the course which a man takes who follows his own natural appetites and inclinations. This course is very easy, because it is always easy to go with the stream. Persons have different inclinations and different appetites, and passions of various degrees of strength: one man, for instance, has naturally a violent temper—it is his weak point, the chief failing in his character; another has a strong temptation to give way to animal appetites—he is blest, perhaps, with great strength and vigour of body, and these are accompanied by strong passions, and this is the side on which he is likely to be assailed by the devil: then another man is naturally vain, easily puffed up, and a little flattery or a little success in the world quite throws him off his balance: and so on. I need not specify other cases: all that I wish to make plain is, that we all have our weaknesses and evil tendencies, and that nothing is easier than to give way to them; and, independently of particular temptations, there is, in one form or another, the great temptation of love of this present world, which commends itself to the mind of every one that is born into it. Let, then, a man only follow his natural bent—let him only throw himself on the stream of his fallen nature, and the course which he will take is quite certain: he will go down the stream; it will cost him no effort—he will be carried down without any labour of his own. And this is only another mode of describing that of which the Lord speaks, under the figure of a wide gate and a broad way: the gate is called wide, because there is no difficulty in finding it; the way is called broad, because there is no danger of missing it.

Where does the broad way lead?

It "leads to destruction." So said He who taught with authority. A hard saying, it may be: but how much better to be told the truth than to be amused with pleasant tales! The broad way leads to destruction: how can it lead to any better end? If we are estranged from God—if our wishes are not the same as His—if our tastes are unspiritual and our propensities sensual, how can we by following these ever attain to the presence of God? A man may say that he is happy in this world, while he indulges his natural desires. Be it so: even then the gain is not great; and if a man have gained the whole world, yet the world and the lusts of it pass away; and if he has lost his soul, what is his gain in the end?

Now, if this broad road were avoided, as such roads should be, its existence would not be of much importance. But Christ says

that *many* travel upon it. Here is the fearful side of the description. That dangerous road is full of people—a well-trodden way; one also upon which the greater number of the passengers walk cheerily and merrily, as though they thought it would take them home. It is uncharitable, some people think, to take Christ's words in their plain sense; yet who shall dare to weaken them or explain them away? People argue in their hearts that, because the road is thronged and the passengers appear merry and lighthearted, therefore there can be no great danger in the road—never remembering, apparently, that if there be a bottomless pit at the end of it, none can come back to tell the tale. And what reason can we find, in our own experience, to think that the words of the Lord exaggerate the real state of the case? Do not many people seem to be going along the broad way? Do we not feel tempted to go along it ourselves? If to be worldly and selfish and ungodly be what our Lord meant by going along the broad way, then, beyond doubt, there are many that are travelling upon it. There is no possibility of denying the fact: dreadful it may be, and full of matter for reflection, but certainly we must admit it; our own experience abundantly confirms the words of Him who spake with authority.

But look at the other side of the question: the narrow gate, the narrow way.

Christ speaks, I conceive, of that way as narrow, difficult to find, difficult to follow when found—which requires a vigorous effort to check the natural desires and appetites, to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts, to follow Him in lowliness and humility, instead of following ourselves in self-sufficiency and pride. Who that has tried this road does not know that it *is* narrow and difficult? The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life—the whole army of earthly propensities, tend to lead us away from it. Christ our Lord exhibited the difficulty of the road by his conflict with Satan in the wilderness. Only by like conflict can His disciples walk in the narrow way: no one will succeed in doing so unless he seeks the guidance of the Holy Spirit, watching according to the command of Christ, and taking to him the whole armour of God.

Yet it is worth an effort—what effort is it *not* worth?—to enter through the narrow gate and walk in the narrow way, if it be indeed the way which leads unto *life*. How much is expressed by those simple words of Christ, “which leadeth unto life!” Even if we considered this world only, we might argue that the true life of man's soul was to be found in resisting the lower tendencies of his nature, and seeking in all things to bring himself into submission to the will of God; but the expression, “leadeth unto life,” expands with an infinitely higher meaning when we think of that life to come, in which the service of God and the praise of the Redeemer are to be the ever-renewed springs of joy. Grant that the narrow way is difficult; yet if those who walk in it have the assurance of Christ and of their own consciences that it is the right way, and if its end be life, who would not wish to walk in it?

Nevertheless, “there are few who find it:” so said the lips of Him who spake with authority. We seem to wish that the words could be false. It makes us groan in our very hearts to think that



there should be only one road to life, and that there should be few upon that road—few, that is, as compared with the easy-going, thoughtless multitude, who crowd that other broad way. But where can we find any reason for believing that the words of the Lord are not as strictly true now as when they were spoken? I wish I could find such reason, but I cannot. Everything that I see proves to me that the relative numbers of those who go on the broad way and of those who go on the narrow way are much the same as they were when Christ the Lord preached His sermon on the mount. It may be painful to believe; but if true, it is well that we should know it. Why? Because the knowledge of the truth is that which lends strength to the exhortation, “Enter *ye* in at the strait gate.” Whether any particular person is on the broad way or on the narrow way may be no business of ours: it may be often rash and uncharitable to draw stern conclusions concerning the path which our brother is taking; but if, indeed, the way of destruction be that in which the multitude would lead us, and the way of life be a comparatively deserted road, then it is well for us to look well to our own steps, and examine the path which we are treading.

God grant us grace to do so !

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## A Word of Loving Counsel to the Laity of a Parish.



YOU have many of you the greatest conceivable means for marring or for furthering the work of God in your parish. Your example will be, to a great degree, copied by your workpeople and dependants. If they see you regular and devout in your attendance at Church and at the Lord's Table,—if they gather from your actions and ordinary words that you care for your own souls and for theirs, that you love your pastor, or, at all events, honour him for his office sake, the like spirit will spread down to them, and the blessings of a united and well-ordered parish will be yours. And these blessings are, even as regards this world, so many and so great, that your reward will not even here be small. Better work—the labour of those who toil not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but as those who know that they are serving God; freedom from the destructive system of secret purloining, habits of sobriety, trustworthiness and decency, in those who serve you, will, with their love and gratitude, reward you here; and at the great day you will share the crown of those who have turned many to righteousness. On the other hand, any neglect of your own religious duties will be copied fatally by those beneath you; a disorganised, unruly, dishonest parish will be here, with all the loss and suffering it inflicts on you,—an earnest of your heavy reckoning at the bar of our great Judge. I beseech you then affectionately, but with all earnestness, that you work with us as fathers, as masters, and as neighbours, in this work of the Lord.—*Bishop of Oxford's Charge.*

## The Easter Robe.

A REAL INCIDENT.



PON his way the Angel sped,  
To pluck for God the flower  
Yet glistening with the morning dew,  
Unscath'd by sun or shower.

The Mother heard his rustling wing—  
She knew he must be near;  
She smiled upon her flower, and turned  
Aside to hide the tear.

It was the solemn day of Death,  
When, on the bleeding Tree,  
Was finish'd for the sons of men  
Redemption's mystery.

The little child lay meek and still,  
She knew not death was nigh,  
And yet the day brought to her soul  
Some fancies from on high.

It was not dread of conscious sin  
That came upon her then;  
She strove not with the mighty awe  
That bows down dying men.

Her thoughts were all of happy things;  
She knew her Saviour died,  
But she could better commune then  
With joy of Eastertide.

And in her childish care she spoke;  
(And blame not, ye that may,  
It was a gentle holy wish  
To honour God's great day;)

"Oh, mother, you will have for me  
My new dress clean and fair,  
For I a pure white dress, you know,  
On Easter-day must wear."

The mother bless'd the little child,  
And turn'd to hide the tear;  
'Twas sure an angel whisper'd her  
Those words so strange to hear.


On Easter-morn that little child  
Had fallen asleep below;  
But her spirit wore in Paradise  
Its robe as white as snow.

W. W. H.

# ST. JOHN'S PARISH MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1860.

AN ORGANIST *is wanted for* ST. JOHN'S CHURCH. *Application to be made to the INCUMBENT, St. John's Parsonage.*

PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, and of Mr. L. HALL.*

 Reports of the St. John's Vestry Meeting on Easter Tuesday and of the Diocesan Societies at Durham are unavoidably postponed for want of space. The "Chronological Index to the New Testament" will be resumed in the June Number.

## ADDITIONAL CLERGY SOCIETY.

This valuable Auxiliary of the Church held its anniversary public meeting on Wednesday, April 25th, at Willis's Rooms, King Street, the Archbishop of Canterbury, its President, being in the chair. The operations of the Society have now assumed a most important character, supporting, as it does, in whole or in part, upwards of 400 additional Clergy in England and Wales, besides the assistance it has given to the endowment of forty-one poor Livings. The Report stated that the prospects of the Society were satisfactory, though it had not made such progress as to place it, in its financial position, on a par with that great increase in its funds which took place in the preceding year. The income available for the year up to the 31st of March, 1861, amounted to £26,317 11s 7d; and the reserve fund of the Society, now vested in stock, amounts to £22,825 9s 8d. The grants, 417 in number, were larger than had been voted at any period since the formation of the Society. The Report concluded by stating that the Society would now aim at largely and speedily increasing the endowments of new district parishes, and the income of poor Livings generally; and thus to give permanence to the multiplication of the Clergy, and to prevent their efficiency from being crippled by straitened means and pecuniary difficulties. The meeting was very fully and influentially attended. It gives us much pleasure to add that at the last ordinary meeting of the Committee a grant of £40 was made towards the stipend of an additional Clergyman for the Parish of Saint Cuthbert's. The Rev. W. H. Elliott, Vicar of Sockburn, has forwarded to the Local Secretary, (Rev. W. H. G. Stephens), the sum of £1, being the proceeds of a sermon at Worsall on behalf of the Society.

## CHURCH RATES.

A remarkable re-action has no doubt sprung up favourable to an equitable adjustment of the Church Rate question. This is mainly attributable to the reports presented by the Lords' Committee, the second of which has been recently issued. Only six witnesses were examined; and a few particulars gleaned from their evidence will give the drift of their opinions. Canon Champneys stated that £360 was demanded to pay the expenses of his chapel at Whitechapel, and that he could see no way of raising that sum by voluntary effort, and that consequently, if the rates were abolished, much of the burden would fall on the parson. Mr. Edwin, a Wesleyan and Churchwarden, of Rotherhithe, declared his conviction that voluntarism would never adequately supply the place of the rate. Mr. Coode, a barrister, has had much practise in the working of the Poor Law, and he defended the plan of rating owners of property and not occupiers, making the rate optional in the case of those who wished to be exempted, and confining attendance at the vestry to owners. He thought that, in practise, few owners of property would object, for they would be shamed into paying by public opinion. Sir E. L. Perrott, Churchwarden of Plumstead, stated as the result of his experience, that there had been many local quarrels between Churchmen and Dissenters, which prevented a rate being levied, but the respectable portion of the latter always supported



him. He also stated that most Dissenting Chapels are in debt. He declared respecting Dissenters, as far as his observation extended, as follows:—"My experience of Dissenters and Dissenting Ministers of the best class has always been that they have shown great veneration for the institutions of the Church of England. I am not prejudiced against them at all."

Mr. Toulmin Smith, who is well known as an authority on Parochial law, gave his evidence at great length; and it is of much importance in relation to the history of Church-rates, parish Vestries, and kindred subjects. He thinks it indisputable that Church-rates have existed in England, as they are now, for 490 years, dating from the 44th year of Edward III. He endeavoured to show that the whole of the present endowments of the Church were voluntary in the first place: and that therefore Church and Dissenting endowments stood on the same footing. He denies the right of Dissenters to claim exemption from Church-rates. Mr. Bunting, a solicitor and a Wesleyan, expressed his dread of the principles of the "Liberation Society" and his fear for his own party if the secularisation of endowments were to be carried. He was very positive on the fact of the Wesleyans in general not being averse to Church-rates.

The evidence published in the two reports and the recently avowed principles of the so-called "Liberation Society" have produced the gradually decreasing majority against Church-rates, till it amounted to nine only on the late Division. A night in the House of Lords will, so far as the Legislature is concerned, dispose of the Church-rate controversy for this year.

#### THIS IS THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

Those most benevolently disposed individuals to the diocese of Durham, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, have recently presented their Twelfth General Report. It is compiled in a form that reminds one of Sydney Smith's happy comparison of Dr. Parr's *Spital Sermon* to one of Dr. Parr's own wigs, which in front bore the ordinary proportion of perukes, but in its hinder regions was swollen out into a boundless convexity of frizz. The report itself occupies no more than three pages folio, but the appendix is of very bulky proportions. No. 1 of this Appendix, containing the various orders of council may be passed over; but No. 2 is an important document. It is ample enough, but not over clear. It professes to give an account of the receipts and payments. We will concern ourselves with one part only of the expenditure—the expenses of the Establishment. And when these are shewn, such of the laity as are still labouring under the delusion that so much Church property represents as much clergy income will probably have their eyes opened a little. The paid Commissioners and their officials are all laymen; and, notwithstanding that they are laymen, appear able to take care of themselves.

On the first page we find the general statement

	(A.)	£	s.	d.
To official Establishment expenses	...	10,776	2	1
To legal expenses	...	1,315	0	6
To Surveyor's and Actuaries' charges	...	855	12	7
To Architect's charges	...	414	3	9
Total	...	£13,360	18	11

Further on, at page 85, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons appear to have pocketed a few more contemptible thousands, although with a view to divert popular indignation from the clergy, they are severally disguised as lawyers, surveyors, and architects.

	(B.)	£	s.	d.
To legal expenses in respect to sales, &c.	...	3,415	15	1
To Surveyors' in respect of valuation, &c.	...	2,981	15	1
To Architects' charges	...	77	3	10
Total	...	£6,474	14	0

Under the head of "Episcopal, Capitular, and Leasehold Account," the Lawyers and Co. are scurvily treated again where they figure as recipients.

(C.)				£	s.	d.
Legal expenses ...	...	...	...	488	16	8
Surveyor's charges ...	...	...	...	21	0	0
Architect's charges ...	...	...	...	1	1	0
Total ...				£510	17	8

But this is a mere flea-bite to what the Bishops, Priests, and Deacons have sacked according to "The Bishopric and Chapter Commuted Estates Account."

(D.)				£	s.	d.
Legal Expenses ...	...	...	...	6,629	0	0
Surveyor's Charges ...	...	...	...	6,205	1	2
Architect's Charges ...	...	...	...	88	2	8
Total ...				£12,922	3	10

At page 89, under the head "Summary of other Trust and Special account," the three unoffending professions are once more paraded to conceal the avarice of the Clergy.

(E.)				£	s.	d.
To Legal Expenses ...	...	...	...	755	17	5
„ Surveyor's Charges...	...	...	...	24	9	0
„ Architect's Charges ...	...	...	...	7	7	4
Total ...				£787	13	1

If we put A. B. C. D. and E. together, we arrive at the Establishment Expenses of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and most formidable proportions do they assume.

	£	s.	d.
Establishment Charges ...	13,360	18	11
Common Fund General Account ...	6,474	14	0
Episcopal, &c., Account ...	510	17	8
Bishopric, &c., Account ...	12,922	3	10
Trust and Special Account ...	787	13	9
£34,056 8 2			

Whether the paid Commissioners receive their thousand a-year each from the Consolidated Fund, or are paid out of the £10,776 2s. 1d. the amount of the office charges, does not appear. But, whether or no, this is clear, that the expenses of management were £34,056 8s. 2d. during the last financial year. It is an enormous sum and, in one point of view, perfectly ludicrous. The Commissioners were created for the purpose of improving and redistributing the Church revenues in such a way as to augment the scanty stipends of the majority of the parochial Clergy. Now the whole of the money paid for Endowments of small benefices (our own Parish of Saint John being one) during the year was in round numbers, £84,000; and to secure this to the poor Clergy, no less a sum than £34,056 is absorbed by the pockets of the hangers-on at Whitehall Place. More than one-third of what is assigned to the poor Clergy for augmentation of income finds its way into other channels. Nor is it going to stop here:—Mr. Chalk, the secretary, and the officials downwards are clamouring for more salary; and the report, a facetious composition in its way, recommends that their demands be granted. When the Butler's post at the Inner Temple was vacant the other day, there were four candidates from amongst gentlemen of the bar; and at the rate the Commissioners are going on we should not wonder that at the next vacancy half of the Incumbents will be struggling might and main for one of their porter's situations. A clerkship in the office has already become an object of pecuniary ambition to one of Archidiaconal rank.


THE CONFIRMATION.—The Bishop of Durham held his biennial Confirmation on Tuesday, May 1st, at St. Cuthbert's Church; when about 250 young persons from Darlington and the adjoining Parishes renewed their baptismal vows and promises.

**ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.**—The Churchwardens, Mr. R. Thompson and Mr. R. Child, were sworn into office last Monday, before the Archdeacon's Official, the Rev. J. D. Eade, Rural Dean. Efforts will be immediately made by the Churchwardens to pay the outstanding bills, amounting to £15 or £16; and with the expiration of the month of May, we hope to witness the extrication of the church from this liability.

**ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.**—H. M. Inspectors of Schools, the Rev. G. M. Moncreiff, and H. B. Fearon, Esqr., visited the Schools on Wednesday, May 2nd, and were pleased with the foundation work which was being laid for their future efficiency. Their establishment had been so recent as not to render necessary a minute examination of the childrens' attainments; the chief business being to "take stock" for the purpose of comparison with the results to be presented next year. The number of children attending the schools has been steadily increasing and has now exceeded 190. The grants awarded by the Privy Council and the Diocesan Society having been at last received, the Finance Committee is preparing its report; and agreeably to their intentions expressed in November last, every payment and receipt will be audited and published.

### THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

May 17	ASCENSION DAY	Morn. Deut. 10—Luke 24, from v. 44. Even. 2 Kings 2—Eph. 4 to v. 17. Proper Ps. Morn. 8, 15, 21. Even. 24, 47, 108.
20	S. SUND. AFTER ASCENS.	Morn. Deut. 12—Ma. 18. Even. Deut. 13—1 Cor. 3
27	S. WHIT SUNDAY	Morn. Deut. 16 to v. 18—Acts 10 from v. 34. Even. Isaiah 11—Acts 19 to v. 21.
June 3	S. TRINITY SUNDAY	Morn. Gen. 1—Mat. 3. Even. Gen. 18—1 John 3.
10	S. 1 SUND. AFTER TRIN.	Morn. Josh. 10—Mar. 11. Even. Josh. 23—2 Cor. 8.

 The usual Wednesday Evening Prayers and Lecture will be discontinued after the 23rd of May. A Cottage Lecture in Freeman's Place on Thursday Evenings. A Singing-Class at St. John's Schools every Friday Evening.

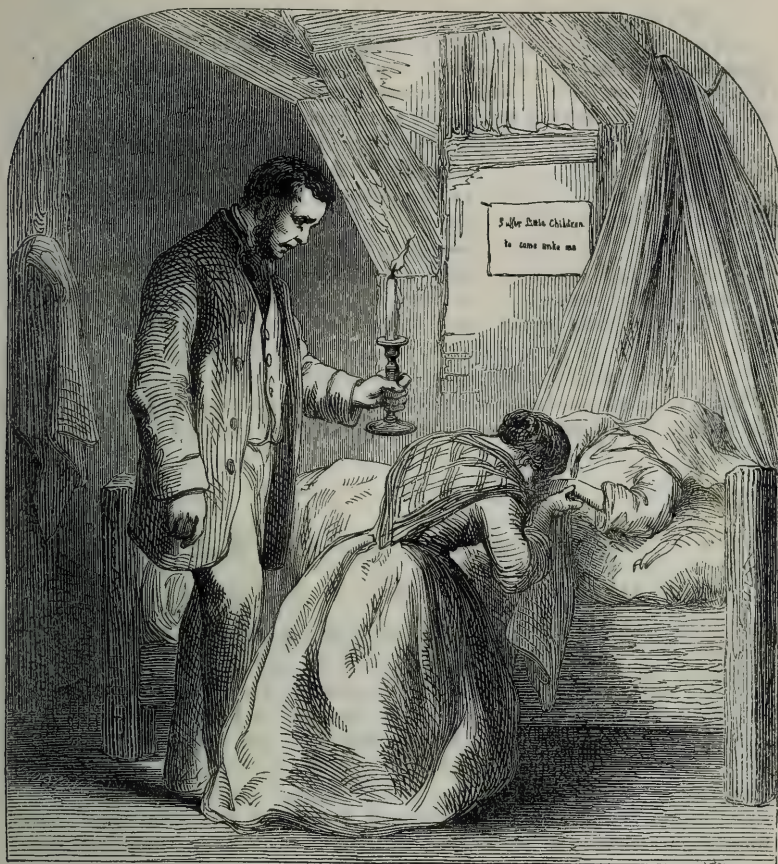
[NOTES.—ASCENSION DAY.—A very ancient festival of the Church, held ten days before Whitsuntide, in memory of our Saviour's ascension into heaven after his resurrection.

**WHIT-SUNDAY.**—This solemn festival of the Christian Church has been observed in memory of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost. It is called Whit-Sunday from the *white* garments which they, that were baptised at this time, put on. This festival in respect to the period of its celebration, corresponds with that of the Feast of Pentecost observed by the Jews. There were fifty days from the Jews' Passover to the giving of the law to Moses on Mount Sinai; and there is the same number of days between the time of the true Passover, which was celebrated when Christ was offered up for us, and of the Holy Ghost coming down upon the Church to write the new law of Charity in our hearts. But the fifty days are not to be counted from the very day of the Passover, but from the Sunday following, like the computation observed by the Jews respecting their Pentecost or Feast of weeks (Lev. c. 23, v. 15.)

There is a circumstance not generally known, which should cause this day to be especially remembered and endeared to the hearts of Churchmen. It is one that in the history of our Prayer Book occupies a distinguished position. In the year 1549, it was arranged by Cranmer and his associates, with the consent of Parliament, that on the 9th of June, or Whit Sunday, "All and singular Ministers in any Cathedrall or Parische Churches, or any other place within this realme of Englande, Wales, Calyce, and Marshes of the same, or other the Kinges Dominions, shall be bounden to Saye and vse the Matters, Evensonge, Celebration of the Lorde's Supper, and all their comen and open prayer, in such order and fourme as is mencioned in the saide booke and none other or otherwise."

**TRINITY SUNDAY.**—Trinity, like Triad, means a threefold number, whether of persons or things; and is used by Theologians to express the incomprehensible union existing between the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost of the Godhead. The views which are given in Scripture, of God's threefold manifestation of Himself to man, in the relation of Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, are such as would suggest to our mind the agency of three Divine Beings acting in concert, were it not for the sedulous care taken to assure us of the unity or oneness of the God they manifested to mankind.





## **Little Jim.**

BY EDWARD FARMER, MIDLAND RAILWAY.



HE cottage was a thatched one: the outside old and mean,  
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and  
clean.

The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling  
wild,


When a patient mother knelt beside the deathbed of her child —  
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eye grown dim —  
'Twas a collier's only child, and they called him "Little Jim."  
But, oh! to see those briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,  
As she offered up a prayer in thought, for she was afraid to speak,  
Lest she might waken one she held far dearer than her life,  
For she had all a mother's heart had that poor collier's wife!  
With uplift hands she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,  
And prays that God will spare her boy and take herself instead

She gets her answer from the child—soft fall these words from him,  
“Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim!  
I feel no pain, dear mother, now—but, oh! I am so dry;  
Just moisten poor Jim’s lips once more; and, mother, don’t you cry!”  
With gentle, trembling haste she held the teacup to his lips:  
He thanked her with a smile, and took three little sips.  
“Tell father, when he comes from work, I said Good night to him;  
And now, dear mother, let me sleep.” Alas, poor little Jim!  
She saw her boy was dying;—the one she held so dear  
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear.  
But see! the door is opened—the collier’s step is heard;  
The mother and the father meet, yet neither change a word:  
He saw that all was o’er—he knew his child was dead!  
He took the candle in his hand, and went toward the bed:  
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he’d fain conceal;  
But see! the mother joins him—the stricken couple kneel:  
With hearts bowed down in sadness they humbly pray to Him,  
In heaven once more to meet their own dear little Jim!

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## The Game without an End.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY, AUTHOR OF “LEGENDARY TALES,” &c.

“OW, perhaps it was just because so little could be known about these strangers that so much was guessed at concerning them. I don’t pretend to speak against them myself, for I never saw them that I know of; and my father, in talking it over with me years after, always seemed to dislike giving his own opinion about them, but used to tell me that so and so was said, or so and so was supposed;—and very dark things were said and supposed, I can tell you; for some bold tongues went so far as to hint at a league between them and the enemy of souls himself. And in one way, certainly, sir, they may have been said to be in league with the enemy of souls: I mean, inasmuch as they went about doing evil instead of good, and making what was already bad enough, worse. But as for what some of the people hereabouts suspected, I don’t pretend to give my opinion, any more than my father gave his.

“‘One thing was certain: the longer those strangers stayed, the fewer visitors went near the castle. It seemed as if they frightened all others away, though nobody ever let out what they said or did. Only a very few, and among them my father’s brother, clung to the old house; and he kept true to the wicked word he had spoken, and was thicker than ever with his master, and used to be seen going about with him and his friends as if they were all equal in rank.

“‘You may be sure, sir,’ my host went on to say, ‘there was no end of wondering; and folks wondered, most of all, what there was in those strangers to take the wicked lord’s fancy so much, and keep them such fast friends.

“‘But at last the secret came out. The servants whispered that

the foreigners had brought over strange new gambling games from their own country, and that it was these which kept their master's liking alive, and prevented his tiring of their company, as he did of most things else; for you know pleasure's a craving appetite, sir, and is always wanting fresh food.

" 'There was a particular room in the castle,' my host proceeded to say, 'where those wicked creatures used to sit all the evening. I have heard my father describe it, though he never saw it himself; but he had heard it spoken about in the family, you understand.'

"I could hardly help smiling in my host's face just then," observed the traveller, turning to the boys; "for he looked as grave as a judge at what he was saying, and yet he must have known, as well as I did, the value of a hearsay account of a room which no one that he knew had ever seen. However, I restrained myself, and listened quite gravely to his description.

" 'It was a small room, sir—quite a small room for such a place, but very curiously built: it was arched over, like the cloisters of those old cathedrals; and in the middle of it was the fireplace, with the chimney running up to the ceiling, and making a sort of division in the place, so that it seemed like four small rooms joined in one. It was made on purpose so; so that when there was company in the house, four sets of people might play their different games there, in the four divisions, and keep clear of each other, yet meet round the fire when they chose. In one division there were red hangings, sir, and in another blue; in another yellow, and in the last black. And it was in the black division the wicked lord shut himself up with those foreigners and my father's brother, when everybody else had deserted the castle. And one night, sir, the eve of Christmas day . . . '

"But here," said the traveller, interrupting himself, "my friend the innkeeper stopped short all at once, and exclaimed, 'I declare I hardly like to tell you now I have come to it!' and seemed so uncomfortable at what he had undertaken, and so doubtful of me, that I had serious fears that I might have to leave the place without hearing any more about the wicked Lord Warloch and his friends; which would have been, as I dare say you will understand, boys, a very great disappointment to me. I suppose, for instance, *you* would not like me to leave off now, and not tell you any more?"

There was almost a shout at the very notion of such a thing, and the Curate laughed, till the tears came into his eyes, at his friend Delafield's ingenious way of keeping up the boys' excitement.

After which the traveller proceeded:—

"Of course, therefore, I did my best to convince my host I was trustworthy, and spoke so seriously of my own feelings in the matter, that his confidence returned, and he went on to tell me all the particulars that had come out concerning that fatal night,—for fatal, indeed, it proved to be!

"But first he mentioned that the wicked Lord Warloch had been subject now for many months to occasional fits of the deepest gloom. The servants described him as sometimes sitting for hours in his chair, like one more dead than alive, and said that on these occasions the foreigners used to bring him strong drinks to rouse him up. And sometimes, when so roused, he would rave like a madman, and



at other times become as jovial as in the old days when he was a light-hearted lad, and would shout and call to old friends he fancied must be somewhere about the house, by name, to come and join in his sports, and look quite blank and disappointed when his eye could light on no one but the two thin-lipped, cold-blooded foreigners, who seemed to rule his fate. But most often they carried him off at once to the excitement of the gaming-table, where all thought was lost in the rattling of the dice, and where they would often sit till the break of dawn.

"Such were the scenes that were constantly occurring at that time, the innkeeper declared; and then he went on:—

"And on that particular night that I was speaking of, sir, the wicked lord got into madder spirits than he had ever done before, after his dark fit was over; so much so that the whole castle was ringing with noisy laughter and mirth, and then those four I have told you about, went to the gaming-room, and sat down among the dark hangings, to their revels; and they rang soon after for food and wine; and when the servants brought them they were laughing still; and the wicked lord called out to the men as they were setting down the trays, and told them they might come and join their play, and drink too, for the foreigners had shown him a better game that night than they had ever played before, and he would keep open house and let in all the world, and all should drink the strangers' health. And the servants had to pour out goblets of wine and hand them round, and then were glad to scramble away, as best they could, in the uproar that followed, for one and all hated those foreigners, and durst not have drunk their health for all the world. One of them, however, the head butler, had to come back into the room several times afterwards; and the last time he was there, it was somewhere about one o'clock in the morning, and they were all deep in the new game, and did not notice his entrance. But all at once, just as he had finished his business, and was slipping away, he saw the wicked lord rise from his chair, his face deadly pale, and his eyes glazed like those of a dead man. And he stood up and swore that this was the finest sport he had ever known, and bade the Almighty let him play on there to the day of doom!"—

"When the innkeeper came to this point," continued Mr. Delafield, "he stopped short as if waiting for some remark from me; but, shocked as I was, I had none to make, and he resumed his account:—

"The butler, sir, scarcely waited to see whether his master sat down again or not, and could never remember. He felt so horrified that he was glad to make his escape as fast as possible. And now, sir, you are to know that, after a certain hour of the night, the servants used to go to their own beds, and leave the gambling party to take care of themselves. This was the habit of the house. But, on that particular night,—I call it night, sir,—but, in fact, it was the blessed Christmas morning,—the butler woke from his sleep in a very uneasy state of mind, and took it into his head to get up and look after his master. He had misgivings of—mischief, was, I believe, his own account of the matter; so he struck a light, and lit the candle in the small lanthorn he used to carry about, and glided down the stairs, and along the passages to the gambling-room. But to the

gambling-room he was never able to come, though he wandered up and down, backwards and forwards, searching for the door, for a couple of hours, and knew he must be near; for he heard the rattling of the dice going on all the time.

"At last, however, he got so completely chilled, for the weather was unusually stormy and wild, and became so confused and light-headed, that he thought it best to go to bed again, supposing, of course, it was from his not being thoroughly awake that he could not come upon the proper room. But, sir——"

"And here," said Mr. Delafield, "the innkeeper fixed his eyes upon me and paused till I almost got frightened, young and bold as I was.

"But, sir,—the room has never been found from that day to this, nor has the door of it ever been seen again, though every inch of the walls has been examined to find the place of it, and although the rattling of the dice has many times roused people up from their beds at night to look for it!"—

"But what on earth can you mean?" cried I; 'I do not understand.'

"Nobody can understand,' was the man's answer; 'only the room has never been found again, and yet the play goes on as the wicked lord prayed it might do, as is known to any one that sleeps in that particular part of the castle where the dice are heard.'

"But the wicked lord and his friends,' persisted I, 'what is it that you mean?'

"They will never be seen again till the judgment-day,' answered the innkeeper. 'When the grave and the sea give up their dead, then the gambling-room will open again, and deliver up those that are in it,—the wicked lord, those strangers, and my father's own brother.'

"It was pitiful to hear him utter these last words," continued Mr. Delafield. "It was the secret of his deep interest in the story, that his *father's own brother* was involved in its horrors. I also now understood what he meant, but could not resist asking,—

"And you really think, then, that they are all there now, at this very moment, while we are talking, playing their horrible games, and will go on so to the judgment-day?'

"It matters little what I think,' replied the innkeeper; 'but wasn't that what they asked for? God hears all prayer, doesn't He? And if He answers the good man's prayer with a blessing, mayn't He sometimes answer the bad man's prayer with a curse—the worst curse of all—the curse of letting him have his own way?'

"I was silenced," pursued the traveller, "and respected very deeply the solemn feelings of my poor old friend; and after many thanks on my part, and a little friendly chat, we both went to bed. And this, boys, is my story of the Game without an End. What do you think of it?'

For a few minutes no one answered; but at last one of the boys, who had been nudged several times by his companions, inquired:—

"Please, sir, is it true?'

Mr. Delafield smiled.

"I do not wonder at your asking. All that I have told you of myself is true, and I have told you truly what the innkeeper told me.

But you must have observed as I went on, that the story itself had come through a great many hands. Part of it from my friend's grandfather, part of it from his father, part of it what his grandfather had told his father, part of it what servants let out, or villagers reported. Who could warrant the exact truth of anything got at in such a manner?

"No! the story is one of those curious legends or traditions of an out-of-the-way country, which are always *founded* on truth; but which, in passing through many mouths, get mixed up with a great many changes and additions.

"A *tradition*, you know, is something which is handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth, instead of being written, and so preserved always the same. Now you know, boys, how difficult it is for people to give a perfectly correct account even of what has happened under their very eyes—even in their own street, perhaps. John tells it one way and Tom another, and John contradicts Tom, and Tom contradicts John, and yet they both say they are *quite sure*. And if Bill has been there as well he comes up, and, ten hundred to one, contradicts them both.

"And if this is so about things which have been seen by people at the same time, you may judge what chance there is of getting to know the exact truth of such a story as I have been telling, the particulars of which were collected nobody can quite tell how.

"But, as I said before, the traditions of a country are always founded on truth; and what I like them for is, that they generally teach a first-rate moral lesson. Nay, in some cases you might even fancy that they have arisen out of some strong moral conviction. And the story of the wicked Lord Warloch is a striking instance of this; and, if not altogether true in itself, teaches what is true. Every man who gambles and drinks is not shut up in a gambling-room, to play on to the day of doom, certainly. Nay, *I* am not prepared to say I believe it, even of the wicked Lord Warloch. But every man who gambles and drinks runs a risk of one day losing the mastery over himself and his own will, and, therefore, of being unable to break away from his vile sins, let him loathe them ever so much. Both drunkards and gamblers often wish to be free, but the evil custom, or rather the devil through the evil custom, has them as fast as my story says he has the people in the wonderful old castle.

"Now, boys, you will do well, as my friend your clergyman has told you, to remember this story for life, for it is the same thing with all other sins too. If you do not, by the grace of God, master them, they will, by the malice of the devil, master you.

"There, now! You have heard both my story and the moral; will it do?"

A murmur of thanks was the answer, for everybody had been pleased; but then one or two of the lads whispered something to the Curate, and presently he said to his friend:—

"If you're not tired, these boys are very curious to know whether you went to see the castle after all, and whether you were able to find out where the room had been—or was—or is—I scarcely know which to say!"

"Well! yes! I went to the castle the next morning," answered



Mr. Delafield; "but, as to making out anything about where the room *was*, I was not more successful than the rest of the people who have looked for it since it disappeared — so to speak. I was shown over the place by a stiff, middle-aged woman, who was, what you boys would call, as mute as a fish, on every point I wanted to know about. I asked her if there was not some curious tradition about a room which couldn't be found, there. But at this inquiry she turned away and moved forward, saying, 'Oh, of course; there was the hiding-room against trouble.' By which she meant the secret room common in many old fortresses, where the family could take refuge, if necessary, and remain concealed; for its existence was never made known to more than three people at a time. But I saw by that answer that, whatever she knew, she was not disposed to let out the history of the wicked lord of the place. After this, I asked whether people did not sometimes hear very odd noises in the castle at night. But even this did not do.—She didn't know about *odd* noises, she said. People heard noises there, as they did everywhere else, when the wind blew, and the wainscoting creaked, and the rats ran about in the walls. Old houses were always full of noises. People might please themselves as to whether they thought them *odd* or not. She slept in a wing of the castle where there were no noises, and where everything was as comfortable as possible. It had been added to the building a few years ago.—Now this was, in reality, a great admission, for it sounded as if she was not sure everything *was* as comfortable in the old part of the castle as in the new; but the good lady looked so testy, I was afraid to say any more about it.

"At last, however, just as I was going away, I ventured to inquire whether a certain William Lord Warloch had not once inhabited the castle, and disappeared rather suddenly. But at the very moment I spoke, and whether on purpose or not I couldn't discover, she let a door she was holding open, fall to with a tremendous bang—I really half suspect she flung it to—and then darted through another, and called to some Johns and Thomases in the distance, to bring a lead to hold the front saloon doors open. After which came a noise and fuss of one little boy running along, and then a talk between them, of which I could not catch a single word; and then back she came with some large keys, and told me she would let me out by the front hall-door; which she accordingly did, leading the way; and it was not till I was safe outside on the steps that she said,—

"'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; but I was called away. You were asking about the Earls of Warloch. Of course they resided here for a many years, father and son. The last lord died quite an infant, I believe, and the property's passed into other hands since.'

"She made a sort of half-curtsey as she finished, and retreated into the hall, so there was nothing left for me but to be off too. For, you see, I was very young then, as I told you, and her cross manner quite cowed me for the time. But I called her 'old humbug' to myself, after I was out of hearing, and that was a little bit of comfort at any rate."

The boys now thanked Mr. Delafield quite heartily for what he had told them, and they all sat talking for a few minutes longer. The Curate wished to know whether he had ever heard anything of

that castle and the tradition of the gambling lord since. To which Mr. Delafield said,—“Yes; only a very short time ago he had met a lady, who knew another lady who had slept in the castle, and declared she heard the dice rattling in the night as she lay in bed. But you see, boys,” remarked Mr. Delafield, in conclusion, “even the account of this lady does not convince me that the dice do rattle; for I incline to think with the housekeeper, that *old houses always are full of noises*, and that *people can please themselves as to whether they think them ‘odd’ or not.*”

## The Round of Life.

BY DR. HORNE, LATE BISHOP OF NORWICH.



OME are serving—some, commanding;  
Some are sitting—some are standing;  
Some, rejoicing—some are grieving;  
Some, entreating—some, relieving;  
Some are weeping—some are laughing;  
Some are thirsting—some are quaffing;  
Some, accepting—some, refusing;  
Some are thrifty—some, abusing;  
Some, compelling—some persuading;  
Some are flattering—some, degrading;  
Some are patient—some are fuming;  
Some are modest—some, presuming;  
Some are leasing—some are farming;  
Some are helping—some are harming;  
Some are running—some are riding;  
Some, departing—some, abiding;  
Some are sending—some are bringing;  
Some are crying—some are singing;  
Some are hearing—some are preaching;  
Some are learning—some are teaching;  
Some, disdain—some, affecting;  
Some, assiduous—some, neglecting;  
Some are feasting—some are fasting;  
Some are saving—some are wasting;  
Some are losing—some are winning;  
Some, repenting—some are sinning;  
Some, professing—some, adoring;  
Some are silent—some are roaring;  
Some are restive—some are willing;  
Some, preserving—some are killing;  
Some are bounteous—some are grinding;  
Some are seeking—some are finding;  
These are sufficient to recite,  
Since all men's deeds are infinite;  
Some end their parts when some begin;  
Some go out—and some come in.

## Waltham Abbey.

**W**HAT strange sights, what different men and manners, our old parish churches have looked down upon! The men of one generation after another have come and gone—have been carried into these Churches for baptism—have been carried into them for burial—have passed away and been forgotten—their dust has mingled with the grave-yard mould, but the grey tower, and arch, and pillar still remain!



Scarcely any parish church in England carries us back farther into the dim old Past than the time-worn fabric of Waltham Abbey,  
5.—9.



which stands among the low-lying level fields of Essex, some twelve miles out of London, by the side of the quiet Lee—a modest unpretending stream, haunted by the shade of old Izaak Walton, and still dear to all Cockney anglers. Here there once stood a magnificent pile, the work of successive ages, consisting of a monastery and a church; but the despoilers of Henry the Eighth's reign and the unsparing hand of Time have left only the tower, the nave, and a little chapel. But though only a small part remains, it is a happy circumstance that this seems to belong to the most ancient portion of the building. It is believed that in May 1060, eight hundred years ago, Earl Harold, who was afterwards the last of our native Saxon kings, built this Waltham Abbey; and there seems little reason to doubt that the pavement of the nave, which is now standing as shown in the foregoing engraving, rang in days of yore with the iron tread of Harold and his thanes.

But he did not long live to enjoy the church which his munificence had erected. In A.D. 1066, Edward the Confessor died, and Harold, his brother-in-law, was crowned as king in Westminster Abbey, which had then just been consecrated. But when the news reached William, duke of Normandy, the late king's cousin, he resolved to contest the throne; and on Michaelmas Day, 1066, he landed his troops at Pevensey, on the coast of Sussex. The tidings reached Harold at York: in ten days he reached the neighbourhood of his enemy; and on the 14th of October the battle of Hastings was fought.

For the whole day the issue was uncertain; but a little before sunset King Harold received a mortal wound from a random arrow. His death daunted his followers, the Normans won the day, and William the Conqueror became the first of the Norman line of kings.

It is said that the corpse of Harold was not recognised amongst the slain till it was discovered by his queen, the swan-necked Edith. The body of Harold was probably buried under a heap of stones on the sea-coast near the scene of the battle, and after a few months was conveyed to Waltham, and there solemnly interred in the church that he had built.

Unfortunately, as we have said, the hand of Time has been heavy, and the hand of the spoiler has been heavier on this church, in which there centres so much of national and historic interest: but a vigorous effort has been made of late by the people of Waltham to preserve from further injury the portion of their ancient church which is left them; so that they may hand down to future generations this almost unique monument of the skill and taste of our Saxon ancestors.

A large sum of money has been already expended on the church by the parishioners, but a further sum of 4000*l.* is required to complete what ought to be done.

The building is one of national interest; and so, while it is most precious to those who live near it, yet we ought all to be ready, if we can, to lend a helping hand to the Committee,\* who are labouring to

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\* Rev. James Francis, Incumbent, or Messrs. James Carr and George Francis, Churchwardens, will gratefully receive any donations towards the repairs.

preserve it for future time: and we ought to remember that the common saying about individuals is equally true about parishes, that "Many may help one, when one cannot help itself."

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## **The Coming of the May.**

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, A WEAVER.



ALL nature seems to feel the power,  
The gracious influence of the time ;  
The quickening sun, the fostering shower,  
Of the returning prime ;  
The tranquil and the lessening night,  
The genial and the lengthening day,  
Which move us with a new delight,  
And speak of coming May.

Trees burgeon into fuller grace ;  
The hedge-rows wear a vernal fleece ;  
The brooklets leave a greener trace  
Along their paths of peace ;  
A flower-light dawns upon the leas,  
The woodland nooks grow sweetly gay,  
And whispers every passing breeze  
The coming of the May.

A voyager the clouds among,  
That sail athwart the ethereal sea,  
The lark pours forth his joyous song  
Of rich, melodious glee ;  
The throstle, in the forest dell,  
Begins to chant his changeful lay,  
And other voices soon will swell  
The music of the May.

Awhile, and the clear country air  
A thousand odours will diffuse,  
And cultured gardens, here and there,  
Kindle with dazzling hues ;  
The meads will glow with floral gold,  
With silver every hawthorn spray,  
And children's eyes with joy behold  
The blooming of the May.

Young children — oh ! how like they are  
To this enchanting month of flowers —  
When through her realm they wander far  
To spend their playful hours :  
With shout and laughter on they speed  
Through pleasant field and woodland way,  
And health and pleasure are their meed  
Beneath the smile of May.

And should not toiling man rejoice  
For every good the seasons bring,  
Responsive to each gladsome voice  
That wakens with the Spring?  
Let his soul open, and be calm,  
So that it may let in the day,  
The bloom, the beauty, and the balm,  
The blessings of the May.

And while we love the glorious skies,  
The gifts and grandeurs of the sod,  
Let the heart's hidden incense rise  
Unto the giver—God!  
May we so live a life of prayer—  
The prayer of virtuous deeds alway,  
That we may breathe the holier air  
Of heaven's eternal May!



## A Frenchman in English Difficulties.



FRENCHMAN: Ah, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. What do you call *h-o-u-g-h*?

Tutor: *Huff*.

Frenchman: Very good—*huff*; and *snuff* you spell *s-n-o-u-g-h*, ha!

Tutor: O no, *snuff* is *s-n-u-ff*. The fact is, words ending in *o-u-g-h* are a little irregular.

Frenchman: Ah, very good! It is one beautiful language. *H-o-u-g-h* is *huff*, I will remember; and *c-o-u-g-h* is *cuff*. I had one bad *cuff*, ha!

Tutor: No, that is wrong. We say *hauff*, not *cuff*.

Frenchman: How—pardon—how you call *d-o-u-g-h*? *duff*, ha!

Tutor: No, not *duff*.

Frenchman: Not *duff*! ah, I understand—it is *dauff*, hey?

Tutor: No; *d-o-u-g-h* spells *doe*.

Frenchman: *Doe*! It is very fine, wonderful language: it is *doe*; and *t-o-u-g-h* is *toe*, certainly. My beefsteak is very *toe*.

Tutor: O, no, no; you should say *tuff*.

Frenchman: *Tuff*! And the thing the farmer uses, how you call him, *p-l-o-u-g-h*, *pluff*? Ha, you smile! I see I am wrong; it is *plauff*? No? Ah, then, it is *ploe*, like *doe*: it is a beautiful language, very fine—*ploe*?

Tutor: You are still wrong, my friend. It is *plow*.

Frenchman: *Plow*! Wonderful language! I shall understand very soon. One more: *r-o-u-g-h* is *ruff*, and *b-o-u-g-h* is *buff*.

Tutor: No; *bow*.

Frenchman: Ah, very simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call *e-n-o-u-g-h*. Ha! what you call him?



THE Wild Hyacinth and Wood Anemone are not only two of the plants which most frequently carpet our woods in the months of

May and June, but also they are two of the most graceful; they are often to be seen side by side in great profusion, the purple colour of the Hyacinth contrasting with the delicate white of the Anemone.

The Hyacinth has always been a favourite flower, with ancients as well as moderns, both in its wild and in its cultivated state. It was grown in England by Gerarde in 1596; but doubtless had long before been improved by the Dutch, with whom the fondness for this plant has at times amounted almost to a mania. It is also a native of Turkey, where it is highly valued by the followers of Mahomet, who believe that the floor of Paradise is strewn with hyacinths

and precious gems.

There are many traditions among heathen writers about the origin of the Hyacinth; one of them is, that the flower sprang from the blood of the brave Ajax, and that on the leaves appeared the letters A I—at once the first syllable of the hero's name and a common Greek exclamation of sorrow.

The name Anemone is an English word made from a Greek one, and means "Wind-flower;" it was given to it from the mistaken notion that the petals expanded only when the wind blew.

R. B.



# Short Sermons.

No. V.

## A Spring Sermon.

BY JOHN HULLETT, B.A., INCUMBENT OF ALLESTREE.

AUTHOR OF "SERMONS BY A COUNTRY PARSON."

Ps. civ. 30.—*"Thou renewest the face of the earth."*



ORDER and variety characterise God's works. Look at the world and all its furniture—what order! what variety! Look beyond the world at the starry sky; use your thoughts, your science—what order and variety are above us and around us! Sin has introduced disorder into our world certainly, but, by the grace of God, this is being rectified. As the physical chaos was subdued, and the Almighty declared that all that He had made was very good; so the moral chaos will be subdued, and the Almighty will declare concerning the works of Redemption, as He did concerning the works of Creation, that they are very good. But we must wait. The chariot-wheels of Time will roll round again and again, probably, before it enters eternity.

It has pleased God to call us into being, and to place us, for a short time, in this little world, the vestibule of our eternal home—for we are immortal! We have much to do, and our lifetime is short. We are God's nobility here below, and have lost our patent, and have to make out a new one, so as to be restored to holiness, and life, and glory; or, in other and simpler words, we are sinful creatures, and by the grace of God we must be renewed, and "made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

There is no subject more interesting or important for us to study than that of our destiny,—what we shall be a hundred years hence, and a million ages, and for ever. Our position, our circumstances, as men, as Christians, are peculiar. We are invested with responsibility; and the agencies of heaven are so ordained, that our will, our reason, our talents many, may be so used, or so abused, as to work out a result of salvation or ruin. We may be all saved if we like,—*"God will have all men to be saved."* If we are lost, it will be our own fault,—*"God willeth not the death of a sinner."*

The beneficent intentions of the Creator may be seen in His works. There is an analogy between the constitution and course of Nature and Religion. It is an interesting and profitable study to trace this analogy. Instead of thinking ever about money, and food, and politics,—not to mention low pleasures, or vice, or sin,—how much better for us to be considering the handiworks of God; to look on the fair face of Nature; to study our own constitution of mind and body; to revel in the pleasures of hope; to live a life of faith; and

to realise the motive principles of love. We should ever strive to rise, and "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded."

At this season, when Nature is assuming a new phase; when all her ministries seem heartily at work; when the vegetable world is bursting into fresh beauty; when the birds sing, and the lambs play, and the evening and the morning loiter on the mountains; must labour, and care, and sin hold man back from taking a place in the mighty renewal? May he not learn a profitable lesson from the exposition of Spring concerning the power, and wisdom, and goodness of God?

How does the thoughtful Psalmist exult in the presence of God's creatures! How does he roam in fields of fancy and of fact, and cull sweet flowers of God's creation everywhere! Turning him first, as first he should, in reverent contemplation, to the Great Maker and Controller of all, he exclaims,—“O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.” Then, hastily inspecting some of the works and ways of heaven on earth, and taking a prophetic glance, perhaps, at the glories to be revealed, he lets us again see the attitude and character of his inner man,—“I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord.”

We may regard the words of the text as the Psalmist's recognition of the hand of God in accomplishing the processes of nature, and especially in unfolding the marvels and beauties of new life in Spring,—“Thou renewest the face of the earth.” We look out again—we, living three thousand years almost from David's day—and give our testimony that the ordinances of heaven are still kept. Utterly incapable of giving any fresh solution; asking Knowledge, and Philosophy, and Science to render an explanation, we ask in vain; every feature of that beautiful face instinct with fresh life; the mountains and the hills breaking forth before us into singing, and all the trees of the field clapping their hands, we are constrained to turn to the same Great Being, and with holy joy exclaim, as the sweet Psalmist did of old,—“Thou renewest the face of the earth.”

“Thou renewest the face of the earth.” Yes! When cold and rigid Winter has laid his hand on earth, and Life is forced to hide herself in secret depths of darkness, God bids him in due time relax his hold. The sun lengthens his stay; the icy wind becomes bland; the buds swell and burst; the flowrets spring; day after day and night after night the invisible Hand is busy, preparing, and moulding, and finishing the varied ornaments of beauty and of glory, which He puts on the crown of another year. “O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.”

Redemption is for the renewal of man. The cold winter of ignorance, and sin, and death is not to remain. Now is the spring-time of hope. We can easily turn from the book of Nature to the book of Grace; we may regard them as one volume bound together. Such words as the text run thus in the book of Grace,—“Thou restorest my soul;” or thus, in the form of a prayer,—“Create



in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." The Great Restorer of all things, the Son of God, stands in our midst, and despite the malice, and envy, and prejudices of mankind, informs us,—“My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.”

The work of Christ is the salvation of men. In this is involved of necessity the renewing of our fallen nature. When He visited the world, what an earnest He gave of the mighty renewal—by healing the sick—teaching the ignorant—bringing home the outcast—delivering the captives—raising the dead. All the powers of darkness—of ignorance, degradation, and death, gave way before Him. “For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil.” When He left the world He said that He would come again. He said, moreover, that He would perpetually visit His people, and be with them; and now, in the presence of His Father, doing His marvellous ministry, we may think that He still says, “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.”

The Holy Ghost reneweth man’s nature. He quickeneth, teacheth, sanctifieth, all the elect people of God. He maketh us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. The Divine Persons who held conference concerning the creation of man, held conference also concerning his redemption. As the Father and the Son, so also the Holy Ghost. “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

May we see to the renewing of our mind (Rom. xii. 2); in spirit (Eph. iv. 23); in knowledge (Col. iii. 10); in the Holy Ghost (Tit. iii. 5). May the fruits of the Spirit abound in us (Gal. v. 22, 23). And as we experience the gradual decays of nature in our journey to the grave, may we experience also the developments of grace in our preparation for heaven (2 Cor. iv. 16). And in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, may we inherit everlasting life (Matt. xix. 27–30). Amen.

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## *The Spring-Time.*



CONTINUAL songs arise

From universal nature—birds and streams  
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems  
A second Paradise!

Thrice-blessed Spring! thou bearest gifts divine:  
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine!

Not unto earth alone!—

Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,  
Balm for its wounds, and healing for its smart,  
Telling of winter flown,

And bringing hope upon thy rainbow-wing—  
Type of eternal life—thrice-blessed Spring!

# ST. JOHN'S PARISH MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1860.

PARISH MAGAZINE.—*Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, and of Mr. L. HALL.*

AN ORGANIST is wanted for ST. JOHN'S CHURCH. *Application to be made to the INCUMBENT, St. John's Parsonage.*

## CONVOCATION.

In some of the public journals which announced the translation of Dr. Longley to the see of York, there was attributed to Lord Palmerston the expression of an opinion that the convocation of the Province should be allowed to resume its sittings. Whether there is any foundation in fact for the statement one does not know; but that redoubted efforts will now be made for the restoration of its functions there can be little doubt. The Archbishop Nominatè is reported to be favourable towards the resumption of its sittings, not as separate chambers but in conjunction with the houses of Canterbury. As the subject of convocation will be brought more prominently before the notice of Churchmen in the Diocese than it has hitherto been, a few words respecting its nature and origin may not be out of place. The word itself means an assembly of persons *called together* for any purpose, whether it be for *worship* or for *consultation*, as in the case of the convocation of the English Clergy, which is a convention of that body to discuss Church affairs in time of Parliament. As the Parliament consists of two distinct houses, so does this convocation;—the one called the “Upper House” where the Archbishops and Bishops sit severally by themselves; and the other, the “Lower House” where the rest of the Clergy are represented by their deputies. The power of convocation is restricted: they cannot make any canons or ecclesiastical laws without the royal license; nor when permitted to make any, can they put them into execution but under stringent restrictions also. The Laity are in no wise bound by the canons made in convocation; unless they be embodied in, or made the subject matter of, an Act of Parliament. One of the principal functions of convocation was the imposition of taxes upon the Clergy; and we believe it was in the first year of the reign of Charles I. that the Clergy granted their last Subsidy. The evils arising from two separate and distinct sources of taxation, like the House of Commons and Convocation, became apparent to every one at the restoration, and accordingly an arrangement was made between Archbishop Sheldon and Lord Chancellor Clarendon. The effect of the arrangement was that convocation gave up the privilege of taxing themselves to the House of Commons in consideration of the Clergy being allowed to vote at Elections of Members to that House. From that period convocation gradually dwindled to the reign of Anne, when the royal permission for the transaction of business was withdrawn. Since then and till six or seven years ago convocation existed merely in name and form—being prorogued from time to time till the dissolution of Parliament took place. It has recently revived to some extent in the province of Canterbury; but touching this as well as the representation of our own province we shall speak at another time.

## BISHOP SELWYN.

The Missionary Bishops whom the Church of England is now sending to our Colonies in every quarter of the globe, are amongst the most distinguished and self-denying of her Communion. As a type of the Order, we extract the following tribute from an impartial periodical:—“But who objects to Bishop Selwyn? Who can say that he is not religious enough, or not secular enough? When consecrated to his work, he was charged to convey the blessings of Christianity wherever he could beyond the bounds of his New Zealand see. He has done this by means of enlarged views and personal qualifications which mark a great advance in missionary action. He steers his own little ship from one group of islands to another, making a wide circuit of visits every year, and passing through sea-accidents which all natives suppose to be overruled for him by some special grace. Wherever he lands, he climbs higher, swims faster, and walks further, than the natives can do; and thus he obviates a world of difficulties which would be raised up about his carrying

## CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX.

the most promising youths of each settlement away with him for a time, for instruction and training. It is known that he will bring them back to spend the cold, or the hot, or any unfavourable season, at home; and they see that he can and does put them in the way of welfare in this life as effectually as if he had, nothing to say to them of another. In him, the Church of England has sent forth after an interval, another marked representative of its missionary function. Henry Martyn will long be remembered with a tender admiration and pitying affection as the first scholarly and holy minister sent out by our century to bring the barbaric world into a participation in our best privileges. But wherever he is spoken of, the name of George Augustus Selwyn will follow, a minister of the same Church, with the learning, and the holiness, and the devotedness of Henry Martyn, but with no need of compassion, or any sorrowing emotion, to be mingled with the admiration with which his career is regarded. As a family man, with his intellectual faculties equably and highly cultivated, and his moral nature as thoroughly exercised as the physical in the service of a waiting multitude, he is that fair and noble specimen of a man of our age which we are proud and grateful to send to the other side of the globe, to convey to the antique nations of barbarism the idea and the impulse of progress."—*Once-a-Week*.

### CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

#### CHAP. V.

(Our Lord's Third Passover, and the subsequent transactions to the Mission of the Seventy.)

Time, Six Months. A.D. 29-30.

|         | SUBJECT.                                                                            | ORDER OF LESSONS.       |
|---------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Sec. 1. | Christ reproves the Pharisees for their traditions<br>( <i>Capernaum</i> ).         | Matt. 15, v. 1-20.      |
| 2.      | Christ heals the daughter of a Syro—Phœnician Woman<br>( <i>In Tyre and Sidon</i> ) | " v. 21-28.             |
| 3.      | Deaf and dumb man healed—4,000 miraculously fed<br>( <i>Decapolis</i> )             | " v. 29-38.             |
| 4.      | Pharisees require other signs ( <i>Magdala</i> )                                    | ... Matt. 16, v. 1-4.   |
| 5.      | Warning against the leaven of the Pharisees ( <i>Near the Sea of Galilee</i> )      | ... " v. 5-12.          |
| 6.      | A blind men healed ( <i>Bethsada</i> )                                              | ... Luke 8, v. 22-26.   |
| 7.      | Peter's profession that Christ is the Messiah ( <i>Cæsarea Philippi</i> )           | ... Matt. 16, v. 13-20. |
| 8.      | Christ foretells his death and resurrection ( <i>Cæsarea Philippi</i> )             | ... " v. 21-28.         |
| 9.      | The Transfiguration ( <i>Cæsarea Ph.</i> )                                          | ... Matt. 17, v. 1-13.  |
| 10.     | The healing of a Demoniac ( <i>Cæsarea Ph.</i> )                                    | ... " v. 14-21.         |
| 11.     | Christ again foretells his passion and resurrection<br>( <i>Galilee</i> )           | ... " v. 22-23.         |
| 12.     | The tribute money miraculously provided ( <i>Capernaum</i> )                        | Matt. 17, v. 24-27.     |
| 13.     | The disciples dispute for supremacy ( <i>Capernaum</i> )                            | " 18, v. 1-35.          |
| 14.     | Jesus goes up to the feast of Tabernacles, and final departure from Galilee         | ... Luke 9, v. 51-62.   |

#### CHAP. VI.

(From the Mission of the Seventy until our Lord's arrival at Bethany, six days before the fourth Passover.)

Time, Six Months. A.D. 29-30.

|         |                                                                                                                |                        |
|---------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Sec. 1. | The Seventy are sent out ( <i>Samaria</i> )                                                                    | ... Luke 10, v. 1-16.  |
| 2.      | Jesus at the feast of Tabernacles ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                                            | ... John 7, v. 11-53.  |
| 3.      | The Woman taken in Adultery ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                                                  | ... John 8, v. 1-11    |
| 4.      | Christ the Light of the word; the unbelieving Jews reproved, and his escape from their hands ( <i>Jerus.</i> ) | " v. 12-59.            |
| 5.      | Return of the Seventy with joy ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                                               | ... Luke 10, v. 17-24. |
| 6.      | A lawyer instructed. Parable of the good Samaritan<br>( <i>Near Jerus.</i> )                                   | ... " v. 25-37.        |
| 7.      | Jesus in the house of Martha ( <i>Bethany</i> )                                                                | ... " v. 38-42.        |
| 8.      | The disciples again taught to pray. ( <i>Near Jerus.</i> )                                                     | ... Luke 11, v. 1-13.  |




## ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

9. A blind man healed on the Sabbath; and Christ's subsequent discourses (*Jerus.*) ... John 9, v. 1-41.
10. Christ the Door and the Good Shepherd (*Jerus.*) ... John 10, v. 1-21.
11. Jesus at the feast of Dedication asserts his divinity (*Jerus.*) ... v. 22-42.
12. The raising of Lazarus (*Bethany*) ... John 11, v. 1-46.
13. Caiaphas prophesies, and Jesus retires from Jerusalem. (*Jerus.*) ,, v. 47-54.

### THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|         |                                            |                                                         |
|---------|--------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| June 17 | 2 SUND. AFTER TRIN.                        | Morn. Judges 4—Luke 1. Even. Judges 5—Gal. 1.           |
| 24      | 3 SUND. AFTER TRIN.<br>ST. JOHN'S BAPTISM. | Morn. 1 Sam. 2—Mat. 3. Even. 1 Sam. 3—Mat. 14 to v. 13. |
| July 1  | 4 SUND. AFTER TRIN.                        | Morn. 1 Sam. 12—Luke 13. Even. 1 Sam. 13—Phil. 1.       |
| 8       | 5 SUND. AFTER TRIN.                        | Morn. 1 Sam. 15—Luke 20. Even. 1 Sam. 17—Col. 4.        |

 A Cottage Lecture in Freeman's Place on Thursday Evenings. The Choir will meet for Practice on Wednesday Evenings, in the Schools, at half-past Seven.

NOTES.—The Church, from Advent to Trinity Sunday inclusive, having celebrated the high festivals and gone through, as it were, the greater part of the Creed, proceeds during the Sundays after Trinity to apply the doctrines of the Christian Faith to Christian practise. Each Sunday inculcates its holy affection and disposition. Thus, on the Second Sunday after Trinity, the continual love of God is propounded as our aim; on the third Sunday, the value of a penitent and contrite power of mind is set forth; on the fourth, we are solemnly moved against the danger of rash and censorious judgment; and on the fifth, godly quietness and peaceableness are enforced as amongst our Christian duties. It is the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel especially, which stamp the character of the day.

## ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

At the last Vestry Meeting the Churchwardens produced their accounts exhibiting a deficiency of £15 or £16. Their calculations of the year's expenses had been embarrassed by unexpected outlays in the repairs of the roof and of the Almshouses; and had it not been for the demand arising from these necessary reparations, the balance against the Church would not have existed. The collection on Sunday, May 20th, we regret to learn, failed to produce any sensible effect upon the deficiency—not quite reaching, as it did, £4. The Churchwardens, consequently, re-enter upon their office this year with a debt of almost £11 upon their shoulders.

The present and future position of the Church in respect to its finances occupied the attention of the Vestry, as a matter of course, as soon as the state of affairs was made known; and various expedients were suggested to prevent a similar result another year. The question was asked as to whether all persons habitually sitting in the appropriated pews paid for their sittings; and an answer being given in the negative, the Churchwardens were advised to enforce payment from all as in their duty to the Church and in justice to others it appeared to the Vestry they ought to do. The Chairman professed his willingness to make some sacrifice in case the Churchwardens acted upon the Vestry's advice. He apprehended it was not generally known that the sittings in the middle of the Church were assigned by the title deeds for the Minister's maintenance; while the sittings in the aisles or sides of the Church were free for ever. He thought that many habitually sat in the appropriated sittings and offered no "tribute money" for the privilege—if privilege it be—from a notion that all the sittings in the Church were free; and the Churchwardens had only to make a representation of the case as it really was, to produce a general acquiescence in the fairness of paying "tribute to whom tribute is due." He should be glad to resign a fourth for the Services of the Church.

as long, and no longer than, his circumstances permitted. For every purpose of worship the free sittings were quite as good as the appropriated ones, and he was sure that as cordial a welcome was given to those who sat in the one as in the other.

A vote of thanks was proposed to the Churchwardens for their services during their past year of office.

## ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

## NEEDLEWORK DONE AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:—

|                               | s. | d. |                                | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------|----|----|--------------------------------|----|----|
| Aprons ... ..                 | 0  | 1½ | Petticoats, White ... ..       | 1  | 0  |
| Caps Trimmed ... ..           | 0  | 4  | Pinafores ... ..               | 0  | 2  |
| “ Plain ... ..                | 0  | 2  | Pocket Handkerchiefs per dozen | 0  | 9  |
| Chemise Trimmed ... ..        | 1  | 3  | Sheets per pair ... ..         | 0  | 4  |
| “ Plain ... ..                | 0  | 8  | Shirts, Fine ... ..            | 1  | 6  |
| “ Childrens' ... ..           | 0  | 4  | “ Plain ... ..                 | 1  | 0  |
| Drawers Trimmed ... ..        | 0  | 6  | “ Night ... ..                 | 0  | 10 |
| “ Plain ... ..                | 0  | 4  | Table Cloths ... ..            | 0  | 3  |
| Dusters per dozen ... ..      | 0  | 4  | Towels per dozen ... ..        | 0  | 6  |
| Night Gowns Trimmed ... ..    | 1  | 6  | Waistcoats, Flannel ... ..     | 0  | 6  |
| “ “ Plain ... ..              | 0  | 9  | Hemming per yard ... ..        | 0  | 0½ |
| “ “ Childrens' ... ..         | 0  | 4  | Seaming per yard ... ..        | 0  | 1  |
| Petticoats, Flannel ... ..    | 0  | 9  | Marking Letters per dozen ...  | 3  | 0  |
| Pillow Cases, per pair ... .. | 0  | 3  |                                |    |    |

An additional charge is made for thread.

Materials to be made up may be sent to St. John's Parsonage; or to the Schools, addressed to the care of Miss Simonson.

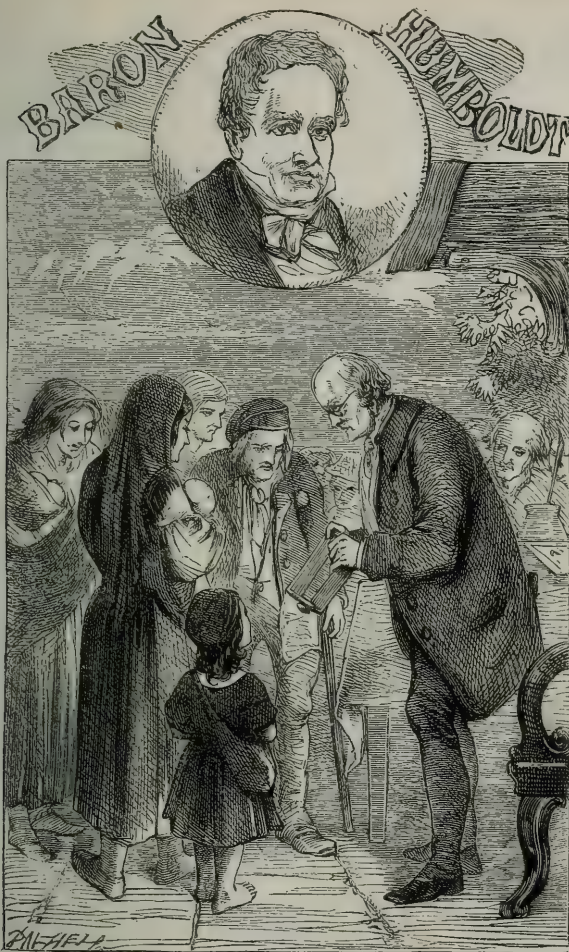
The ladies who have undertaken the sewing department have arranged to divide the profits equally between the Workers and the School. A separate account will be opened for each child permitted to work; and the money earned by her during the year will be given at Christmas. The managers will add a penny to every shilling earned by the workers.

The prices for the needlework have been fixed at such a rate as to enable any girl of industrious habits and moderate expertness at the needle to earn about 12s in the year; a sum which will be more than enough to pay for her schooling. Children of good principle and generous disposition will be glad to assist their parents in a way like this, where the necessity exists.

THE ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY, at one of the recent meetings of the committee, voted a grant of £40 towards the stipend of a Curate for the Parish of St. Cuthbert; thus making two grants amounting to £105 per annum in behalf of this town. No diocese of England receives more efficient aid from this valuable handmaid of the Church than does the Diocese of Durham.—The cause of the Home Mission was lately advocated from the pulpit of Yarm Church by the Rev. W. H. Elliott, Vicar of Sockburn, and the sum of £4 8s was collected.

MONTHLY BAGS, containing a good supply of bed linen and personal linen for mother and child, can now be had by women of good character and in indigent circumstances living in the Parish of Saint John. Further particulars can be had on enquiry at the Parsonage, or of Miss Clare, St. John's Schools. The following contributions have been received towards the purchase of materials:—Mrs Stephens, 10s; Miss Child, 8s.; Miss Mewburn, 2s. 6d.; Miss E. Mewburn, 2s. 6d.; and Mrs. W. Wooler, 10s. The articles were made by the children in the sewing school, who cheerfully gave their services for the purpose.

BENEFACTIONS TO THE CHURCH.—A Lady has presented sets of elegant and appropriate Markers for all the Service Books of the Church. The offerings of the congregation on Sunday, May 20th, towards the expenses of divine worship were £3 16s. 6d.



HUMBOLDT SHOWING HIS EMPTY DRAWER TO THE POOR.

### Baron Humboldt.\*



RIEDRICH Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt was born at Berlin, on the 14th of September, 1769.

This year is a memorable one in human history, for in it were born Napoleon, Wellington, Sir Walter Scott, Canning, Chateaubriand, and Cuvier.

Humboldt's father was a major in the Prussian army, had served under the great Frederick, and was a tolerably wealthy man. Alexander was carefully educated at home by tutors, in the first instance.

\* Abridged from an excellent book, entitled *Men who have made themselves*. London: James Blackwood. Price 5s.



When he was seventeen, he was sent to the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder. In 1788, Alexander removed from Frankfort, and entered himself at the University of Göttingen. There he became intimate with George Forster, son-in-law of Gottlieb Heyne.

Forster had been with Capt. Cook in his voyages to the South Seas, and the description of his adventures in that part of his life fired Humboldt's soul with a desire to see and explore the world. In 1790, having left the university, he made a tour, along with Forster, up the Rhine, then back across Holland, and over to England.

Humboldt at this time made up his mind to enter the civil service of his native country, and it became necessary that he should get some practical acquaintance with business-matters: so, in this same year, he went to Hamburgh, entered a commercial academy, and studied book-keeping and the general arrangements of trade. He was to be employed by the Government in charge of mines or smelting-works: he had therefore to acquaint himself, too, with the practice of metallurgy. He went to Freiburg in the next year, and placed himself under the instruction of the famous geologist, Werner. In 1792, having completed his preparations, he received his first appointment. He was made superintendent of the Government mines at Bayreuth. Here he remained, occupied by the duties of his post, till 1795. During these years he wrote a good deal, and contributed many scientific papers to periodicals.

All this time his breast had been filled by an eager and growing desire to travel, and study nature in every zone and circumstance. "I had from my earliest youth," he says, "felt a burning desire to travel in distant lands unexplored by Europeans." He resigned his appointment, and prepared to set forth; but this was no easy matter, for Europe was engaged in the French war, and trade and ocean-traffic were almost suspended. He rambled about Germany for nearly two years. While at Jena, he published *Investigations of the Muscles and Nerve-Fibres; with Conjectures on the Chemical Process of Life in the Animal and Vegetable World*; and another work on *Subterranean Kinds of Gas, and the Means of lessening their bad effects*.

Still detained in Europe, he crossed the Alps, and made a short stay in Italy. He thought of going to Egypt, but found it impossible to carry out his design. Then he heard that the French Government intended to send out a scientific expedition to explore the southern hemisphere: so he went off at once to Paris, to offer himself for the work. The intention was abandoned; but Humboldt had acquired, at Paris, the friendship of the naturalist, Bonpland, who was to have been one of the explorers; and the two men of science resolved to go together to Africa: but they found that impossible. They therefore went to Spain, and obtained at Madrid the permission of the Government to explore the Spanish provinces in South America.

On the 4th of June, 1799, the two friends set sail from Corunna, and for five years after this they were continually travelling over South America, generally sailing up its mighty rivers in a fragile canoe. This was a perfectly virgin soil for scientific investigation; and at the end of five years their first thrill of wonder and surprise at the marvellous vegetation and animal life of tropical climes was rather increased than diminished. They ascended the great river

Oronookoo ; they explored the upper part of the Rio Negro ; they established, for the first time, the connexion between the Amazon and the Oronookoo. After these journeys, they sailed across to Cuba, where they remained some months. Thence they returned to the mainland, and sailed up the Magdalena till it became too shallow to bear their little craft. Then they went by land to Popayan and Quito, and thence on to Lima. In this journey they crossed the Cordilleras five times ; and they climbed to the top of Chimborazo, 19,300 feet above the sea—being, it is believed, the highest elevation to which man ever ascended. At Lima they took ship, and sailed to Guayaquil. From Guayaquil they went to Acapulca, on the other side of the continent, and facing the wide Pacific. Thence they journeyed inland, examined the mysterious antiquities of Mexico, and refreshed themselves by a temporary return to the upper day of modern civilisation, by a journey across the prairies and mountains into the United States. Then again to Cuba, and from thence sailed for Europe, returning in Aug. 1804, bringing with them, “as the result of their five years’ absence,” an immense mass of new knowledge in geography, geology, botany, zoology, and every branch of natural science.

For the next twelve years Humboldt was sufficiently engaged in preparing for publication the varied results and impressions of his romantic pilgrimage. A general title was given to the series of works he produced,—*The Journeys of Humboldt and Bonpland into the Interior of America, from the Year 1799 to 1804*. Between 1807 and 1817, six or seven different works, parts of the general plan, appeared. Each was confined to a special science or class of science, and most carefully illustrated by atlases and plates.

For the first part that was published Humboldt alone was responsible : it was on the geography and the geographical distribution of plants in the regions traversed. The second was the work of the two travellers, and comprised zoology and comparative anatomy. Humboldt was again the sole author of the third publication : it was a political essay on the government and polity of the lands he had seen. Other scientific men were now associated with the two fellow-travellers in the preparations for publication of their still huge materials ; and the next part, on astronomy and magnetism, had the name of Oltmanns attached to it. The fifth part was exclusively botanical, and was undertaken by Humboldt himself. All the foregoing appeared in French. Between 1815 and 1818 there appeared also, in Latin, in six folio volumes, a classification and description of all the plants collected in the expedition.

In 1817 the work was done, and the various countries of Europe had had communicated to them the rich results of the hazardous enterprise. And now Humboldt was free for new efforts. Next year he went to Italy, and afterwards he spent some time in England. He does not seem to have published anything more till 1823, when he brought out a geological work on the super-position of rocks in both hemispheres.

In 1826 he went to reside in his native city, Berlin, and there he fixed his head-quarters till his death. He was most warmly received by his townsmen and countrymen ; and the court and the people

seemed to contend who should do him most honour. The same happy rivalry continued to exist up till the day of his death.

In 1829 Humboldt was sixty-one years of age, but the old exploring spirit was not dead; and when the Czar Nicholas invited him in that year to become one of an expedition to explore Siberia, he at once accepted the proposal. As in the case of the journey of his earlier days, a great many books were brought out, after his return to Berlin, by him or under his superintendence, giving the scientific results of the expedition.

While he was in Siberia, Humboldt discovered a multitude of the most important facts in connexion with the laws of terrestrial magnetism; and, in order to continue the observation of the manifestations of this mysterious power of nature, he induced the Prussian, English, United States, French, Austrian, and Russian Governments to establish magnetic observatories wherever their national flags waved. In these observatories, for the establishment of which we are indebted to Humboldt's instigation, meteorological registers have been continuously kept. The result we have attained is, that we now know with perfect accuracy the laws that affect the distribution of heat over the world. This final result has been arrived at by Professor Dove, of Berlin, to whom were submitted the registers kept at all the observatories; and, from a comparison of their several contents he deduced and expounded the general laws. The magnetic observations were in the same way submitted to General Sabine; and from them he has learnt and explained the laws which regulate the variation of the earth's magnetic intensity. He has shown how closely connected these variations are with the temperature of the earth, and with certain phenomena occurring from time to time in the sun. If Humboldt had not impressed on the Governments of the civilised world the great benefit of making the observations, these valuable discoveries would in all probability have still been perfectly unknown to the human race.

From 1830 to 1848, Humboldt moved backwards and forwards between Paris and Berlin. Against his own inclination, but at the urgent wish of his king, Frederick William III., he had frequently entrusted to him diplomatic arrangements of a delicate character. He thereby gained the intimacy of Louis Philippe, as well as of his own sovereign; and this advantage, rare to men of science, of possessing the confidence of two kings, he used for no personal gain, but largely for the promotion of scientific objects.

From 1848, he lived permanently in Berlin. His last years were enriched by every honour and distinction that sovereign and people could confer. "The monarch of science was daily the beloved guest of the royal circle; and the king himself, by all signs of respect, confidence, and attachment, honoured the man revered by all the world."

The great work of the last years of his life was his *Cosmos*, which he left unfinished, in which he "endeavours to comprehend the phenomena of physical objects in their general connexion, and to view Nature as one great whole, moved and animated by internal forces."

For some time Humboldt had a presentiment of death; and he repeatedly spoke of the year 1859 as the last in which he should be alive. After several apoplectic strokes he was seized with an influ-



enza, in October 1858, and died on the 6th of May, 1859, peacefully and painlessly. He was within four months of ninety, and the last survivor of the glorious galaxy of men born in his natal year, 1769.

His personal amiability was great; and if Europe at his death lost an instructor, the poor of Berlin lost a benefactor. It was his regular habit, every Saturday afternoon, to have a party of poor folks at his house, and to divide among them all the money he had left after paying his weekly expenses. Sometimes there were more who came than he had money for; and to these he used to show his empty drawer, as proof of want of funds, and say, "You see I have no more; you must come next Saturday." In reference to this beautiful phase of his character Dr. Hoffman said, in his funeral oration, "Many others who revered him as a benefactor will cherish his memory in secret. I refrain from embodying in words all that might be said on this head. The deceased, in his innumerable deeds of love, kept his right hand ignorant of what his left hand did, and I am unwilling to bring to light that which he took so much pains to conceal. I know what he did in this respect; but far better is it known to Him who does not forget the cup of cold water given to a disciple in His name."


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## Something about Leeches.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.

"He with a smile did then his words repeat,  
And said that gathering leeches far and wide  
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the pools where they abide.  
Once I could meet with them on every side,  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

WORDSWORTH'S *Resolution and Independence*.

"OMETHING about leeches!" Perhaps the reader may think that the less said about such nasty things the better—perhaps he may have a most unmitigated and almost superstitious horror of those slimy, crawling, biting, cold-blooded animals, which form the subject of this paper. Well, they have, I grant, unpleasant associations—wounds, inflammations, physic-bottles, sick-nurses, bran poultices, are certainly not their "jolly companions every one;" therefore, should you, timid reader, fear to learn anything of leech-lore, you can skip these pages, and, by an easy process of "natural selection," pass on to the next paper.

The most ancient book in which the leech is mentioned is in the best of all books, the Bible. In Prov. xxx. 15 we read, (and the word is found nowhere else), "The horseleach hath two daughters, crying, Give, give." The wise man is speaking of insatiable things, and the leech occurs to his mind as an instance. "She hath as it were two daughters, crying, Give, give," as though she required for herself alone blood enough to satisfy three. In the 14th verse of this chapter the inspired writer is speaking of "a generation, whose teeth

are as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives," and then, immediately afterwards, he mentions the leech. It is curious to observe how exactly this description agrees with the structure of the mouth of the medicinal leech, with its three sharp teeth as shown in fig. 13. Truly these teeth are "as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives."

But what is the derivation of our homely word Leech? What, I mean, is the notion that lies hid in it? Thanks to Dean Trench, one hardly ever now meets with a word but one wishes to trace how it came into our language. Down comes the dictionary, and we search amongst its pages for the word, in the hope of *digging* out its *root*. Now what saith Richardson, our great authority in this matter of derivation? "*Leech* — Anglo-Saxon *Læce*, from *Laen-ian*, *læcnian* to heal." This is interesting; for perhaps you may remember that in early English authors, such as Chaucer and Spenser, this word, *leech* or *leach* or *leche* (for it has been spelt in all these ways) was applied not only to the animal but also to persons, both male and female, who were skilful in the art of healing; and indeed, even to this day, the word is so used: for what village herd-boy knows not where the cow-leach lives. Spenser writes, —

"Home is he brought and laid in sumptuous bed,  
Where many skilful *leeches* him abide,  
To salve his hurt that yet still freshly bled."—*Faërie Queen*, b. i. c. 5.

And I find in Wicliffe's translation of the New Testament the following words in the second chapter of St. Mark: "Ihesus seide to hem, hoole man han no neode to a leche."\*

There are several genera of freshwater leeches which belong to Britain, but I propose to confine my remarks to a few of the most common or best-known kinds. Wordsworth's little sonnet, from which I have quoted the stanza which heads this paper, was written in the year 1807, and, even at that time, we learn that the medicinal leech (*Hirudo officinalis*) was rarely to be met with, compared with the numbers which once existed in some of the English lakes. "Once I could meet with them in every place," somewhat sorrowfully replies the old leech-gatherer to the poet, "but they have dwindled long by slow decay." And now this species has almost disappeared from our British fauna, consequently we have been for some years almost entirely dependent for our supply on other countries, specially the South of France, Poland, Hungary, and Morocco. Some idea may be formed of the immense numbers of these animals, from the fact that four only of the principal dealers in London imported a few years ago seven or eight millions annually!

I have already referred to the structure of the leech's mouth (fig. 13); it is situated in the middle of the fore sucker (fig. 18); around it, and arranged in a radiate manner, are seen the three teeth. Each tooth has two rows of very sharp saw-like edges (see fig. 14, which is a side-view of one of these teeth very highly magnified), and is fixed in a bed of powerful muscle. Now look at the working of this machinery when put in motion. The strong muscles in which these

\* "Jesus said to him, whole (or sound) man hath no need to (go to) a leech."  
"They that are whole have no need of the physician."—Mark, ii. 17.

saws are imbedded are of course the motive power; the mouth is fixed firmly to the part, which, being rendered tense and hard by the



action of the sucker, is "ready for the knife." Now the saws begin to work, which they do each one separately backwards and forwards,  
6.—7.



beautifully, effectively,—the skin is quickly pierced in three different spots, and out flows the blood which is to satisfy the animal and relieve the patient. 'Tis truly a wonderful piece of animated mechanism, say and feel what you like. The cutting apparatus requires no oil, or if it does, it is easily supplied from the mucous pores of the animal.

The ways in which the medicinal leeches are caught are various. Children are employed to take them by the hand; grown persons wade into the shallow waters in the spring, and take them as they fasten on to their naked legs. In summer time, when they have retired to deep waters, a sort of raft is constructed of twigs and rushes, by which a few are entangled. They are taken by laying baits of liver for them, to which the leeches resort and are thus caught: but this last method is thought to make them sickly.

Have you ever seen a leech's egg? Fig. 15 is a magnified drawing of one; it is a fibrous-coated cocoon, in which are contained numerous embryos. Fig. 16 is a longitudinal section of a cocoon, and fig. 17 is a highly magnified view of a portion of the fibrous coating. The leech leaves the deep water in the spring of the year to deposit its eggs, which it does in moist drains and holes, in which the embryos are matured.

Of the remaining figures which have been left unnoticed, figures 1—9 are drawings of an incubating leech, *Glossiphonia sexoculata*. Fig. 1 represents the back of the animal. Fig. 2 is an under-side view of the same, with the young ones attached; for, strange to say, all the members of the family *Glossiphoniæ*, or *snail leeches*, retain their juvenile fry for a considerable time after they are hatched, firmly fixed to their under surface, and so numerous and so lively are the progeny in some instances, that one is sometimes reminded of that worthy, patient, yet perplexed old woman, whose residence was a shoe! whose troubles are so graphically described by Gammer Gurton in the dear old Nursery Rhymes. Fig. 3 is a glossiphon curling itself up, as is its wont when taken out of the water. Fig. 4 is an under-side view, showing the numerous branching stomachs. In fig. 6 you behold an egg of a glossiphon with a number of embryos encircled by a thin jelly-like envelope. Fig. 5 is an egg in a developing stage. Fig. 7 a young one, not quite matured. Fig. 8 is the head of a full-grown individual, showing the characteristic tongue protruded. Fig. 9 is a young, matured individual, after it has left its "*mother's apron-strings*." All these figures are magnified, with the exception of figures 10 and 12, which represent respectively the natural size of the cocoon of *Nephelis octoculata*, and that animal itself in the act of depositing an egg.

And now, patient reader, I bid adieu to the leeches. If the perusal of these sentences and the inspection of these figures have been accompanied with disgust akin to that which attaches to the animal itself, I hope you will recover without either the external or internal remedy of *Hirudo medicinalis*.

\* \* The illustrations which accompany this paper were drawn for me by my friend and coadjutor, Mr. Travis; they are, with one exception, copied from Moquin Tandon's monograph of the leeches, and from a German work on the development of the glossiphons.

**F**EW of our native plants are more showy than the Chicory or Succory, whose bright blue star-like flowers are conspicuous

at this season of the year by the road-sides and on the borders of corn-fields. The Chicory is closely allied to the well-known plant Endive; and in some countries the leaves (which lose their bitterness by cultivation) are much used in salads. The plant grows in the form of a lettuce, and the root, which is of the same shape as that of a parsnip, penetrates the ground to a considerable depth. In Germany, a substitute for coffee, prepared from the roots, is much used by the peasantry: for the same purpose it is cultivated in several parts of England; and of all the plants which have been proposed as a substitute for coffee, Chicory is the only one which has maintained its ground. In times of scarcity, the roots, gathered before the stems shoot up, dried and ground, have been made into bread.

Adder's-tongue, so called from the likeness which the spike bears to the tongue of a snake, belongs to that class of plants, the flowers of which are invisible to the naked eye. In some parts of England it is very abundant in the fields, and is gathered in large quantities by the country people, and made into an ointment for healing wounds. Old herbalists ascribed wondrous properties to the Adder's-tongue. Dr. Salmon says it is

especially valuable in forming "an essence good for the bites of mad dogs."

R. B.



## The Lark and the Owl.

A FABLE.

BY E. R. JOHNSON, B.A., FARNBOROUGH.



LARK had been very happy all day, as he soared again and again into the sky, and "shook out of his little throat floods of delirious music;" he had settled himself for the night, and was already well into his first sleep, when he was suddenly awoke by a wild scream, followed by a dull, whizzing sound, as of something flying close past him; and when he looked up to ascertain what had happened, he saw by the faint moonlight a venerable white owl sitting on the top of the wall close by, and ogling and gaping at him as he thought rather unpleasantly.

Now no one likes to be roused up out of his first sleep, and it is always supposed to have a bad effect on the very best of tempers, so we must not wonder that the lark was somewhat annoyed, and muttered something to himself, to the effect that he wished people would not come disturbing him in this way.

The owl happened to overhear the grumble (for you must know Mr. Owl is uncommonly sharp of hearing), and being a sensible, polite owl, too, he at once said he was sorry he had disturbed Mr. Lark, and assured him he did not know he was near; moreover, he had no intention of staying, as he had just come out to enjoy himself for the night.

People say sometimes, that if once you ruffle a man's temper, you only make matters ten times worse by trying to smooth it, and I am afraid it was so with the lark, for he now sat up in his bed and spoke out rather freely, hinting that all *honest* folks should be in bed at that time of night, instead of coming out to enjoy themselves.

However, Mr. Owl, very wisely, didn't make himself angry at his impertinence, but, still wishing to defend his character, he remarked, that instead of thinking it time to go to bed, *he* had only just got out of bed: he had been at home ever since sunrise, and as he had been very tired with hunting all the night before, he had slept soundly, and was now uncommonly hungry. Moreover," he added, "I assure you I am an honest, sober, well-to-do owl, with a wife and family, occupying a comfortable house in the old oak-tree in the wood; and I shall be happy to see you there, Mr. Lark, whenever you will come and pay us a visit."

"I am much obliged to you," said the lark, with great dignity, "but you must excuse me if I decline; your ways of going on are not what I have been taught to approve of: my notion is, that it is wrong for any lark to turn night into day, as you acknowledge that you do; and when any one talks of *hunting all night*, it sounds rather like poaching to me. Why can't you hunt in the day-time, and then it would not look so suspicious?"

"But I don't like the day-time," said the owl; "indeed I cannot bear it."

"Ah, there it is," interrupted the lark: "but then, what is one to think of people's actions if they can't bear the light of day? I have no wish to be rude, but I know what I have been taught about that."



"But I only mean that I enjoy the night-time most; in fact, it suits my constitution better."

"Oh, I dare say!" pursued the lark; "that's a very nice excuse, no doubt: but no one will quite believe that. What does the sun shine for, then, I should like to know? Answer me that. And, besides, no one who lives the life that I do can hesitate about it. Dear me! when I mount up to sing at heaven's gate, and gaze on the glorious sun, it sends a thrill of delight through every bone in my body!"

"Oh! but it would kill me; my eyes are weak, and I can't look on the sun like that."

"Of course you can't! and no wonder your eyes are weak; so would mine grow weak, if I sat moping in a dark hole all day. But if you would get up in good time, before the sun is at its height, and exercise yourself, you would by degrees become quite able to bear it."

"Oh, it's impossible!" said the owl, winking vigorously at the bare notion of such a proceeding.

"Have you ever tried?" replied the other. "I dare venture to say that you never have."

"I can't exactly say that I have; though I have sometimes been driven out of my house in the day-time, and soon found it necessary to hide myself."

"Well, then," chimed in the lark triumphantly, "of course you can't pretend to know anything about it; but if you would only come with me to-morrow morning—you can't imagine what it is like, to fly up and up, far away from everything that troubles us here, to pierce through a cloud and rise above it into the clear air beyond, and then to look down on the hills and woods and waving cornfields. Dear me! you would wish you might stay there for ever." And the lark's heart began to grow warmer, and his ill-temper half vanished, at the recollection of the beautiful sights he had seen. But, lo and behold! in a moment the owl vanished, and without a word darted out of sight on the other side of the wall, and Mr. Lark was left alone again. He could not help thinking that Mr. Owl had forgotten his manners, if he ever had any, going away and not even wishing him good night; but he did not trouble himself about that, as he was anxious to settle to rest again, and on the whole he was rather glad to get rid of the owl, whom he set down for a queer harum-scarum kind of fellow. However, in a few moments the owl made his appearance again, and apologising for having gone off so suddenly, he explained it by saying that he had seen a mouse cross the path some yards off and he could not resist going after him; and as the owl flapped his wings with satisfaction, it was pretty evident that he had not only seen a mouse but had caught it and tossed it down his throat. Strange as it may appear, the lark became more angry than ever at this, for he had no doubt now that the owl was making game of him. "What," said he, "you pretend that you can see a mouse at this time of night some yards off from you? Why, I could hardly see one if it was close under my beak! And just now you declared that your eyes were so weak and your sight so bad that you could not see nearly so well as I could! Really you must take me for a fool to try and impose upon me in this way. And the notion of a great clumsy fellow like you catching a mouse!—I should like to see it."

This was becoming rather too much for Mr. Owl's temper, and soon high words were passing, which seemed likely to end in a positive quarrel; but just at that moment an exquisite voice was heard in the wood close by, sounding clear and richly in the evening air, and both owl and lark stopped to listen.

"Ah, there's my good friend Mr. Nightingale," said the owl; "he is like me, and knows how to enjoy these quiet hours of the night. Listen to him! that song surely is the song of a heart that's brimfull of sweet and happy enjoyment. I suppose you think him a disreputable character for turning night into day as you call it; have you the face to go and tell him that he should be in bed instead of singing there at this time of night?"

"Nothing of the sort," said the lark; "I have a great respect for my friend Mr. Nightingale: but you are a little mistaken if you think that he likes night better than day. It is true he is rather late to-night, but I have often met him in the middle of the day, and have heard him sing then as he is doing now. Don't you fancy that Mr. Nightingale would approve of your ways any more than I do, nor would he believe all the nonsense you have been talking about people seeing better at night than in the day. I am not quite so ignorant as you seem to think me."

So here were these two worthies going to quarrel now about the nightingale, one declaring he was like himself, a respectable day-bird, making sensible use of his eyes in the day-time; the other asserting as positively that he knew better, for the nightingale was always singing at night. It was clear they never could agree, and I don't know where it would have ended if the nightingale had not happened to come and light upon a tree close by, so both referred the matter to him for decision.

The nightingale soon saw how matters stood between them, and settled it for them by saying, that for himself he could enjoy both light and darkness, and saw at night as well as in the day. He was able to speak to Mr. Owl's character, and assure the lark that what he had said of himself was all true; while, on the other hand, he was able to enter into all that the lark had expressed about the sunshine, "though I have never soared as near the sun as you have," he said: "but," added he, "I'll tell you what it is, you two would be better friends and understand each other better if you were better acquainted; your whole nature and habits are as different as can be, and you cannot judge rightly of each other because you are ignorant of all this, and as long as this is the case you will never agree; if you *were* better acquainted you would find that you have each a place to fill, and though so different, are yet each of you marvellously fitted for your respective spheres."

How apt we are to be like the owl and lark! how many of our bitternesses and prejudices arise just from this very ignorance of each other! What much better friends men of different stations and characters would be if they knew each other better! how much happier and wiser we should all be, if we would now and then look at things from another's point of view as well as from our own! If we remembered more St. Paul's bidding, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

# Short Sermons.

No. VI.

## The Burning Bush.

BY WALTER S. LEWIS, INCUMBENT OF TRINITY CHURCH, RIPON.

AUTHOR OF "LANDMARKS OF FAITH."

EXOD. iii. 2, 3.—*"And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt."*



T appears, from the verse which follows our text, that Moses was not permitted to fulfil this design. He was not allowed, as he wished, "to draw nigh." But, in another sense, *we* are not forbidden to attempt the same thing. We shall find it, I trust, both acceptable to God and profitable to ourselves to "draw nigh" with our minds, and to investigate the wonder here recorded by the eyes of our faith. I purpose, therefore, with God's blessing, to inquire,—

- I. Who it was that appeared to Moses in the bush? and,
- II. Why He thought good to appear in that way?

I. I am to show you, first, who was the Person that appeared in the bush. And this is not so simple a matter as may be supposed. There is a degree of mystery on this point. He who appeared to Moses is spoken of in a very remarkable way. He is called, for instance, in this Scripture, "the Angel of the Lord." Now, if in these words we omit the word "of," as many think should be done; if we replace the title, "the Lord," by its Hebrew equivalent, *Jehovah*, which was the special and incommunicable name of the Supreme God; and if we remember that the word "angel" simply and strictly means a messenger, or one sent; then this expression, "the Angel of the Lord," becomes, by interpretation, "the Messenger *Jehovah*:" which is a very singular, not to say, a very mysterious appellation. For it shows, that the Person who appeared was unquestionably the Most High,—so high, that is, and so great, that none could be above Him; and yet it presents Him to us by the name and in the capacity of an angel, that is, as some one sent forth to be a messenger to mankind. How both views can be correct is the point to explain.

That this angel or messenger, however, was really *Jehovah*, will only appear the more certainly the more we search into this chapter. If you look, for example, in the fourth verse, you will find this same person spoken of again as *Jehovah* and as God; while in the sixth



verse He calls himself "the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;" and afterwards, many times over, He is described as God and the Lord, or Jehovah, and more than once by the two titles united, "Jehovah, the God of thy fathers." But the most striking name assumed by Him is in the fourteenth verse of the chapter. Moses had been inquiring respecting this very point of His name; and the answer given him was as follows: "I AM THAT I AM. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." The meaning of which majestic title may partly be explained, I think, in this way. All beings, except God—all beings beneath God (and there are none above Him)—are the works of His hands; they are creatures, or things formed; and they live, or have life, by the act of His power. But God has life in himself; He was never made nor created; in Him is the fountain of life; and it is by His own power that He lives. When any created beings, therefore, would describe their nature and existence, they must say, "We are made; and we are that precisely which it has pleased God to make us—just that, and no more." But when the Almighty would describe to man His own glorious nature, He simply calls himself the "I AM." He does not say—for it would not be true—"I am made;" nor can we learn any more by inquiring any further respecting the existence or origin of Jehovah. This is all that can truly be said about His inscrutable self-existence: "I am that I am." And this is said, as you perceive in this chapter, respecting Him who appeared in the bush. Moses might well be afraid, and cover his face with his robe.

But then comes the difficulty to which we have already adverted. How can this great "I AM" be as a messenger, or one sent? Who is to give directions to Jehovah? And from whose presence is He to come as an angel to mankind? The fifth chapter of the Gospel of St. John will throw light on this point. In the twenty-sixth verse we find these words: "As the *Father hath life in himself*, even so hath He given to the *Son to have life in himself*." Again, in verse 21, we read thus: "As the Father raiseth the dead, and quickeneth them," *i. e.* causes the dead to become "quick" or alive, "even so the Son quickeneth," or makes alive, "whom He will." From which two texts it appears, therefore, that there are more Beings than one having "life in themselves,"—more Persons than one having power to bestow life on others. There are two such at the least: the first spoken of as the Father, and the other (partly because deriving from Him His equal nature and glory) described as His Son. Now this Son, as many Scriptures instruct us, is He who became man for our sakes, and who was known, when He lived amongst men, as the Holy Jesus of Nazareth. Consequently, we are taught here, you observe, in regard to that part of the nature of the Lord Jesus which was more than human, that He had "life in himself:" or, in other words, that that loftiest of titles, the "I AM," rightly belonged unto Him. And so we find Him also declaring of himself in those words, in the eighth chapter of St. John, which the Jews so plainly understood in this sense, that they desired, in consequence, to stone Him: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I AM." Add to all which, and on the other side, what Malachi predicted of our Saviour: "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to

His temple, even the MESSENGER of the Covenant, whom ye delight in;" and we cannot be far from understanding who is meant in our text. It was God the Son, the eternal Jehovah, the great I AM, who appeared unto Moses. It was God the Son, in His own love to mankind, and in the freeness of His own mercy, who came as "One sent" from the Father. So that He really was, as described in our text, at once an angel and Jehovah—at once an ambassador and a king,—at once a messenger in His office, and divine in himself!

And now we inquire, secondly, into the probable reasons which induced our Saviour to manifest himself in this way. Why did He appear in a bush which remained unconsumed though it burned? I think we cannot doubt that He had reference to the condition of Israel at that time; and that He intended to represent or symbolize by this wonderful sight, the affliction under which His people were suffering, and, at the same time, the secret which preserved them in its midst. As the bush was enveloped in flame, so were they surrounded then by the fires of persecution and oppression. As the flames, however, were prevented from causing any injury to the bush, so all the fury and subtlety of Pharaoh had been unable to do any real injury to the people. With all his murderous enactments, with all his un pitying oppression, Israel had multiplied and increased. This was quite as astonishing in its way as the preservation of the bush. And it was to be accounted for, moreover, by precisely the same cause. The bush was preserved from destruction by having, as we have seen, the Lord Christ in its midst; and it was this same presence of Christ which had protected Israel against Pharaoh. This we know, from an expression of St. Paul's respecting an incident in the previous history of Moses, viz. that he esteemed "the reproach of Christ"—the reproach, *i.e.* of being numbered with a people who looked for a Christ, and had Christ spiritually present amongst them—as greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. So that the burning bush teaches us, the blessedness of Christ's presence, and the comfort and support it gives His people in the season of affliction and trial. Which is one of the lessons also taught us by the history of Daniel's companions in the furnace. (Dan. iii.) The king cast three men bound, we find it written, into the midst of its flames, expecting to see them immediately consumed and destroyed. Instead of which, to his astonishment, he beholds, not three men bound, but four loose; not consumed, but wholly uninjured, even to their hair and their garments. And who was this "fourth One, who had power to preserve His companions by His presence?" "His form," said Nebuchadnezzar, "is like the Son of God." His name, we may be assured, was Immanuel: which signifies "God with us," and which is one name, consequently, of our Lord. In the fire, therefore, of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, in the fires of Israel's affliction when in Egypt, and in the fire which enveloped the burning bush, we see the same truth; viz. that if Christ be with us in our trials, they cannot do us real injury: they may threaten, indeed, and alarm, but have no power to consume!

To make this truth of real profit to ourselves there is just one thing we must do. We must take care to *seek* that presence which is such a security against harm; we must pray for grace to *receive* the Saviour, and to have Him dwell, by faith, in our hearts; and

must endeavour, by God's help, to cast out all that would stand in Christ's way. Be very earnest on this point. Trouble must come to us all, whatever our lot in this world. We must all be tried by the "fire." Poverty may try us like a fire. Sickness may try us like a fire. Death will try all of us like a fire. Judgment will try us, and search us, and test us, in our whole nature, like a fire. But the hottest flame of them all shall be powerless, shall have no power, *i.e.* to injure or torment us, if we have Christ in our hearts. Death will *not* be death in that case; it will have no "sting" unto us. Judgment, also, will not be judgment—it shall have no power to condemn. But this is only true of those persons who have received and welcomed the Lord Christ. He stands at the door and knocks; He asks for admittance to our affections; He is almost more than willing, He is waiting, to come in. But if we wish for the blessing of His presence—if we desire Him to save us in the fire—we must *ask* Him to come in, we must bid Him *welcome* to our hearts. There are many in whom Christ is now dwelling. He has been *invited in* by them all. Be careful, therefore, in your religion, to seek the presence of God through His Son. Seek to know God in His Son. "He that hath seen the Son hath seen the Father;" "He that hath the Son hath" eternal "life,"—it is said. So it is declared in the New Testament; so, by the Angel-Jehovah that appeared in the burning bush, it was typified in the Old; and so, through the mercy of the Redeemer, may it be found true in our case!

But be careful, lastly, above all things, to invite the right guest. If we wish for God's presence to be with us in that blessed and saving sense to which we have referred, we must make it a chief point to invite Him in the person of His Son. If we, "miserable sinners" as we are, and as we are taught to confess ourselves by our Church, were to approach God out of Christ; or, if God out of Christ were to draw nigh to us sinners; He himself, in either case, would be as a fire unto us—and a fire, moreover, to consume! No man can see God in this way and survive! And in this sense it is, apparently, that we must understand those dread words: "Our God is a consuming fire." But our blessed Saviour, as the Messenger of mercy, and as the Redeemer and Mediator of His Church, reveals God to us as a Father, and so saves us from that fire. "God was in Christ," it is written, "reconciling the world to himself."

### God's Goodness.



H! 'tis a sight the soul to cheer,  
The promise of the fruitful year,  
When God abroad His bounty flings  
And answering nature laughs and sings!  
He, "for the evil and the good,"  
For them who with heart's gratitude,  
For them who thanklessly, receive  
The blessings He vouchsafes to give,  
Bids from His storehouse in the skies,  
His ran descend, His sun arise.

MANT.



ST. JOHN'S  
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ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

In reply to a question concerning the Government and Management of the Schools, we cannot do better than give an abstract of the Title Deeds ;—the only authentic source from which information can be supplied.

As in the case of all Schools which have been built by aid of the Parliamentary Grant, the draft deed of St. John's Schools was prepared by one of the Treasury Counsel according to a settled form from which a School Committee cannot depart. When the Promoters of a School have decided as to the principles upon which it is to be conducted, whether as a Church of England School, or in union with the National Society, or with the British and Foreign Society, or as a Denominational School, the draft deed embodying that decision is sent from the Privy Council office, to be engrossed by the Promoters' solicitors. The deeds of the St. John's National Schools are, therefore substantially the same as the deeds of every other school which has been pecuniarily assisted by the National Society. The main features of the instrument are these :—The land is conveyed to the Minister and Churchwardens for the time being of St. John, in trust, that the buildings erected upon it shall be for ever appropriated as a school for the education of children or adults, and that the school shall be always in union with the National Society and conducted according to its principles. The Principal officiating Minister for the time being is entrusted with the superintendence of the religious and moral instruction ; and may use or direct the premises to be used for a Sunday School, under his exclusive control and management. But in all other respects, the control and management of the School, including the disposition of its funds and endowments—the appointment and dismissal of the teachers, are vested in a Committee, consisting of the principal officiating Minister, the licensed curate, the churchwardens, and five others, who are contributors in every year of *twenty* shillings at least to the school funds ; who are members of the Church of England, a declaration of which must be made by each in the presence of the Chairman ; and who are also either residents in the Parish or in an Ecclesiastical District adjoining, or have a beneficial interest to the extent of a life Estate at least in real property within the Parish. Vacancies in the Committee are filled up by the majority of a constituency consisting of yearly contributors of *ten* shillings at least to the School ; and every contributor is entitled to give one vote in respect to each sum of ten shillings, but no person is allowed to give more than six votes for any sum of money, however large, which he may have contributed. The Principal officiating Minister is Chairman of all Committees ; and if upon any question there shall be an equality of votes, the Chairman shall have a second, being the casting vote.

But whilst the Privy Council, with the consent of Parliament, has placed the religious instruction in the hands and under the exclusive control of the


Principal Minister, a salutary check, however, is provided in order to restrain within proper limits the peculiarities of a Clergyman, which may be reasonably offensive to the Committee or injurious to the interests of the School. For, in case any difference were to arise between the Minister and the Committee as regards the prayers or religious instruction of the School, an appeal to the Bishop is directed, and the decision of the Diocesan must be regarded as final. But in case of any other difference than a religious difference arising in the Committee, the minority, not being less than one-third of the whole number, may appeal to the Lord President of the Privy Council and to the Bishop of the Diocese, who shall respectively appoint a School Inspector and a Beneficed Clergyman to arbitrate upon the differences, after having called to their assistance a Magistrate, being a lay member of the Church of England. It is also provided that the Teachers be members of the Church of England, and for assistance in the visitation and management of the Girls' and Infant Schools, the Committee may appoint a Ladies' Committee, every year.

Such are the outlines of the Deed, which the Privy Council has sent down for the management of our Schools; and one of its principal points is, doubtless, the constitution of the Committee. In the absence of a legal constituency for their appointment, the following gentlemen were nominated as a committee in the Title Deed, and will continue to hold office until the end of the year, viz.:—Messrs. W. Child, J. Senior, W. Thompson, J. W. Wooler, and W. Wooler. The whole committee will voluntarily, and not from any necessity imposed upon them by the Deed, resign at the expiration of the year, in order that the subscribers to the yearly support of the Schools may elect such gentlemen as they consider fit to be entrusted with their management. Every subscriber of *ten* shillings constitutes himself a voter for that year; and any one may obtain as many as *six* votes by subscribing £3 and upwards annually. The members of the Committee must belong to the Church of England and be subscribers to the Schools of at least one pound per annum.

The Sunday School and the Day School are quite distinct from each other, and under a separate management. Children and others can attend the Sunday School, whether they belong to the Day School or not; and on the other hand, they can receive all the privileges of the Day School, without resorting to the Sunday School at all.

The Religious instruction of the School being entrusted to the Principal officiating Minister, Mr. Stephens will not swerve one iota from the principle with which the undertaking was launched,—that of scrupulously respecting the Religious convictions of those who have withdrawn from the fold of the Church of England. No child frequenting the Day School shall be taught any Catechism or formulary of the Church, contrary to the wishes and directions of its parents or guardians.

We fear that we have sadly taxed the reader's patience, by writing upon the management of the Schools at this length, but some misapprehensions being afloat it was right to lay them at rest. And for the time to come, instead of allowing mistakes to receive a temporary credit by treating them with silence, as we have hitherto done, we shall, temperately and in a Christian spirit, notice them—if for no other object, at least—for the satisfaction of our kind friends.

 The Finance Committee are far advanced in the preparation of the accounts, and during the course of the present month or in our next number, the whole will be printed. Lists of Subscribers, specifying the amount paid by each, will be hung up in the schools; and the Committee will be obliged to any person, at any time, examining them and rectifying the trivial mistakes that may have been made in their transcription. The Committee believe them to be correct, but cannot vouch for the accuracy of every sum in an undertaking

where there have been hundreds of Subscribers from 2d and 3d upwards. The Committee have no funds in their Banker's hands to print such an extensive list, and must content themselves for a while with the mode of publication above mentioned, till they have gathered the means to place the memorial of the Schools' Benefactors in a more permanent and suitable form.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—The expenses of cleaning and decorating the church last autumn were not submitted to the vestry-meeting on Easter Tuesday or included in the yearly accounts for the reason that the Minister and Churchwardens undertook the responsibility of consulting their fellow parishioner Mr Dryden, and of employing him to give to the church a comely appearance upon the Bishop's visit to us in November, without calling the vestry together. The liability incident upon the execution of the work was not included in the deficiency of £15 ; but is being met in another way which will be announced, when the time for its publication arrives. The Minister is answerable for the expenses of the Chancel and the Churchwardens for those of the body of the church.

### THE DIOCESE OF DURHAM AND ITS CLAIMS.

The readers of newspapers must have observed the continual reference made to this Diocese in the Parliamentary discussions which have taken place upon a Bill introduced by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in the House of Commons ; but may not have understood clearly the point at issue between ourselves and that body. The Commissioners are now in the receipt of upwards of £50,000 a-year from Church property in the Diocese of Durham ; while their payments to it do not exceed £5,000 per annum. There is, accordingly, extracted from us a sum of £45,000 a-year for the purpose of swelling, what is called, the "Common Fund ;" which is appropriated, among other objects, for the creation of new Ecclesiastical districts and for the augmentation of poor Livings in *all* parts of England. These facts are undisputed, but in reference to them this question is raised ;—ought the Diocese of Durham to receive any preference in the disposition of this £45,000, seeing that it is surplus money derived from Church property within the Diocese.

The Commissioners say "No. We are the Trustees for the Church in its entirety, and not for any particular portion of it. The Church of England must be regarded as a whole; and no one County or Diocese has a greater claim upon our Common Fund than has another. Every part of the body is alike dear to us. The religious wants of Cornwall ought to be as much the objects of our sympathy and assistance as those of Durham." On the other hand, the Diocese takes this ground : "The spiritual destitution of Durham is very great, greater than any other locality in England, owing chiefly to the circumstance that large masses of people have congregated together in certain districts, from whose bodily labour the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are receiving a surplus revenue of £45,000 a-year. Before that money is apportioned either wholly or in part to all England indiscriminately, the spiritual wants of Durham should be considered and her necessities relieved." That is the question raised and the position taken by the respective sides. There is no fear of the ultimate issue. The Commissioners will be as powerless to resist the tide of opinion and justice as was Dame Partington to repel the waters of the Atlantic. But whether the Commissioners are endowed with the same instincts of self-preservation and will imitate the prudence of the venerable female by retiring from the contest, remains to be seen.

The Association of Church Sunday School Teachers met together at the St. John's Schools on Friday evening, June 29th, and more than 70 assembled at the tea tables. The subject of "School Teaching" was discussed, in which several of the Clergy and others took part.



MONTHLY BAGS can now be had by women of good character and in indigent circumstances by applying to the Parsonage or to the Infant School.

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

CHAP. VI.—(*Continued.*)

(From the Mission of the Seventy until our Lord's arrival at Bethany, six days before the fourth Passover.)

Time, Six Months. A.D. 29–30.

|          | SUBJECT.                                                                                 | ORDER OF LESSONS.    |
|----------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Sec. 13. | Christ exhorts to Repentance, and Parable of the Fig Tree ( <i>Perœa</i> ) ... ..        | Luke 13, v. 1–10.    |
| 14.      | Christ cures an infirm woman on the Sabbath ( <i>Perœa</i> ) ... ..                      | " v. 11–17.          |
| 15.      | Parables of the grain of mustard seed and of leaven ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..               | " v. 18–23.          |
| 16.      | Exhortation to Christian exertion; the strait gate ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                | " v. 24–30.          |
| 17.      | Herod and Jerusalem reproved ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                                      | " v. 31–35.          |
| 18.      | A man suffering from a dropsy is healed ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                           | Luke 14, v. 1–6.     |
| 19.      | Parables of the Supper ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                                            | " v. 7–24.           |
| 20.      | The true Disciples must bear their Cross ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                          | " v. 25–35.          |
| 21.      | Parable of the lost Sheep ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                                         | Luke xv., v. 1–7.    |
| 22.      | Parable of the Piece of Silver ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                                    | " v. 8–10.           |
| 23.      | Parable of the Prodigal Son ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                                       | " v. 11–32.          |
| 24.      | Parable of the Unjust Steward ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                                     | Luke xvi., v. 1–12.  |
| 25.      | The Pharisees reproved ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                                            | " v. 13–18.          |
| 26.      | Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                               | " v. 19–31.          |
| 27.      | Lessons inculcating inoffensiveness, forgiveness, faith, humility ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... .. | Luke xvii., v. 1–10. |
| 28.      | Ten Lepers are cleansed ( <i>Samaria</i> ) * ... ..                                      | " v. 11–19.          |
| 29.      | The coming of the Son of Man will be sudden ( <i>Per.</i> ) ... ..                       | " v. 20–37.          |

(*To be continued.*)

\* In strict order of time, this miracle was probably performed when the seventy were first sent out.

THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|         |                       |                           |                    |
|---------|-----------------------|---------------------------|--------------------|
| July 15 | 6TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | MORN. 2 Samuel 12—John 3. | EVEN. 2 Samuel 19. |
|         |                       | 2 Thess. 2.               |                    |
| 22      | 7TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | MORN. 2 Sam. 21—John 10.  | EVEN. 2 Sam. 24—2  |
|         |                       | Timothy 1.                |                    |
| 25      | ST. JAMES, AP. & MAR. | MORN. Eccu. 21—John 13.   | EVEN. Eccu. 22—2   |
|         |                       | Timothy 4.                |                    |
| 29      | 8TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | MORN. 1 Kings 13—John 17. | EVEN. 1 Kings 17—  |
|         |                       | Hebrews 1.                |                    |
| Aug. 5  | 9TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | MORN. 1 Kings 18—Acts 3.  | EVEN. 1 Kings 19—  |
|         |                       | Hebrews 8.                |                    |
| 12      | 10TH SUN. AFTER TRIN. | MORN. 1 Kings 21—Acts 10. | EVEN. 1 Kings 22—  |
|         |                       | James 2.                  |                    |

The lesson taught by the Church, on the Sixth Sunday after Trinity is *love to God*—the Epistle referring to our baptism, wherein love to Christ is promised, and the Gospel teaching affection to our neighbour, for if we love not him whom we have seen, how can we love him whom we have not seen. On the Seventh Sunday after Trinity, the constant need of our being nourished with all Spiritual goodness is enforced. On the Eighth, that God's Providence orders everything both in the kingdoms of nature and grace. On the Ninth, that rectitude in thought and action can be alone maintained by the aid of the Spirit; and, on the tenth, the great duty of Prayer is urged upon the congregation.



FREDERICK AND ZIETEN AT SCHWEIDNITZ.

## Zieten.

THE CHRISTIAN GENERAL IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



FREDERICK the Great of Prussia, though a good general, and in many respects a great king, was an avowed infidel, and the intimate friend of the scoffer Voltaire.

However, one of his best and bravest generals was as bright an ornament to a Christian profession, in the camp and in the field, as Vicars and Havelock were in our own army. Hans Joachim von Zieten entered the Prussian army when only

fourteen years of age ; but, on account of his weakly appearance and small stature, was a long time before he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. By the injustice of a superior officer he was shortly afterwards condemned to a year's imprisonment and cashiered, but by the influence of two friendly generals he was allowed to re-enter the army, and soon rose to the rank of major.

One day, a poor starving man came to Zieten, fell at his feet, and asked for assistance. Our hero was greatly astonished when he recognised in the beggar the very man who, by his unjust accusations some years before, had caused him a year's imprisonment. But Zieten was not only a hero on the battle-field, he was a hero also in the harder struggle of the Christian's daily life, and he strove to conquer his own heart, and to conform to God's word, which says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink ;" and so he freely forgave the suppliant, and showed him every kindness.

On one occasion the king had suffered a severe reverse, and, in dismay, he sent to inform Zieten of it. He, too, was much disconcerted at the tidings, yet he did not make a word of reply to the orderly who brought the despatch, but he retired in haste into his quarters, a peasant's hut. The orderly was so astonished at this peculiar conduct of the fearless marshal, that he followed him unperceived, and beheld the victor of so many battles meekly kneeling on his knees before God in prayer. Soon afterwards he came forth, calm and cheerful, and sent word to the king not to trouble himself any more, as the enemy would gain no further advantage ; and he was right. Deep in the soul of this Christian warrior dwelt the faith in the unseen God, which penetrated his whole being and guided his life. In this holy faith lay the secret of his courage, his cool and ready judgment. In prayer he often found the power to face, without fear or flinching, the most appalling dangers ; and before many a hard-fought and bloody struggle he besought the God of battles to grant victory to the arms of his beloved king.

The campaign of 1760 was over, and the armies of Frederick had taken up their winter-quarters in Saxony. As the spring drew on, vast hosts of many allied nations advanced against him on all sides. 150,000 men, well armed and prepared, were in the field, and Frederick had only 50,000 to oppose to them. Should the Austrians be able to unite with the Russians, the utter ruin of Frederick seemed inevitable. And in spite of all the movements and positions, in spite of the boldest and most energetic manœuvres, this union of the enemy was effected on August 17, 1761. Here was a prospect which made even Frederick's heroic heart look wistfully into the future.

The king was encamped at Schweidnitz with his army ; his heart was heavier than it had ever been before. He wanted some feeling breast into which he could pour out his troubles, and sought for the right one, the breast of Zieten. The general was lying in a redoubt, wrapped up in his cloak. He could not sleep, but he could pray ; and from his inmost heart he was praying to his God, when, in the darkness of the night, the king came to him, and wrapping himself up in his cloak, stretched himself on the hard earth by the side of Zieten.

For some time there was a silence, which Zieten did not dare to



break: then the king began to talk about the desperate situation of his little army, opposed to the united power of the Austrians and Russians. "I shall never get out of this trap," said he, sullenly. Zieten, though his own heart almost failed him from fear, yet roused himself to encourage his sovereign; he reminded him of Leuthen, where his position was scarcely less critical than the present. "Yes," said the king, gloomily, "but then I had my best soldiers. Now they all are either prisoners or they lie dead on the field of battle." Zieten ventured to suggest that the soldiers he now commanded were not less brave or valiant than those of that day; but the king hardly heeded him, and became more and more gloomy. After a pause he said, "It is not possible now to gain a victory." "It must come to pass, your majesty," cried Zieten, with peculiar animation, "and it will come to pass! Everything will take a favourable turn." The king turned quickly round to him, and asked, with a bitter scorn, which showed that he counted all for lost, "Do you know that so certainly? Have you, perchance, found a new ally?" "No," said Zieten, "I have found no *new* one, but the *old* Ally is still there above;" and he pointed up to heaven. "He who has helped us hitherto will not forsake us now." These words were spoken with that strong confidence which showed the depth of his trust in the providence and power of the Almighty. The king was silent. What passed in his soul the omniscient Searcher of Hearts alone knew, but his future conduct showed that he was deeply impressed by Zieten's words of faith. And, in truth, it seemed as if the lips of Zieten had been touched by the old prophetic fire; for events shortly afterwards occurred which completely changed the aspect of affairs in the most unexpected way.

The 1st of September had been fixed upon by the Austrian and Russian generals for the day of attack, but neither of them was agreed as to how it should be carried out. This difference of opinion led to a quarrel. The Russian, in his arrogance and jealousy, thought the Austrian wished to command absolutely, and his pride would not allow him to fill a subordinate position; and as the Austrian persisted in his view of the question, the obstinate Russian cut the matter short and refused to perform his part in the attack on the Prussians. Now the Austrian had no inclination to attempt it alone, as he knew by experience what kind of an enemy was opposed to him. In order to force the Russians to join in the battle, the Austrians thought the best way would be to stop the supplies of provisions. But this experiment led to an unlooked-for result, for the Russian general immediately withdrew his 70,000 men. The Austrians, vexed and dispirited, were now left alone to face the Prussians; and in a very few days they, too, retreated without attempting a battle.

Thus, to the unbounded astonishment of the Prussians, Frederick and his army were delivered from their fears, and once more were free. It was a victory won without firing a cannon or striking a blow, and it came from Zieten's true Ally alone. Zieten praised and thanked the Lord from his inmost soul, and Frederick, when he had recovered from his surprise, did not forget what Zieten had said that night in the redoubt. He summoned him to his presence and said, "You were right about your Ally; He kept His promise." Zieten replied, "Sire,

the Lord who has thus helped us now, will never fail with His help, if we faithfully trust Him."

Zieten was never ashamed of his religion; on every fitting occasion he confessed it, before high and low. Thus once he refused an invitation to dine at the king's table, because on that day he wished to receive the Holy Communion. The king, whose infidel tendencies were well known, on the next occasion when Zieten was his guest let fall some irreverent expressions about the Communion, and the other guests laughed, but Zieten shook his grey head sadly, stood up, saluted the king, and said with a firm voice, "Your majesty well knows that in war I have never feared any danger, and always when it was necessary have boldly risked my life for you and our Fatherland: the same spirit stirs in me to day, and if events required it and your majesty commanded it I would lay my grey head at your feet. But there is One above us who is greater than you and I—greater even than the kings of the earth; Who is the Saviour and Redeemer of the world; Who has died also for you, and Who has dearly purchased us all by His blood. I can never allow this Holy One to be mocked or insulted; on Him rest my faith, my comfort, and my hope in life and in death. In the power of this faith your brave army has valiantly fought and won; if your majesty undermines this faith, then you undermine at the same time the welfare of the state: this is undoubtedly true. I salute your majesty." This bold outspoken confession of the old general instantly silenced the scoffers, and made a powerful impression on the king. He felt that he had been wrong, and was not ashamed to acknowledge it. Giving Zieten his right hand, and placing his left on the veteran's shoulder, he said with emotion, "Happy Zieten, would that I could also believe it; I have every respect for your religion—hold it fast; this shall never occur again." The king shortly afterwards arose from table and sent away his guests, but to Zieten he said, "Come with me into my cabinet." What passed there no one ever learnt. God alone was witness of that solemn interview between the Christian general and his unbelieving sovereign.

J. F. C.

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## *A Child's Funeral in Spring.*



VERY rounded hawthorn spray  
Shines with sunny tufts of May,  
And the child was bright as they.

Now there is a silent gloom,  
While about the open tomb  
All the turf is burst in bloom.

With a solemn wondering air  
Six little children slowly bear  
Their strange and mournful burden there.

And they think, as they go on,  
How like some young flower she shone,  
Scarce believing she is gone.

'Tis so strange to pass away  
While the grass they tread is gay  
With the blue Veronica.

And they wonder if the dead  
Passeth with a silent tread  
Through the blueness overhead ;

If the spirit, sailing near,  
Doth their sobs of mourning hear,  
Pondereth the shining tear ;

If upon her sunny wings  
She may visit brighter things  
Than the light of earthly springs.

Oh ! it is a solemn scene  
Thus to part with what hath been  
When the earth is virgin-green !

Other children play around,  
And the air is full of sound,  
And the earth with light is crown'd.

Yet the little mourners stand  
Round the grave, a weeping band,  
And share their sorrows, hand in hand.

Children ! hearken to the Spring ;  
With her voice in everything,  
Balm unto your sorrowing.

Children ! watch the verdure shine,  
And with quiet gladness twine  
Wreaths of flowers for a sign.

Plant upon the rounded clay  
Plants that shall be blooming gay  
Every year upon this day.

For the seed that now ye sow  
In the chilly earth below  
Shall a glorious flower blow :—

“Sown in weakness, raised in power,”  
In the eternal spring-tide's bower  
It shall bloom, a glorious flower !

W. W. H.



## Restoration of the Apparently Drowned.



At the present bathing season the following directions for the restoration of the apparently dead from drowning cannot fail to be of essential service. These directions have been extensively circulated by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution throughout the United Kingdom, and in the colonies. They are also in use in her Majesty's fleet, and have been translated into French, German, Spanish, and Swedish.

Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient instantly on the spot, in the open air, whether on shore or afloat.

The points to be aimed at are, first and immediately, the restoration of breathing and the prevention of any further diminution of the warmth of the body; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation.

The efforts to restore breathing, and to prevent any further diminution of the warmth of the body, must be commenced immediately, and with energy, and must be persevered in for several hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote warmth and circulation must be deferred until natural breathing has been restored.

### TO RESTORE BREATHING.

*To Clear the Throat.*—1. Place the patient on the floor or ground with his face downwards, and one of his arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

2. If satisfactory breathing commences, adopt the treatment described below to promote warmth and natural breathing. If there be only slight breathing, or no breathing, or if it fail, then—

*To Excite Breathing.*—3. Turn the patient well and instantly on the side, and—

4. Excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, smelling-salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, &c., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water on it.

5. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly—

### TO PREVENT ANY FURTHER DIMINUTION OF WARMTH.

N.B.—These efforts must be made very cautiously, and must not be such as to promote warmth and circulation rapidly; for if circulation is induced before breathing has been restored, the life of the patient will be endangered. No other effect, therefore, should be sought from them than the prevention of evaporation, and its result, the diminution of the warmth of the body.

1. Expose the face, neck, and chest, except in severe weather (such as heavy rain, frost or snow).

2. Dry the face, neck, and chest, as soon as possible, with handkerchiefs or anything at hand; and then dry the hands and feet.

3. As soon as a blanket or other covering can be obtained, strip the body; but if no covering can be immediately procured, take dry clothing from the bystanders, dry and reclothe the

*To imitate Breathing*—6. Replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat, or other article of dress.

body, taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

7. Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face back again; repeating these measures, deliberately, efficiently, and perseveringly about 15 times in the minute, or once every four seconds, occasionally varying the side; [by placing the patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and air enters the chest.]

8. On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movement on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

[The first measure increases the expiration, the second commences inspiration.]

\* \* \* The result is—respiration or natural breathing; and, if not too late—life.

#### *Cautions.*

1. Be particularly careful to prevent persons crowding round the body.
2. Avoid all rough usage and turning the body on the back.
3. Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

#### *Cautions.*

1. Do not roll the body on casks.
2. Do not rub the body with salt or spirits.
3. Do not inject tobacco-smoke or infusion of tobacco.
4. Do not place the patient in a warm bath.

N.B. The directions are printed in parallel columns to avoid confusion, and to insure that the efforts to obtain both objects should be carried on at the same time.

#### TREATMENT AFTER NATURAL BREATHING HAS BEEN RESTORED.

*To promote Warmth and Circulation.*—1. Commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm-grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, &c. (by this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart).

The friction must be continued under the blanket, or over the dry clothing.

2. Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c. to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet.

3. If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

4. On the restoration of life a teaspoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing has returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water, or coffee, should be ad-

ministered. The patient should be kept in bed and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

*General Observations.*—The above treatment should be persevered in for several hours, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance, cases having been successfully treated after persevering for many hours.

*Appearances which generally accompany Death.*—Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eyelids are generally half-closed; the pupils dilated; the jaws clenched; the fingers semi-contracted; the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and pallor of surface increase.

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## Reading for the Young Ones.



FRENCH writer has said, that "fifty years hence the only book possible will be the newspaper;" and though that may be putting the case too strongly, yet certainly books seem to be rapidly giving place to serials.

How few are the readers even of popular books compared with the readers of our serial literature, which ranges from the old-established six-shilling quarterlies and the young "Cornhill" giant, who takes a hundred thousand prisoners a-month, down to the "penny number" of the good, bad, or indifferent periodical, which is so eagerly waited for in the cottage home.

The young ones, too, have their own serial literature. There are Magazines for Boys and Magazines for Girls; some for youth and some for childhood; some illustrated with very good engravings and some with very poor ones, and some having none at all. Some dealing most in tales, others treating of the nature of birds and butterflies; some giving hints for the play-hour, and others keeping mainly to religious teaching; so that there is plenty of choice for any young readers who wish to "take in" a serial for themselves. Still, in case there are any young ones who have not found a serial to suit them, there is yet another which may be named here, as its contents are mainly from the same pens which fill the pages of this Magazine. Its name indicates its nature. It is meant to contain anything that can in any way help children to make the home in which they live happier, be it by fostering gentle and loving tempers, or by pointing out seeds of discord, or by supplying pleasant reading or cheerful songs for the fire-side; and since we know that the characters of children, as of grown persons, are more affected for good or evil by the books they willingly read than by words spoken to them, we hope that in every family circle in which this magazine is read by the elders, the young ones, if there are any, may be encouraged to take in "THE MONTHLY MEDLEY FOR HAPPY HOMES."\*



**T**HE Deadly Nightshade, so called from its poisonous qualities, grows very luxuriantly in some parts of England; so much so that it has given to the valley, where stand the beautiful and extensive ruins of Furness Abbey, the name of "The Glen of Deadly Nightshade." Dr. Salmon tells us, that "it once grew in an orchard of Lyme Regis, near the south gate, where it bore noble and great berries, as large as black cherries, of which a boy, Job Taylor by name," (and Dr. Salmon's playfellow,) "eat several, by which he was poisoned, and died in a violent fever, and all in about two hours' time: for which accident's sake the owner of the orchard rooted it out of his ground."

The Deadly Nightshade has flowers of a dull purple colour, it thrives best in waste places near the seashore, above high-water mark. This is the plant which the Roman soldiers are supposed to have eaten in the Parthian war, when they were suffering from hunger. Plutarch tells us that on this occasion it produced loss of the senses, and that the unfortunate victims "were prone to move every stone that they met with, as though in some important pursuit," until at last the poison subdued their strength and they died. Buchanan relates, that the Scots mixed the juice of this plant with the food which they supplied to the Danes, their invaders, and they were so intoxicated by it that they were easily overcome.

R. B.



## **All is not Gold that Glitters.**

BY GREVILLE J. CHESTER, B.A.



N the distance, close to the extreme south-western point of Ireland, rises the tower-crowned cape of Sybil Head, whose dark precipices descend sheer down into the waves of the mighty Atlantic.

Stretched upon the grass, at the very brink of the precipice, lay two lads one August evening, watching the eternal play of the huge waves as they rolled in long unbroken swell from the "New World" of America, and gazing upon the whirling flights of gulls and scouries, and upon the black cormorants which from time to time hurled themselves into the blue waters, and then re-appeared with their scaly prey. It was a glorious view. To the left rose Dunmore Head, and far beyond, separated from the mainland by a swift and eddying Sound, the Blaskets, those uninhabited and rocky islets which form the westernmost extremity of the "Old World." Behind rose the grassy sides and lofty summit of Mount Eagle, of old the chosen dwelling of the king of birds. To the right, far beneath, the wild bay of Smerwick Harbour indented the land; and over it, at an immense height, a sea-eagle was soaring in the air. On the opposite shore could be seen the ancient castle and oratory of Gallerus, the Rath and ruined Church of Kilmalchedir, and the so-called house of Brandon, a saint of the early Irish Church. Beyond rose the immense mass and noble form of Brandon Hill, standing out to a height of more than 3000 feet with clear outline against the evening sky.

Amidst such scenery at the sunset hour the two lads lay and talked together.

Although, or perhaps *because*, they differed widely in character, they were close friends. Michael Moriarty, the younger of the two, was somewhat reserved and shy, thoughtful beyond his years, and possessed of a large share of that poetry of mind which is common with his countrymen. Yet Michael was full of fire and energy when aroused, and no lad in all the country round was a bolder swimmer, or more active in climbing the rocks to rob the sea-fowl of their eggs and young. Larry O'Driscoll, the elder, was, on the contrary, quick in speech and manner, gay and unreserved, and had a high opinion of himself. More engaging in manner than Michael, he was more popular than him with ordinary people, and with those who knew not the truth of the proverb, "Still waters run deep." The two lads, who were respectively of the age of eighteen and nineteen, both belonged to the same hamlet of Balliconnor. They were neighbours, had been schoolfellows, and, as I have said, were close friends. Yet a shade had fallen between them, although they were unaware of it. Both lads were acquainted with one Mary Neal, the daughter of a small farmer of Balliconnor. They had danced with her on the greensward at the cross-ways on the road to Dingle, and the pat of her bare feet struck like music to the heart of each. They had accompanied her across the shoulder of Mount Eagle to the white church by the Bay of Ventry, and little by little they had come to love her. Yet neither friend had as yet confessed it. In truth, the

fact of the love he bore had but lately dawned on the mind of either. And up to this time the lads had not suspected that they were rivals. Larry, probably, could not have brought his mind to believe that Mary Neal could prefer Michael, the reserved and shy, to himself, the gay and talkative. Michael, on the other hand, full of the happiness of loving a beautiful and innocent girl, and imagining that he was loved in return, was content to be happy without suspicion. But events had occurred which made him long to unburden his mind to his old companion and friend. His father, who had held a little farm, had lately died, and his mother was under notice to quit to make way for the tenant of a new English landlord, who was evicting the ancient inhabitants of the soil far and near. The times had been bad. The scanty stock of Dunmorlin farm was about to be sold, Mrs. Moriarty was about to remove into Dingle, and it had been strongly urged upon Michael by his mother's relations that he should emigrate to America. The thought of parting from his country, from his mother, from Mary, was bitter to the young man; but he was full of hope, and could look onward to the time when he might return home to support his parent in her declining years, and claim his sweetheart as his bride,—an event which he knew would never be permitted by the more wealthy family of the Neals, while he was in his present narrow circumstances.

On the day following Michael was to start for Tralee, on his way to the ship that was to convey him to the New World, and he was looking out from Sybil Head upon the beautiful scenes of his boyhood for the last time. The two had long been silent. Then Larry spoke.

"I'm main sorry you're laving, lad."

"But you'll write to me, Larry, won't you?" answered Michael.

Larry promised to do so.

"And you'll tell me how all the neighbours are; and, Larry, promise me to name how Mary Neal is going on, and whether she's well, and all about her."

A shade of angry distrust fell on Larry's mind as he answered, "And why about Mary Neal in particular?"

"Why, sure, we've known each other so long, Larry! Didn't we go to school together? And haven't we always been friends?"

"Well?"

"Well, and can't you guess the rest, lad? that I love her, Larry, and would die for her; and that if father had lived, (God rest his soul!) and things had gone well with us, I'd looked to make her mine? Ay, lad, and it's love for her that'll carry me over the wide ocean, and 'ill keep me straight wherever I go, till I come back a rich man to marry her."

As he spoke, Michael's eyes turned from the wide expanse of gold-and-purple tinted waves on which he had been gazing, to the snug rush-roofed dwelling of Mary Neal on the mountain side, and then, full of hope, and trust, and love, they turned for sympathy to his friend, as he continued: "I'd have asked her mother's consent and all, but I felt I was too poor and that I must wait—wait in hope till I come back to ould Ireland, as plase God I know I shall do in a year or two, with plenty in my pocket. Larry, what's the matter? Are you taken bad?"



As Michael spoke his form seemed to dilate, and his eyes flashed with the light of love and praiseworthy ambition. His sudden exclamation was caused when his eyes fell upon his companion, whom he perceived to be trembling as with suppressed emotion, and deadly pale.

"Are you taken bad? Spake, Larry!" again demanded Michael.

"It's nothing—nothing, but I'd a pain here," said the other, in a low husky voice, as he pressed his side. "It's nothing—I'm right again now."

"That you are not, lad," answered Michael, looking his companion full in the face with a piercing glance.

"What, I'm a liar, am I?" returned the other.

Moriarty looked as if he could scarcely believe his ears. Then his eyes filled with tears as he said, "Larry, lad, that's the first hard word that's ever passed between us, and it's sorrow to me to hear it before I go away, when, maybe, we may never see each other again. Think how many years we've been friends together! But sure I know it's the pain, bad luck to it, you've been suffering, that made you speak so hasty. There now, think no more about it, lad, but let's home; maybe you're aiser now?"

Larry seemed touched by this appeal, and he rose, and saying he felt well again proposed that they should return home round by the rocks by the Fort del Oro\* and Smerwick Harbour. Michael assented, and the two wended on in silence. At length they descended from the heights to the lonely shores of Smerwick Harbour, where the Atlantic waves, their full force broken by the southernmost headland, broke upon the sandy beach with a subdued but echoing roar. The two comrades sat down as with one accord upon the sand which was drifted up against the rocks. Presently Moriarty turned his eyes upwards, and then spoke in a low sad voice,—“I say, Larry, if we could only find the gold which they say the old Spaniards hid above us here in the Fort del Oro, what a fine thing it would be for us! It's not I would then be going to America. No, but maybe I'd make matters straight at once with Mistress Neal, and ask Mary's consent, and marry her out of hand. But yet, maybe, it's better as it is; the gold would not be ours if we did find it, and it's better to have to work for those we love like men, than to find everything as we want it. I believe that's a true proverb, 'All is not gold that glitters.' Why, Larry,” he added, “you look bad again! Let's have a plunge, lad; the last we'll take together for many a long day, maybe.”

So speaking, Michael threw off his jacket of homespun frieze, and was soon stripped and breasting the billows in the bay. But the elder lad did not follow his example. Turning his back on his friend, he lay with his face to the sandhill, and mechanically shovelled the sand about with his hands. This operation caused the sand to slip down from above in a long continuous stream. While watching this, and cooling his burning fingers in the moving tide of shining grains, a sight was suddenly presented to the eyes of the young man which made him start and turn pale as death. It was a shower of gold! A shower of broad gold pieces, which came pouring down from above

\* Fort del Oro. The crews of some Spanish ships in the time of Elizabeth entrenched themselves on the rocks of Smerwick Harbour, co. Kerry, and a vast treasure belonging to them is supposed to be concealed in the neighbourhood.

with the sand, and which chinked and rattled against his hands. Larry looked up. The gold pieces were everywhere. Some slowly wound their way down little channels which they formed for themselves in the moving sand. Some had stopped in their course, and rested suspended, willing, but unable to pursue their downward course. And far above, in a chink of brown rock, which the landslide was fast denuding, appeared an iron-bound but broken chest, of ancient workmanship. "The Spaniards' gold!" muttered Larry, in thick and tremulous voice, and then he turned himself hastily towards the sea. Michael was nearing the shore, and the setting sun which had ceased to illumine the beach lit up his broad shoulders and noble face as they rose and fell with the billows."

"Curse him!" muttered Larry between his teeth, for the demons of covetousness and lust had possession of his heart; "Curse him! if he sees this he'll be staying at home and carrying off Mary. But I'll prevent him, if I kill him first."

So speaking he rose, and after hastily filling his pockets with gold coins he seized Michael's clothes and carried them to a low ridge of rocks which ran out from the strand into the sea.

"There, come out and dress here," said he, as Moriarty neared the shore, "and then you won't cut your feet in running up the beach."

"Thank you," said the other, as he emerged from the water: "but after all you've forgotten my shoes, so I must make a start for them."

So speaking he ran up the beach to the sandhill, upon which he sat down and proceeded leisurely to put on the forgotten shoes. This was a moment of terrible suspense for Larry, who sat trembling, and poising a sharp fragment of rock in his right hand, as if desirous to hurl it at his companion. But as the latter returned he lowered his arm, satisfied that the shining treasure had not been observed. Michael was soon dressed, and the two young men returned to Ballinconnor. As they parted Larry apologised for his silence on the plea of illness, but promised to meet his friend next morning at the cross-ways, and to accompany him to the top of the hill of Connor, on the road to Tralee. This promise, however, was not fulfilled. No Larry O'Driscoll appeared amongst the crowds who assembled to take leave of Michael Moriarty, and to commit him to the care of the God of the fatherless and widow. But—unlooked for happiness!—Mrs. Neal was there, and even Mary, and amidst the bitterness of parting Michael felt a glow of joy and hope when he saw tears in the eyes of her he loved so truly, and felt the warm pressure of his hand returned. Thus the young man went forth from home, light in purse but strong in hope and love; and amidst many a coarse temptation in the crowded emigrant ship, in the profligate cities of the States, and in far-off Canada, the love he bore, under God's blessing, "kept him straight," as he had himself predicted.

But why did not Larry O'Driscoll fulfil his promise? Early as was the hour at which Michael left his home Larry was already at a distance. During the silent hours of the preceding night he had repaired to the sand-hill below the Fort del Oro, and had secured the Spaniard's long-hidden treasure. His father had met him on his return and become a sharer in his son's secret. What passed between the two was never known, but at early dawn Larry O'Driscoll, who

carried a heavy bundle, embarked on board a fishing-boat belonging to Coonunna, and crossed to the opposite side of Dingle Bay. He thence, by way of Cahirciveen and Killarney, made his way to Cork and Bristol. It was a full month before he returned, and shortly afterwards the O'Driscolls sold off their stock and set up a public-house near the barracks at Tralee. Larry became a "sporteen," was seen at every "pattern" and feast, and took to the turf. Once only did he return to Balliconnor, when he proposed marriage to Mary Neal. He was rejected, and returning to Tralee drowned his disappointment in drink and profligacy. Becoming involved in debt, from his connexion with blacklegs, he quarrelled with his father. From hints which had been dropped by either the elder or the younger O'Driscoll, when under the influence of whisky, the suspicions of the lord of the manor in which the Fort del Oro is situated were aroused, and officers were sent to make inquiries. Upon this Larry disappeared, and immediately afterwards his father became bankrupt; and in no short space of time an inmate of the Dingle workhouse. Profligacy and dissipation had wasted away the ill-gotten treasure as surely as the sun wastes the snow upon the hills.

Four years had elapsed since the departure of young Moriarty, during which period the heart of his widowed mother was gladdened from time to time by accounts of his success and prosperity. One morning an athletic and noble-looking young man stepped on shore on the pier at Liverpool, where he had just arrived in an American packet. A miserable, half-starved, ragged creature approached, and begged to be permitted to carry "his honour's bag." The eyes of the two met, and with a cry of recognition Michael Moriarty, the Canadian sheep-farmer, drew to his heart the outcast beggar, Larry O'Driscoll.

"Oh, Michael," said the latter, as the two sat together that night on the deck of the Dublin steamer, "I now see the truth of that word you spoke the last time we were together, and I fale in my heart that '*all is not gold that glitters.*'"


## Short Sermons.

No. VII.

### The Good Shepherd.

BY W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A., RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON.

JOHN, x. 11.—"*I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.*"

"HE Good Shepherd!" This shall be our thought to-day. We have thought of our blessed Lord in many different ways as the year has gone round. We have thought of Him as He lay a new-born babe in the manger of Bethlehem. We have thought of Him as the "Man of Sorrows." We have thought of Him as the Lamb "led to the



slaughter," giving himself a ransom for our sins. We have thought of Him in His day of triumph, bursting the bonds of death; the risen Saviour; "the first-fruits of them that slept." We have thought of Him ascending up on high, and sitting on the right hand of God, and giving gifts unto men. But, though every thought of Him is most precious, though every view of Him is most instructive, yet, perhaps, there is no light in which He stands out more beautifully or more lovingly than when He says of himself, "I am the Good Shepherd." Oh, how fitting a title! How meet a likeness! What name, of all His loving and lovely names—what title, of all His meek and lowly, or of all His great and glorious titles—invites us more tenderly—draws us more closely to Him—than this—"the Good Shepherd?" Christ is "the good shepherd," "the shepherd and bishop of our souls." And He has proved himself to be so, for "the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

But when and how is Jesus "the good shepherd?" He may seem, indeed, to have been so when He was on earth in human presence, leading about His little flock of faithful followers; going about doing good; feeding all who hungered with the food of His holy words, gentle and merciful to the wanderers from the fold; guiding all by His voice and by His pattern; and at last giving His very life for the sheep. But is this *all*? Is the Shepherd's work over, His office at an end? Nay, for He speaks as truly now as He spake then, saying, "I *am* the good shepherd." What if He be not *visibly* present to His sheep? Is He any less *really* present? Is He any less *really* their "good shepherd?" Invisible He may be, absent He cannot be. Nay, may we not rather say that now He is *more* really, *more* closely, present with His flock than when He for a season suffered His eternal Godhead to be veiled and imprisoned, as it were, in the feeble frame of our human nature upon earth? For now the laws and limits of human weakness restrain Him no more. Where His flock is, there is He. Yea, as God, He is everywhere present—present in spirit—with us—among us—yea, and even, as himself declares, *within* us.

But who are the sheep? It is easy to answer "*We* are His people and the sheep of His pasture." But this is no answer really, for again we ask, Who have a right to say this of themselves? Can we—dare we—say so? *Are* we "the sheep of His pasture?" Do we know it? feel it? prove it? In a wide sense, indeed, we all may say so. For the sheep that goes astray, that is lost in the wilderness, is still a *sheep*—still belongs to Christ's flock, and is marked with His mark. But the Saviour, in the text, is not speaking in this wider sense. He is speaking of loving and faithful sheep, not of erring and straying sheep. For mark what privileges belong to the true sheep of the "good Shepherd."

(1.) The good Shepherd *leads* His sheep. He leads them by His Spirit, and He leads them by His example. His indwelling Spirit guides them in the path of life; it fills their souls with love of Him, and longing desire to be like Him, and to be with Him; it draws them to Him; it gives them both the will and the power to come to Him: but they that come to Him, come that they may be made like Him. They would follow His steps. "His sheep hear His voice,

and they follow Him." They hear His voice calling, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." And they do not refuse His gracious call. "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice."

For, (2.) He knows His sheep, and they know Him. He is no stranger to them. They feel and realise His presence and His power among them. He is with them, though they see Him not; and they are sure He is with them. They are ever looking to Him, and thinking of Him; and they cherish fondly His great promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

But again, (3.) As He leads them so He also feeds them. "The Lord is my shepherd," sings the Psalmist, "therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort." Oh, that we hungered and thirsted more for that food, and for those waters! For then should we be filled. His word, His grace, His strength, His comfort, His peace, with these will He fill and nourish our souls. Aye, and even more: for has He not said, "*I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world?*" And, while we speak of the good Shepherd feeding His sheep, those sweet, well-known, touching words, rise to our memory—words made so familiar to many by the charm of exquisite music, even as the image of the good Shepherd is impressed on another sense by the painter's wondrous skill,—"*He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.*" Oh! how tenderly does He deal with His flock! With what a gentle, loving hand, does He guide them and lead them on!

Once more, (4.) He will seek out and help even the wandering sheep, to bring it back to the fold. Oh! how often, when some stroke of sorrow or suffering comes upon us, if we could look into the living truth of things, we should see that it was but the staff of the good Shepherd laid upon us, to turn us back from danger and misery towards those green pastures and pleasant streams where He would have us feed. God give us more faith to see the good Shepherd's hand in all things that befall us, and to hear His gentle voice speaking to us in its tones of love and wisdom! Alas! for our blindness which will not see that hand, and our deafness which will not hear that voice! Oh! listen to His pleading words, and follow Him. Follow Him on and on, through ever greener pastures, by ever purer streams. Be not content till you, with all the flock, at last come there, where "*they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*"

# ST. JOHN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST, 1860.

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PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace; and of Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street.*

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## THE DIOCESE OF DURHAM AND THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS.

The question as to whether any preference should be given to this Diocese in the distribution of the Common fund, at the disposal of the Commissioners has met with a speedier solution than had been generally anticipated. Some time ago, the County of Durham assumed the untenable position of demanding the whole of the revenues arising from Church property within its area to be appropriated solely for its own benefit, without any recognition being made of the spiritual wants existing in other districts of England. This was unwise in the face of the preponderating power of the South in the constitution of the commission, and of the Houses of Parliament; and it was injurious to the interests of the Church of England at large, that one of its dioceses should be needlessly rich, while others with equally urgent necessities, were hopelessly poor. Beaten upon this ground, another was taken by the Diocese which has deservedly challenged the sympathies and convictions of everybody except our friends of Whitehall Place. The responsibilities attached to property, it was now urged, ought to be recognised by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, as they are by all whose religious and moral feelings are not blunted. The spiritual necessities of a *parish*—not of a *diocese*, as was previously maintained—should be provided for, where the commissioners possess property, before scattering their funds broadcast over the whole of England. The Commissioners demurred to this equitable demand; and have been by the Government and the House of Commons compelled to yield. Henceforth, or as soon as the bill becomes law, the spiritual wants of those parishes, with which the Commissioners are pecuniarily connected as receivers, must be adequately met; and the luxury of enriching strangers, while neglecting their friends, be no longer indulged by the Board. But in the application of the principle just recognised, occasional instances of hardship will occur, unless the Commissioners put a liberal construction upon the words of the Act. There are cases of collieries, for example, where the shafts and workings are in one parish not needing assistance, and the miners' cottages are built in an adjoining parish, of which the endowment is scanty and insufficient. But inasmuch as the Commissioners do not derive any income from the parish where the workmen dwell, the obligation of providing for their spiritual welfare does not seem to be imposed upon them by the Act. No doubt there were difficulties in the way of meeting such cases as these and others of an analogous character, the word "*parish*" appearing to be the only term incapable of such an expansion as to embrace a diocese or an extent of locality to which, in the view of the legislature, the ordinary responsibilities of property do not attach. The impression generally prevailing that Durham has been harshly treated of late years will tend to an equitable consideration of these anomalous cases.



## THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

A deputation comprising the Clergy and several inhabitants of Bishop Auckland waited upon his Grace to present a farewell address on Wednesday, July 25th. The address which was read by W. Trotter, Esq., expressed the unfeigned regret felt by the inhabitants of Bishop Auckland, at the departure of his Grace from their town. It was at the same time, however, a matter of rejoicing to them that he had been called to a more exalted and important post. They hoped that the Northern Province of the Church would long continue to enjoy his kind and fatherly supervision, to be benefitted by his wisdom and experience, and to be animated by his bright example. In reply, his Grace remarked that the expression of such respect and affection on the eve of his departure, was to him a matter of high gratification. It was the consistent sequel of that kindly intercourse which had continued with uninterrupted harmony throughout the period of his residence among them. It had been his anxious effort and daily prayer to advance their best interests as well in this world as for the next; and if the memory of such efforts should abide with them in after years, he trusted that he may have the benefit of their supplications at the throne of grace, that he may have wisdom and strength to discharge, with faithfulness to God, and for the welfare of his Church, the onerous duties attached to that higher and more responsible office to which, by the providence of God, he had been raised. Early the next morning the town was astir, it having become known that his Grace would leave by the first train. Very many of the inhabitants had collected by seven o'clock, near the castle gates. They were soon joined by the first company of the Rifle Corps, with their captain and commandant, and by the town's brass band. Forming in procession the whole body accompanied the carriage containing his Grace and some members of his family, to the station, where the last act of respect was paid by the volunteers and band forming line on the platform. His Grace's successor is not expected to come into residence before September.

## THE MARONITES.

The recent atrocities committed in the East have familiarized the reading-public with names, of which many had not previously heard. That the Druses are a singular sect, inhabiting Mount Lebanon, and some neighbouring districts in Syria, dissenting alike from Christianity and Mahometanism, the pages of "Once a Week," have told us; but having been asked, the other day, as to whom and what the Maronites are, we will take the opportunity of answering in these pages.

The seventh century gave rise to a sect, originated by the vain curiosity of an Emperor in the East, who propounded to his Bishops the unprofitable question, "Whether Christ of one person, but two natures, was actuated by a single or a double will." The Greeks, in general, favoured the former opinion; the Latins, the latter.

About the close of the century, the 8th general council was assembled at Constantinople, which formally pronounced that the two wills were harmonized in the person of Christ.

Such is still the doctrine of the Greek and Latin Churches, and with the establishment of this doctrine, the controversy respecting the incarnation expired, after an uninterrupted duration of nearly 300 years, leaving its traces in the Creed of St. Athanasius.

But, while this was adopted as the doctrine of the Churches, there were some Sectaries who dissented; and as they maintained that, notwithstanding the human and divine natures in Christ, there is, nevertheless, but one will which was the divine, they became known as the Monothelites (*Monos* single and *Thelema*, will.

This doctrine found refuge among some hardy mountaineers of Lebanon, who at the end of the century were joined by an Ecclesiastic, previously living as a monk in the famous Convent of Maro, on the border of the Orontes. This monk received the name of Maro, from his former place of residence, and ultimately, from the celebrity he acquired, the whole tribe became known as the "Maronites"; a cognomen which they have retained to the present day.

During 400 years they adhered to the doctrine of the one will in Christ, but on renouncing it in the 12th century, they were admitted to the communion of the Roman Church. Stipulating, however, at the time that nothing should be changed or abolished that related to their ancient rites and religious opinions, their attachment to the Roman Church has become no more than an attachment to the Roman Pontiff. While the Maronites approach now closely to the Greek Church in theory, but are connected with the Latin by government, we may say of them as of all the churches of the East, that they are lax in doctrine and loose in practice.

### ADDITIONAL CURATES SOCIETY.

Sermons will be preached in behalf of this valuable Society, on Sunday, August 19th, at St. John's Church, Morning and Evening, by the Rev. W. H. Elliott, Vicar of Sockburn—at Dinsdale and Sockburn Churches by the Rev. W. H. Stephens—and at St. Helen's, Auckland, when it is to be hoped that the incalculable benefit conferred upon the Church of England, through its agency, will be remembered and appreciated by the respective congregations. The object of the Society is to assist in the salvation of souls by increasing the number of Pastors in the large and populous places of England and Wales. There are now 420 additional Clergy maintained, wholly or in part, by the Society at a total expense of £25,000; and it is for the purpose of maintaining this ministerial work among a population exceeding three millions and a quarter in number and of extending it in Parishes greatly needing assistance, that the appeals will be made.

Notwithstanding the extent of the existing grants there are at the present hour upwards of 90 applications from Parishes with a population of 435,000, many of which are of the most pressing character.

### NATIONAL SOCIETY.

Collections, amounting to £9., were made in behalf of this valuable society, at St. Cuthbert's Church, on the 8th Sunday after Trinity, after sermons preached by the Rural Dean, the Rev. J. D. Eade, and the Incumbent, the Rev. J. G. Pearson. As usual, in districts where a depot has been, or is about to be established, one-fourth of the above collection will be appropriated for the support of the depot, which will be shortly opened in Blackwellgate, for the sale of school materials, and of the books and tracts published by the Christian Knowledge Society. This shop will confer a great benefit upon the parishes of Darlington, and its neighbourhood, by affording facilities for the selection and purchase of parochial and school literature; and when it is once opened, will receive, no doubt, efficient support from the friends of Religious Education. The last boon conferred upon the district by the National Society, was a grant of £50 towards the establishment of the depot.

### CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A well attended meeting in support of this Society was held in the School-room at Heighington, on Thursday evening July 12th, the Vicar (Rev. W. Beckett) being in the chair. There were present the Revs. G. T. Fox, Charles Hodgson, J. Manisty, G. G. Lynn, W. H. Stephens, J. Shaw; Mr S. Smithson, Capt. Robson and others. Excellent

speeches were made by the chairman and the Rev. G. T. Fox, C. Hodgson, and J. Manisty, and the collection, including a donation of £2 from J. Aylmer, Esq., who was unavoidably absent, amounted to a little more than nine pounds. Since the formation of the Heighington Branch Association, which includes the parish of Shildon, in the year 1838, the large remittance of £1600 and upwards have been made to the Parent Society for the purposes of the Church Missionary cause.

## ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

The Managers received last week the Inspector's Report upon the Schools, of which the following is a summary:—

UPPER SCHOOL.—“Both the Master and the School have had too short a trial to allow of a definite report, and I prefer leaving all to be judged of next year. It is not easy, after three months' trial, to say how far any given fault is avoidable in handling children, who had been much neglected previously. One point deserves unqualified praise, viz., the buildings, which are nearly perfect.”

INFANTS.—“An Infant School is more quickly organised, and I do not therefore feel any difficulty in saying that Miss Clare's work is in all respects very good, and that her School is decidedly the best Infant School in my district;”—and when it is known that this district comprises all the Church of England Schools in the four Counties of Durham, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, the Inspector's Report is of a highly flattering character, in respect to the skill and industry of the Infant Mistress.

The Master has, necessarily, encountered greater difficulties in the organisation of the Upper School; but some of them have diminished since the inspection, which took place in the early part of April.

The expenditure of the Schools will exceed the income arising from the School pence by upwards of £100 the first and second years; and any Subscriptions or Donations towards the diminution of the deficiency, in sums however small, will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. R. Thompson, or by any of the Committee. Some Subscriptions have been already received, including one of Ten Pounds from the Duke of Cleveland.


The Ladies Committee will be obliged by receiving any plain work from any of their friends, addressed to the care of Miss Simonson, St. John's Schools.

MONTHLY BAGS for the use of women of deserving character and in indigent circumstances, may be had on application to the Parsonage; or to Miss Clare, Infant School.

Children's frocks and pinafores, and articles of under-clothing on sale, at very moderate prices, in the sewing room, St. John's Schools, between Two and Four o'clock every day, Saturdays excepted.

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|         |                        |                                                        |
|---------|------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| Aug. 19 | 11TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. 2 Kings 5—Acts 17. Even. 2 Kings 9—1 Peter 4.    |
| 26      | 12TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. 2 Kings 10—Acts 24. Even. 2 Kings 18—1 John 3.   |
| Sept. 2 | 13TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. 2 Kings 19—Matthew 3. Even. 2 Kings 23—Romans 3. |
| 9       | 14TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. Jer. 5—Matthew 10. Even. Jer. 22—Romans 10.      |

 Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. Sermons at St. John's, by the Rev. W. H. Elliott, for the Additional Curate's Society.





"MY LAMB IS DEAD!" SHE CRIED.

### Janet's Lamb.\*

LITTLE maid of ten years old

Lived on a mountain side ;  
No brothers, sisters, had she left ;  
Her parents, too, had died ;

And Janet with her grandsire old,  
Both solitary and poor,  
Watched the sheep-runs all summer long  
Upon the hilly moor,

Until the hard, hard winter days—  
Then, all the sheep housed in,  
The shepherd and the child came down  
Into the town's harsh din.



\* From *Our Year*. A delightful book for young and old, by the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Cambridge: M'Millan & Co. 5s.

The gloomy town, where angry men  
And hungry women brawled,  
And many a sight and sound of pain  
Poor Janet's heart appalled.

But when the heavy winter past,  
And March returning smiled,  
Up to the quiet hill-side hut  
Went the delighted child.

Two collie dogs, one frail old man,  
One lassie, blithe and free,  
They spent their days upon the moor,  
A happy company.

Then when night fell, within the fold,  
Furze-thatched, peat-walled, and warm,  
The mother ewes and tender lambs  
They shut up safe from harm ;

And Janet, with contented heart,  
The hut-door closed, and lay  
Down on her bed of heather twigs,  
And slept till break of day.

But once, just in the dead of night,  
She woke with startled haste,  
Thinking she heard a sound amid  
The sougling of the blast—

A cry so like that little lamb's  
Lost last year on the hill ;  
She sat up—listened—once again  
The cry came—then was still.

Said Janet, " Sure it cannot be ;  
I counted them all round,  
Twenty-three ewes, six lambs, two twins—  
Hark, Grand-dad !"—He slept sound.

But, creeping past the hut, the wind  
The door-posts shakes and jars,  
And through the window Janet sees  
The black sky, sown with stars.

Her teeth were chattering with the cold,  
Her heart is full of fear ;  
But yet that melancholy cry  
She cannot choose but hear.

And out upon the fearsome hill  
Grand-dad or she must go,  
Or else some little wandering lamb  
Will perish in the snow.

"There was no snow last eve," she thought ;  
But conscience showed her plain  
A tiny ledge of glittering white  
Against the window pane.

And through the north wind's angry howl  
Still conscience bore the cry ;  
"If no one goes," said Janet, "sure  
The little lamb will die.

"Poor grandfather (how sound he sleeps !)  
Is tired, lame, and old :"  
And then she trembled at the dark,  
And shivered at the cold.

"I will not fear," said she at last,  
And rose up quietly ;  
"If I take care of my poor lamb,  
God will take care of me."

So out upon the midnight hill  
The little lassie stole,  
Her limbs all shaking as she went,  
But courage at her soul.

Out, out beneath the starry sky,  
So lonely still and grand,  
With not a living creature near  
In all the sleeping land.

The stunted firs rose grim and dark,  
The white whin-bushes gleamed ;  
And yet that feeble helpless bleat  
Further and further seemed.

Her numb feet crunched the new-fall'n snow ;  
She shook at each faint noise ;  
Yet higher, higher up the hill  
Pursued the piteous voice.

The loud wind roared—the weak cry ceased.  
"My lamb is dead!" she cried,—  
When underneath a heather bush  
She saw it at her side.

\* \* \* \* \*

Janet is now a woman grown,  
With bairns about her knee ;  
The same bright smile and pleasant word  
For them, and you, and me.

But if you ask, she'll laugh and say  
She ne'er was gladder, sure,  
Than when she found the dying lamb  
Upon the midnight moor.



## Endure Hardness.



SMALL bit of stone was once lying on the ground at the foot of a mountain. "Dear me," said the little unshapely thing to itself, "it's dreadfully stupid lying here year after year, and never growing any bigger or more beautiful! I think there must have been thousands of winters and summers coming and going while I lay underground in the dark; and since I came up into the daylight, the sun has risen and set more times than one small pebble can calculate. Other things, now, are not so stupid. That young upstart of an acorn that I knew a few years ago underground has since come up wonderfully. He bends over in the most patronising manner, and shakes his green head as much as to say, 'Ah! my dear little fellow, times change and we change with them. Some of us outgrow our baby-clothes very rapidly; but, really, I don't see but *you* are much the same as ever!' What is more, I observe the same law at work all around me. Everything that God has made seems designed to grow into something better than it was at first. The smallest seeds come up into flowers or shrubs, or even trees; little cold, black, ugly grubs expand into beautiful insects, that rejoice in the summer air; but what in the world is there for a poor shapeless pebble to do?"

"Much every way," said a sharp clicking voice, and a wedge-faced instrument advanced, giving our pebble a hard thump. "Why, my friend, you have the ring of the true metal in you, and with the sanction of my learned master, who is well acquainted with the genealogies of our race, I shall claim you as an own cousin of mine."

"You have the advantage of me," said Mr. Pebble; "I don't even know your name."

"Is it possible," rejoined Mr. Pickaxe, "you don't know that we all belong to the great Iron family, the most potent on the globe at the present day? Branches of our stock exist in all parts of the world, and by our powerful connexions and our substantial worth we have made ourselves necessary to the existence of every civilised state. Our line can be traced as far back at least as Tubal Cain, and from that day to this no great work has been accomplished, no temples or aqueducts built, no land tilled or harvest gathered, without the assistance of some member of our family. We bind together continents, we furnish roads for commerce, and airy paths for the lightning-footed couriers of thought."

"I am proud of the relationship," responded the pebble, "though I cannot but acknowledge myself a most unworthy member of so illustrious a line."

"None of us," replied Mr. Pickaxe, condescendingly, "are of any worth until moulded by education. In the low, inactive life which you have led, baser elements have doubtless entered into your composition, which must be cast out before you can arrive at your proper dignity and usefulness. The process is somewhat disagreeable, but I am sure you will submit to it."

"Most willingly," said the poor little pebble, "if I may only quit this stupid mode of existence, and become of some use in the world. But how shall I begin? Who will undertake my education?"

"Never fear," replied the pickaxe. "It is the law of the universe, that where the desire for improvement exists the means shall be given. It is even said by those who are wiser than we, that what seems aspiration in us, and a longing for our best estate, is really the attraction of a greater Power. The magnetic force, you know, is greater in the pole than in any needle that points toward it."

"It is a comforting doctrine," said the pebble, "though you doubtless understand the philosophy of it better than I. But I would like to know your object in continually knocking upon my surface. You would break my bones if I had any, and I declare you have given me a headache already with your hard bumps."

"It is only what we have all to give and take," rejoined the pickaxe. "You surely don't expect to be good for anything in the world if you cannot bear hard knocks and severe treatment?"

At this moment the man who was wielding the pickaxe exclaimed, "Ah! there is no doubt of it—we have come upon a valuable vein of iron. This piece of ore here will not require a great amount of smelting to yield the pure metal. And as this is, so to speak, the first-fruits of this little estate of mine, I will work it into steel for some delicate instrument, as a memento of to-day's discovery."

Now commenced strange times for our aspiring pebble. Thrown into a basket with half a dozen others like himself, he was conveyed to the chemist's laboratory. "Here," said he, "I shall rapidly improve, in the company of so many refined and polished members of my own family." He was not, however, placed upon the shelf, or in the case of instruments that stood temptingly open, as if inviting him to a delicate little couch of purple velvet.

"I'm a rough fellow," said the pebble, "and not fit for that yet. But I see they are going to give me instead a warm berth near the fire." And so it proved, for he was soon placed directly over the furnace, which was glowing with burning coals.

"Oh! oh! oh! this is a warm reception, truly," muttered the pebble to himself, when an hour had passed and the fire grew hotter and hotter. "I will bear it though. I really am improving wonderfully already, and glow with a brilliancy which I never before knew I possessed. Who would have thought, that in so short a time I could eclipse the most highly-polished of my species? It is a glorious thing after all to be in the furnace of discipline and trial."

But these pleasant thoughts soon left him when he was suddenly withdrawn from the furnace and plunged into a bath of cold water. "It's decidedly cool!" hissed the shivering sufferer. "What this is for I can't conceive. Here I've lost all my brilliancy in a single moment, and am reduced to the same ugly, shapeless mass I was before—only, if possible, blacker than ever. I don't believe a word about improvement by such a senseless process as this. I wish they had left me on the ground in peace."

Complaint, however, was useless, for a wiser head had the care of the pebble now. He was subjected again and again to the fire, coming out every time still brighter, and was plunged again and again into the water, to emerge every time yet harder than before. At last heat and cold had done their work, and he was ready for the anvil. Now came hard times indeed.

"I don't know what I have done to deserve such a beating as this," he cried, as the heavy blows of the hammer fell thick and fast.

"The harder the treatment the better the steel," responded the hammer. Then came the grating grindstone, whose action we all know is extremely trying to sensitive nerves; at which the victim set up a cry which would have chilled your blood to hear. But the day came when the discipline was ended, and a tiny blade of dazzling polish and almost invisible edge lay beneath its master's hand.

"Ah, my little steel!" said the chemist; "you are not much like the ugly pebble that I picked up under the mountain that November day. So much for science, that perceives the real character of the thing under its outward unshapeliness."

"So much for hard blows, and heat, and cold, and grindstone sharpening," rejoined the blade, with a bright flash for a smile.

"Yes, your *temper* is evidently improved since I gave you that warm place by the fire; and, if you did but know it, you are no exception to the general rule. None of us are of much use until we have gone through the appointed course of education; and the greater the service for which we are destined, the more severe and searching must be the discipline. The anvil for the iron, the flail and the threshing-floor for wheat, athletic exercise and hardy endurance for the body, and the school of labour and self-denial for the mind."

## Harvest\* Song of Praise.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Ministers.)



WE toil and sow for harvest the seed upon the land,  
The yield and growth depending upon a higher hand:  
He sends us genial showers, He makes His sun to shine,  
From Him comes every blessing, from God the Lord Divine.

*Chorus (People.)* All that is excellent  
Proceeds from God the Lord;  
Then give Him thanks, then give Him thanks,  
And trust ye in His word.

Our Heavenly Father knoweth we food and raiment need,  
And daily He bestoweth on each his several need:  
Let no man at His dealings e'er murmur or repine,  
For all have many blessings from God the Lord Divine.

*Chorus (People.)* All that is excellent, &c.  
Then let us sing His praises with glad and loud acclaim,  
While each his tribute raises to bless His sacred Name.  
May He to serve Him truly our lips and lives incline,  
For of Him come our blessings, from God the Lord Divine.

*Chorus (People.)* All that is excellent, &c. S. C. C.

\* Two Harvest Hymns, very suitable for use at festivals, are given in *The Parish Magazine* for Sept. 1859. (Bell and Daldy.) There are nine Harvest Hymns in *The Penny Happy Home Songster*. (Routledge and Co.) All details for managing Harvest Festivals are contained in "A Lecture on Harvest Thanksgivings," by Rev. E. Jacon. (Masters. Price 6d.)



## "Murder done Here."



VER many parishes, and streets, and lanes, and houses, the words "Murder done here" might well be inscribed, though neither knife nor razor, arsenic nor strychnine, are known within them. For if people die when they might live, then, though nobody is hung for it, yet these needless deaths are really murders.

Of the people who live in Eastbourne, Sussex, *fifteen* out of every thousand die in a year, while of those who live in Liverpool, *thirty-six* out of every thousand die in the same time; or, to take two districts that are closer together,—of every thousand residents in Kensington, *nineteen* die in a year, while of every thousand residents in St. Saviour's, Southwark, *thirty-three* of every thousand die in the same period.

The reports of the Registrar-General show that about one-fourth of the yearly deaths in England might be prevented. There are 628 Registration districts. In sixty-four of them (containing a population of about one million people) the death-rate ranges from 1,500 to 1,700 in each 100,000 inhabitants; but the average death-rate of all the districts is about 2,266; and in some of the worst districts the death-rate reaches from 3,300 to 3,600; so that out of 100,000 persons, 2,100 more die in a year in the worst district than die in the healthy districts.

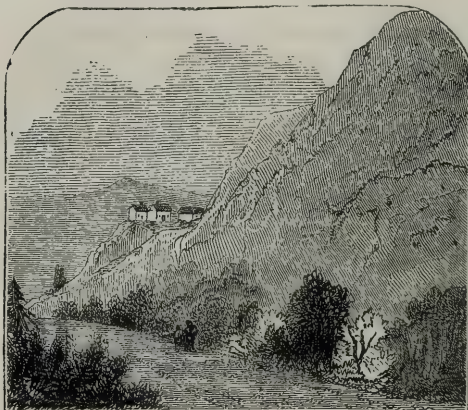
It is found that the number of deaths from peculiar diseases in all the districts of England are almost equal, and therefore the greater mortality of some districts must arise from bad air, bad drainage, over-crowded dwellings, or some such cause, in the place itself. For it is a fact never to be forgotten, that thousands of deaths are caused every year by diseases which either will not arise or will not spread amongst those who obey certain well-known laws of health. There are certain diseases of which the very essence is filth—diseases which are never found except when there is stagnant air or stagnant water—diseases which disappear before public and private cleanliness. Yet tens of thousands of deaths annually arise from these causes. Surely we may write over such—"Murder done here!"

And there are other diseases which every year kill some thousands of our people, though the means of preventing them are so plain and handy that scarcely a death from such causes ought to take place in a civilised country. Yet these preventable diseases, cholera, diarrhoea, and dysentery, during nine years (1848–1856), were fatal to 237,498 persons, and that mainly during a few summer weeks! while about 18,000 persons, chiefly of the labouring class, annually fall victims to fever under such circumstances that we might with truth inscribe on the lintels of their doors,— "Murder done here!" And that many of these deaths may be prevented is proved by the fact, that when proper care is taken in the removal of putrid matter and the providing of fresh air and pure water, the death-rate of a district diminishes. In the small city of Ely, by the aid of sanitary science, upwards of seventy-two lives are saved in each year.

But our country readers must not think that it is only over town,

streets, and alleys that "Murder done here" should be inscribed; the same scroll might well be written over the stagnant horse-ponds, the reeking ditches, the ill-drained or undrained cow-sheds and stables, which are only too common in the rural districts. From such causes, places that look healthy are often mere pest-holes. Here is a sketch\* of a village on the Welsh borders, as it is seen from a distance; pleasantly situated, blown on by the pure fresh air, and a charming object to the passing traveller. "Innocence and health must be dwellers here," says the stranger who visits it. He begins to inquire, however, and he finds that health at any rate is a stranger, and that fever is a constant guest.

A Fever Village near Shrewsbury, from a distance. Who would think it?



Part of the same Village, close. Who would doubt it?

The lower part of the sketch shows some of the cottages as they appear on a close inspection. The place is without drainage—pigs and dogs are kept—the people are dirty in their habits, and allow all kinds of refuse to collect—water flows down the hill and lodges in pools, which become stagnant; and the consequence is, that in this position, which would be most healthy if properly drained, fever is a frequent visitor; and the average number of deaths of this and such neighbourhoods, if truly ascertained, would startle the most careless thinkers.

The first sanitary requirement in such a place is good drainage,

though care must be taken in carrying this out not to damage the wells, for many wells are made most unwholesome from the filtering of various kinds of refuse into the springs. Good paving also is very desirable; for if this be not attended to, the waste water sinks into the earth, which in time becomes a mass of putrid soil, and this

\* These woodcuts and the facts in this article are extracted, by permission, from a small book full of valuable information, entitled *Town Swamps and Social Bridges*, from the experienced pen of G. Godwin, Esq. F.R.S., Editor of *The Builder*. London: Routledge and Co.

during summer is attended with ill effects. One of the sketches below shows how a village-well (with the luxury of a pump), to which many of the neighbours come for water, is situated. It adjoins a cesspool; the soil around it is saturated with the impurities of many years, and the nearest doctor has more patients than pay. Sometimes, too, the water-tank is found placed close under the wall of the village graveyard!

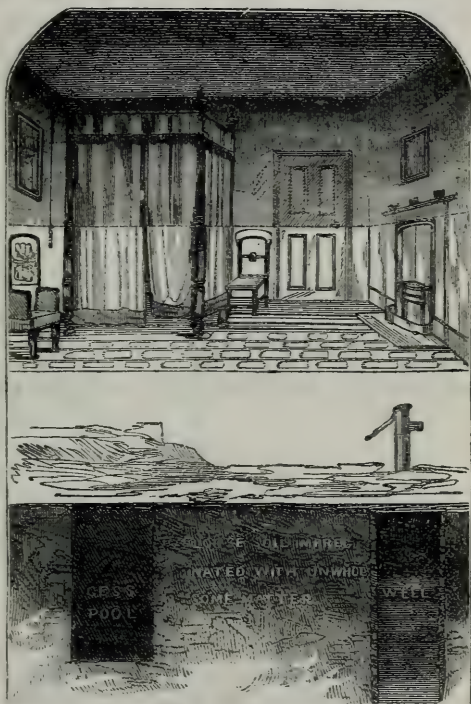
But when all has been done that drainage can effect, it is necessary to bear carefully in mind the effect produced on the mouse in the closed jar, for if we have a room or a house filled with even healthful atmosphere, it will soon be spoiled and rendered unwholesome if the air be not renewed. Look into the bedrooms of many cottages, and you will find them over-crowded to a most dangerous extent;—the man and his wife, and five or six children, of all ages, sleeping in one apartment, in order to let the little room at the back to three or four farm-labourers, or, when a railway is going on, to half-a-dozen navvies.

Over such a house you may write safely—"Murder done here." For, to have a healthy sleeping-place, there must be a certain cubical area in a room for each person that is to occupy it: and then there should be the means of ventilating

this area, that is, of renewing the air. In the majority of even good dwellings the arrangements for this are by no means sufficient. The upper part of our sketch represents the best bedroom in the best inn of the county town, and will give some notion of the state in which most bedrooms are in the morning. The air is tolerably pure as high as the mantel-piece, supposing there *be* a fire-place in the room; and above that the foul air is not fit to maintain healthful life: nay, it is not only deprived of its life-sustaining principle, it is impregnated with a death-giver—foul gas, and the particles that emanate from decomposing matter.

But how can the atmosphere—invisible, tasteless—convey these

A dangerously-unhealthy Bed-room. Poisonous Air.



The position of the Pump. Poisonous Water.



impurities? it has been asked. In the ordinary light the atmosphere seems pure and harmless, but when the sun shines through narrow chinks into this seeming void, the motes in the sunbeam show that the atmosphere is anything but transparent; countless myriads of minute atoms of matter are constantly floating in it, and entering the lungs of young and old. Here, then, is palpable evidence of the necessity for care. The semi-opaque nature of the air we breathe is evident; and far smaller particles, which the eye cannot see, are constantly rising from the surface and floating around,—germs of disease, messengers of death.

In ill-paved streets and back-yards, on which waste water is allowed to remain and saturate the soil, where the drainage from cess-pools also further pollutes the earth, exhalations fill the air, and poison the system of those who are unfortunately obliged to inhale this important necessary of life in so impure a state. Those who, in the cleanest and best-ventilated houses of a town, have noticed the thick layer of dust that in one day covers tables, books, &c., can form some notion of the large quantity of these floating atoms which enters the mouth, both during day and night, at every breath that is taken.

If the dust on the walls and floor of a room in which tobacco has been smoked be swept up, and then carefully packed away, and if it be examined after some time, it will be found that the tobacco fumes can still be detected. Window-hangings, carpets, and other fabrics, will absorb the gases thrown off by tobacco, sulphur, and similar matter. In the same way the bad gases arising from overcrowded sleeping-rooms, or drains, pervade and lodge themselves to a considerable extent on all surrounding objects, and poison those motes which are made evident to us by the sunbeam; and which, even when the bright sunlight does not reveal them, are still surely performing their never-ceasing work. Even in ships at sea, and on mountain-tops, on moors and marshes, these motes, showing the never-ceasing operations of nature, glisten in the sunshine; still there is a vast difference between the wholesomeness of such dust and that which arises in the houses of filthy courts, in the neighbourhood of graveyards, in ill-ventilated assembly-rooms, overcrowded barracks, and other places.

As an instance of the extent to which scents can be wafted, it may be mentioned, that when the wind has been blowing gently in the right direction, the pleasant smell of the new hay from the meadows on the north of London may be perceived in Holborn and equally distant parts of the city. In like manner dangerous nuisances are floated on the air; and this circumstance, together with the sight of the motes in the sunbeam, ought to teach us how necessary it is to preserve the atmosphere from pollution.

It has been said that good health is a mark of respectability, and so it is; and, moreover, it shows good sense: for usually it is not merely an evidence that vicious dissipation has been avoided, but it shows also that the laws of nature have been understood and attended to. But where these simple requirements are neglected, and a house is rendered pestilent by filth and foul air, whenever the sickly tenant yields to the grasp of Death, we write over the doorway—*"MURDER DONE HERE."*

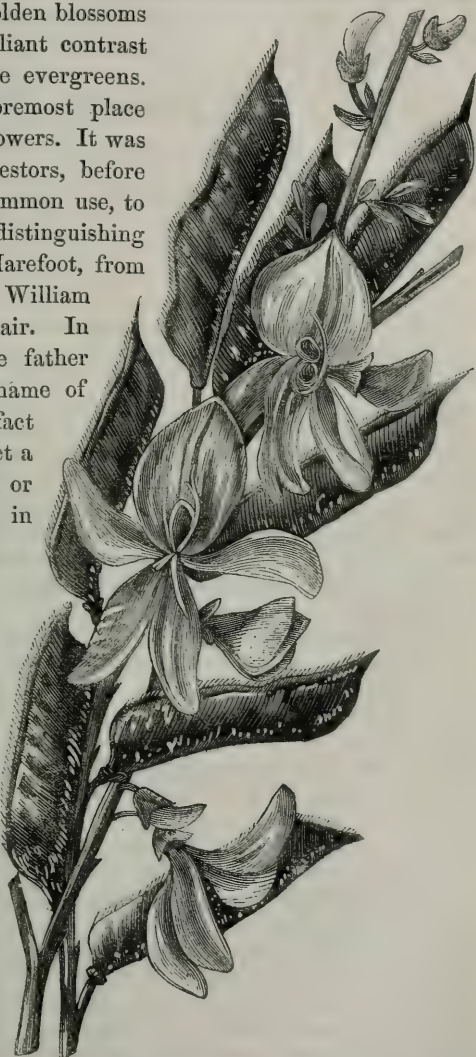
IT is said that when Linnæus, the great botanist, for the first time saw a common covered with broom in full blossom, he knelt down and thanked God for the gift of such beauty. And the same admiration, which he felt, has led many persons to introduce the Broom into shrubberies, where its golden blossoms form a striking and brilliant contrast to the dark tints of the evergreens. The Broom holds a foremost place amongst our historical flowers. It was the custom of our ancestors, before family names were in common use, to call each person by some distinguishing name, such as Harold Harefoot, from his swift running, or William Rufus, from his red hair. In this way, Geoffrey, the father of Henry II., got the name of Plantagenet, from the fact that he wore in his helmet a *plant* or sprig of *genista*, or broom. His son, either in memory of his father, or from liking the name, retained it, and thus it became the title of a family from which there sprung a long line of kings of England.

The whole plant of Broom yields a green dye. The stems were formerly used for making sweeping-brushes, whence they are called brooms; but twigs of birch, or the long, straight stems of the common Ling, are now used for this purpose in place of Broom.

The Broom is altogether rather ornamental than useful, although Dryden does say that

“ Ev’n humble Broom and Osiers have their use,  
And shade for sleep and food for flocks produce.”

R. B.



# Short Sermons.

No. VIII.

## The Power of Faith.

BY ASHTON OXENDEN, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE PATHWAY OF SAFETY," "THE EARNEST COMMUNICANT,"  
ETC.

MARK, ix. 23.—"*Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*"



THESE words were spoken on a very remarkable occasion. And I think it will be well to place the whole occurrence before you as St. Mark relates it.

It seems that our Lord had just been upon the mount with His three chosen disciples, Peter, James, and John ; and there He had been transfigured before them. And on His return to the plain below to join the rest of the disciples, He finds them surrounded with an immense crowd of people ; and it was clear that something had happened, which had produced a considerable stir among them. The Scribes were seen questioning the disciples in so excited a manner, that it was quite evident that something unusual had occurred.

When our Lord made His appearance at the foot of the hill with His little train of followers, the crowd immediately rushed towards Him. And whether it was His solemn appearance, or the fame of His miracles, or that they were glad to have any one to fly to in their difficulty, it seems that they treated Him on this occasion with the greatest respect. St. Mark says, that "when they beheld Him, they were greatly amazed, and, running to Him, saluted Him."

What a change for our Lord ! A few moments before He had been on the quiet, peaceful mountain — almost alone — holding communion with His Father, and conversing with Moses and Elias. And so peacefully had the moments passed, that Peter could not help exclaiming, "Master, it is good for us to be here." But now Jesus leaves His glory and His happiness, and plunges again into the busy world. And so is it with His people even to this hour. There are times when they feel that the world, with all its disturbing cares and occupations, is shut out for a while ; they enjoy sweet moments alone with God, and have a foretaste, as it were, of heaven. But then again, they are forced to return to the busy scenes of life, and to mix once more in its occupations and trials.

Picture to yourselves, then, the Saviour at this time, surrounded by the eager multitude. He singles out the Scribes, who appeared to be the ringleaders on this occasion, and asks them what was the warm dispute they had been holding with His disciples. Before they



could answer Him, one steps forward from among the crowd, leading by the hand a child, whose pale, worn countenance, plainly showed that he had long been suffering both in mind and body. "Master," he said, "I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; and wheresoever the spirit taketh him, he teareth him: and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away."

Here was no common case. Here was one of those mysterious instances we read of in Scripture of a person possessed by an evil spirit. It was not simply disease—it was not merely the case of one who was out of his mind. No, it was something more. It seems, that during the time our Lord was upon earth the devil was permitted to exercise much greater power over men than he displays now. And this, in order that He might have the greater opportunity of showing His goodness and power in casting out Satan.

And now we shall see what gave rise to the questioning and disturbance on the part of the Scribes, who had just been attacking the disciples during their Master's absence. The poor unhappy father had brought his child to the disciples in the hope that they could cure him. They had had power given them to work miracles, and had cured many—but here they had failed. Upon which the Scribes had probably set upon them, and accused them of being impostors. And now the poor despairing father comes to the Fountain Head, to Christ Himself, as a last resource. His hope was not quite gone, and he makes his appeal to Jesus.

And as the child drew near he was seized with another attack, in the Saviour's presence, as if Satan was fully aware of our Lord's power, and made a last desperate effort to torment him. "Straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming." And while he was in this state, insensible and nearly dead, Jesus questions the father—not for His own information, for He knew all—but that all present might learn the desperate nature of the child's disease.

"Alas!" he replied, "he has been subject to this heavy affliction from his very childhood. And so violent are his seizures that at times he rushes blindly into the fire, and at times into any water that may be near. But," he adds, "if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us."

Oh, what a touching request! And the request was already as good as granted by our Lord. But He makes one condition—He did not require him to give money, for His blessings are without money and without price—He did not require knowledge of him, for perhaps he knew but little; but what He required of the parent was *Faith*,—"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." As much as to say, "I believe; but my faith is lamentably weak, and it needs thy grace to strengthen it." Upon this, Christ, by His own almighty power, casts out the evil spirit from the child, and restores him sound and healed to his thankful father.

The multitude now disperse, with much to make them thoughtful, and with much to draw them towards the Saviour.

There is one little circumstance that occurred afterwards, which

I must not pass over. The disciples, when they find themselves alone with their Master, come to Him, and ask Him a most interesting question, "Why could not *we* cast him out?"—we who have performed other miracles, and have received from thee the power to heal—why did this case baffle all our attempts, so that we were despised by the Scribes who stood by? "And He said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting." They had looked, perhaps, more to themselves than to the Lord. They had received the power to heal; but they had forgotten, it may be, from whom that power came. They had not first prayed for success. Or, they had perhaps doubted, and so brought upon themselves just disgrace. Or again, perhaps they had been too confident—lifted up too much—like Moses when he smote the rock. In any case our Lord gave them a timely, but affectionate, rebuke.

But now, my readers, let me take you aside, as it were, for a moment, and improve this circumstance to the good of your souls.

1. I will direct your attention to the misery of that poor child's condition. You cannot think of his case without pity and horror. Ah, it was bad indeed! Satan had fearful power over him! And has he no power over *us*? Sometimes, we are told, he cast him into the fire; but is he not ever trying to cast us into eternal fire—everlasting burnings?

Be upon your guard. Remember that you have this enemy. Close the door of your heart against him. Keep him at a distance. If any man tries to draw you away from God, look upon him as Satan's agent, whom he employs to do *his* work. If the world entice you with its pleasures and its cares, look upon these as Satan's baits to catch you. If you feel some evil habit growing upon you, beware of it, for it is one of those bonds and fetters, by which he would fasten you down to his service.

But there may be some one here who has long been under the dominion of the Evil One. You are not your own master, but *his* slave; and you know it too, and perhaps it grieves you and makes you unhappy.

2. Let me, then, call your attention to another point in the Scripture before us.

There is a great Healer, who is infinitely more powerful than Satan, and He can set you free. We have seen how completely the Lord Jesus cast out the evil spirit from that unhappy person; and He can do the same in your case. Come, sinner, tied and bound as thou art with thy chains, and He can not only pardon thee, but He can loose thee from the galling power of sin. He can make thee happy in His service. What has sin done for you? It has given you many an hour of misery, I doubt not. And what *good* has it done for you? What fruit had you then in those things wherefore you are now ashamed?

Wherefore bring your evil habits, your bad ways, your wicked hearts—bring them all to Christ; and ask Him to deliver you from them. He can cleanse your soul from all its inward filthiness, and can make you a new creature.

3. But there is another point here, to which I must call your attention. Something was required in order that the sufferer might be

cured. Jesus questioned the Father as to his *faith*—if he could believe? Now, we find *faith* specially referred to when our Lord performed His different miracles. When He cured the centurion's servant, mentioned in St. Matt. viii., we find Him specially noticing his *faith*—"Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great *faith*, no, not in Israel." In the next chapter we read of His performing a cure on the woman who had an issue of blood. There again He says, "Be of good comfort, thy *faith* hath made thee whole." In St. Mark, x., we have the case of blind Bartimeus receiving a cure from Christ, with these words, "Go thy way; thy *faith* hath made thee whole." And so St. Peter, when he speaks in Acts, iii. of having restored a lame man by Christ's power, says, "And His name, through *faith* in His name, hath made this man strong; yea, *the faith which is by Him* hath given him this perfect soundness." Indeed it is said, on one occasion, that "He did not many mighty works *because of their unbelief.*" And St. Mark puts it still more strongly: "He *could* there do no mighty works . . . and He marvelled at their unbelief." Not that our *faith* can give Jesus power; but that *faith* makes us willing to receive His gifts. Oh! what abundant blessings does He promise to us, if we will but believe and accept them! "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, *believe* that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." And again, here in our text, the Lord says, "If, thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

Now, what does this mean? It is always best to take Scripture literally. If Jesus here says "all things," he means it. In one place He says, "With God *all things* are possible." Well then, if there is no limit to God's power of giving, neither need there be any bounds to what we may receive. Oh, here is comfort for us! Do I want grace? There it is for me. Am I longing for pardon? He is ready to give it. Do I need strength? He has it in all abundance to bestow. Might we not be far richer, and happier, and holier, if our own unbelief did not shut us out from these blessings? The hand of Christ is open; let us not close it by our cold, doubting, faithless hearts. Remember, Jesus here says, "*All things* are possible to him that believeth."

But some will say, "Dare I go to the Saviour with such a poor, unbelieving heart as mine?" Look at the case before us. Had the man who pleaded for his child *strong* faith? "Lord, I believe," he said; "help thou mine unbelief."

Here is great encouragement for every *sincere*, but *weak* believer. Jesus will not reject him. He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.

But there were two beautiful features in this man's faith.

It was a *humble* faith. He seemed to say, in answer to our Lord's question, "I have faith—I do believe in thy power: but my faith is poor—it is not what it ought to be." The worldly, careless man, fancies that his faith is strong enough—it does not trouble him. But he who really believes with the heart will ever be confessing his weakness, and continually mourning over it.

Then, too, there was a *desire to have it increased*; "Help thou mine unbelief—help me to put out stronger faith—strengthen me



in this my weakness—supply what is lacking in me, and let not my defect be in the way of this blessing."

There is another thing, which is very remarkable in this case. The man's faith was demanded, not for himself, but for his child. Had the child been older, or had he been sound in mind, faith would have been required of *him*. But now the father's faith is enough.

Here is encouragement to us in bringing our children to baptism. We bring them in faith,—they cannot believe themselves,—but the Lord mercifully accepts them at *our* hands, and gives them His blessing.

Lastly, mark our Lord's words to His disciples; "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." And so with regard to ourselves, there are some sins so deeply rooted, so firmly fixed and established in us, that more than ordinary means are needful to rid us of them. But if ye do desire to shake them off, it can be done—"All things," remember, "are possible to him that believeth." What will not yield to prayer?

And remember, too, whatever your besetting sin is—however firm its roots are—your heart must be cleared of it. Take it again and again to the throne of grace, and beseech God in his mercy to give you power over it. For without this you can never have a moment's real happiness here, and you can have no hope of entering a holy heaven hereafter.

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### *"The Days of the Years of my Life."*



AYS of my youth! ye have glided away;  
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and grey;  
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;  
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrowed all o'er;  
Strength of my youth! all thy vigour is gone;  
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;  
Hairs of my youth! I'm content ye should fall;  
Eyes of my youth! you much evil have seen;  
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears ye have been;  
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;  
Strength of my youth! why lament thy decay?

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;  
Pains of my age! yet awhile ye can last;  
Joys of my age! in true wisdom's delight;  
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;  
Thoughts of my age! dread ye not the cold sod;  
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God.      TUCKER.

ST. JOHN'S  
PARISH MAGAZINE  
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1860.

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PARISH MAGAZINE.—*Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace; Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Dépôt, Blackwellgate.*

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LAWS FOR LAUGHING.

**A**N excellent little article, with the above title, appears in the *Monthly Medley* for September; and as it is not likely to meet the eyes of the great majority of our readers, we will transcribe a portion of it, with some alterations, for their benefit. Men, women, and children, are the only living creatures on earth, who can laugh. And since God has given us this power to laugh, He must mean us to laugh sometimes, but we must take care not to use this gift in a wrong way. A few simple laws, therefore, may be of use for the innocent enjoyment of this goodly gift. As a general rule, laughter to be right should neither give pain to any other person, nor cause sorrow afterwards to ourselves. He who cannot think about the laughter of yesterday without being sorry for it to-day, has been merrier than he should have been. In regard to particular rules we mention as the *first law*—Do not laugh at what God says. Sarah's son bore the name of Isaac, which means "laughter;" so that his very name should always remind his mother of her want of faith. It is a dangerous thing to laugh at what God says to us, as He speaks to us still in His holy Book; for if we make light of His words and ridicule the call he makes to us, then He may say, "I will also laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." (Prov. I., 26.)

**SECOND LAW.**—Do not laugh at any joke that gets its point from some verse in the Bible. It has been the fashion of late to make too many of such unseemly jests, and it is a great misfortune, if we are told them. For our minds lay hold so strongly of whatever they ought to lose, that we cannot forget a single jest that we have heard upon a verse, though we can easily forget all the good lessons which we have heard in a score of sermons preached upon it. Even when we hear the words read in church, this bad and depraved use of them will pass through our minds in spite of ourselves. And for this reason we ought never to repeat any such jest, for by doing so we may make a stain on the soul of our companion which years will not wipe away.

**THIRD LAW.**—Do not laugh at any thing that is coarse or low. Never let yourself laugh at any joke that you would be ashamed to tell out before your father and mother, your brothers or sisters, when sitting round the fireside of home. A laugh that you cannot share with them is a wrong laugh, and one that you should not have allowed to escape you.

**FOURTH LAW.**—Do not laugh *at people*; especially, do not laugh, as some do, at the maimed, or deformed, or the awkward. Such laughter almost always causes bitter pain, and it is sinful to give causeless pain to a fellow-creature. Few are so ready as to be able to shake off the annoyance, and fewer still to give the sharp reproof which Coleridge once did. He was an ungainly horseman, so much so, that people stared when they met him. Once he was riding along the road, when a man noticed him, and thinking to make sport of him, said, "I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the

road?"—the point of the question being that tailors, like sailors, are not thought to be very good riders. "Yes," said Coleridge, "I did; and he told me, if I went a little further, I should meet a *goose*. The witling got the worse of the encounter and the traveller jogged on. Sometimes a good-humoured laugh at persons' mistakes may be the best way to help them out of it; but we must be quite sure how they will take it before we run the risk of paining them.

FIFTH LAW.—Do not laugh when others near you are in sorrow or in trouble. At such times we ought rather to "weep with those that weep;" or, at any rate, we ought not to let our laughter grate upon their ears, and so force them to feel their trouble more from our cheerfulness.

To these five special laws, we add that it is bad for us to get into the way of always looking at the laughable side of things, for that is a habit that quickly grows upon us; and "it is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest." Still the Scripture saith "There is a time to laugh": and good old Humphrey says truly "As a new broom clears away the dust and cobwebs of an unswept room, so does a burst of mirth sweep away the dust and cobwebs of a beclouded mind. Cheerfulness is to us, when inclined to be care-worn, as a cool clear draught is to the traveller; it recruits our strength and spirits, and we start afresh in the path of duty more able to bear the toil of our pilgrimage."

## ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

THE COMMITTEE have the pleasure to acknowledge the following Subscriptions and Donations towards the yearly expenses of the Schools. The Duke of Cleveland, £10; Rev. W. H. Stephens, £2 2s; Mrs. W. H. Stephens, £1 1s; Mr. Lloyd Wharton, £2; Mr. R. Thompson, £2 2s; Mr. W. Thompson, £2 2s; Mr. Mewburn, £1; Mrs. Mewburn, £1; Miss Mewburn, 2s 6d; Miss E. Mewburn, 2s 6d; Black Boy Colliery Company, £1 5s 3d; Mr. W. Child, £1 1s; Mr. R. Child, £1 1s; Mrs. R. Child, 10s; Miss Child, 10s; Mr. W. Wooler, £1 1s; Mrs. W. Wooler, £1 1s; Mr. J. Wooler, £1 1s; Mr. Senior, £1 1s; Capt. O'Brien, £1; Mr. Rose, 10s; Mr. Sonatkin, 10s; Work Sold, 8s 1d; A Lady for the Sewing, 10s; Mr. Bryson, 10s; Mr. J. Bailey, 10s; Mr. Shutt, 2s 6d; Mrs. Wilkinson, 5s; Mrs. George Thompson, 10s; Mrs. Joseph Thompson, 5s; Mr. Gent, 2s 6d; Mrs. R. Middleton, 5s; and Mr. Lewis, 5s.

## TREASURER'S ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING MAY 31st, 1860.

| Dr.                      |     |    |       | Cr.                 |     |    |       |
|--------------------------|-----|----|-------|---------------------|-----|----|-------|
| RECEIPTS.                |     | £  | s. d. | PAYMENTS.           |     | £  | s. d. |
| Subscriptions            | ... | 35 | 8 3   | Master's Salary     | ... | 25 | 0 0   |
| Children's Pence         | ... | 23 | 8 7   | Mistress do.        | ... | 18 | 15 0  |
| Sunday School Treasurer  | ... | 2  | 17 0  | Sewing Mistress     | ... | 6  | 5 0   |
| Work Sold...             | ... | 0  | 8 1   | Cleaning            | ... | 3  | 15 0  |
| Balance due to Treasurer | ... | 3  | 2 10  | Coals               | ... | 5  | 1 3   |
|                          |     |    |       | Gas                 | ... | 2  | 9 0   |
|                          |     |    |       | Water               | ... | 1  | 10 0  |
|                          |     |    |       | Thornton and Bailey | ... | 2  | 9 6   |
|                          |     | 65 | 4 9   |                     |     | 65 | 4 9   |

Besides the amount of £3 2s 10d due to the treasurer, two or three accounts, one of them amounting to £11 remains unpaid for want of funds, thus leaving a deficiency of about £16 upon the working expenses of the Schools down to the end of May last. Any donations or subscriptions in sums however small, towards supporting the Schools in their infant state, will be thankfully received. The want of maps is beginning to be felt, but the managers cannot at present



undertake any further responsibility till a more widely extended support be given in answer to the appeals which they may make in the next three or four months.

Mary Jane Stockton and Isabella Clark have been admitted as Pupil Teachers to the Infant School.

### ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

“**I**T is a common custom used of all men, when they intend to have their friends or neighbours to come to their houses to eat or drink with them, or to have any solemn assembly to treat or talk of any matter, they will have their houses, which they keep in continual reparations, to be clean and fine, lest they should be counted sluttish, or little to regard their friends and neighbours. How much more then ought the House of God, which we commonly call the Church, to be sufficiently repaired in all places and to be honourably adorned and garnished and to be kept clean and sweet, to the comfort of the people that shall resort thereto.” The Homily upon the “Comely adorning of Churches” opens with the foregoing words, and we commend them to the Churchwardens and gentlemen who have contributed to the cleaning and comely adorning of our Church. The language of the homily, which is an authorised expression of the Church of England, and written by our early Reformers, has met with a hearty response in the restorative spirit that has animated the Church People of England for the last twenty-five or thirty years. The following donations, defraying the total expenses, have been received by the Churchwardens—Mr. Robert Thompson, 15s. ; Mr. Richard Child, 15s. ; Mr. John Buckton, 10s. ; Mr. W. Thompson, 10s. ; Mr. William Wooler, 10s. ; Mr. W. Child, 10s. ; Mr. Jonathan Wooler, 10s. ; Mr. W. N. Hall, 5s. ; Mr. J. Senior, 5s. ; Anonymous, 5s. ; Mr. J. Gent, 2s. 6d. ; Mr. Sheppard, 2s. 6d. ; total, £5 ; a sum much below the skill and labour bestowed by Mr. William Dryden, in the execution of the work.

MONTHLY BAGS for the use of women of deserving character and in indigent circumstances, may be had on application to the Parsonage ; or to Miss Clare, Infant School.

CHILDREN'S FROCKS AND PINAFORES, and articles of under-clothing on sale, at very moderate prices, in the sewing-room, St. John's Schools, between Two and Four o'clock every day, Saturdays excepted.

### ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY.

**F**ROM a Summary of the Society's operations, it appears that Grants to the amount of £1,460 are made in favour of 26 Parishes in the Diocese of Durham, and that £960 are raised locally to meet those Grants, thus shewing a total expenditure of £2,420 in connection with the Society. The remittance to its Funds amounted last year to about £402, being a decrease of £70 as compared with the remittance in the preceding year. Vigorous efforts, it is hoped, will be made to increase the number of Subscribers, that the extensive operations now being carried on to meet the Religious wants of our poor and populous Parishes may not be diminished from want of adequate support. On Sunday, August 19th, Collections were made in aid of the Additional Curates' Fund at Dinsdale, (£7 1s) ; at Sockburn, (£1 11s 1½d) ; at St. John's, Darlington, (£4 10s 6d), and at St. Helen's Auckland (£3 8s 6d), making a total of £16 11s 1½d. The Collection at Dinsdale was exceedingly encouraging ; and for such Parishes as Dinsdale and Sockburn, which are exclusively agricultural, to lend a helping hand to the towns is a pleasing feature in the Home Missions' cause.

A MEETING was held in the Lecture-room of the Central Hall, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 4th, to receive a statement respecting the objects of the Society

for Missions to Seamen, from its Travelling Secretary, the Rev. W. S. Evans, the late Curate of this Parish. The Rev. J. G. Pearson presided. Mr Evans, after combating several objections made to the formation of the Society which was established in 1856, entered into a lengthened description of its mode of operations and enforced the strong claims which the Seamen of England had upon the sympathies of the religious community at large. A collection was made at the close of the proceedings.

# CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

## CHAP. VI.—(Continued.)

(From the Mission of the Seventy until our Lord's arrived at Bethany, six days before the fourth Passover.)

Time, Six Months. A.D. 29-30.

- |          |                                                                                                     |                      |                      |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Sec. 30. | Parables of the Importunate Widow, the Pharisee and Publican ( <i>Perœa</i> )                       | ...                  | Luke 18, v. 1-14.    |
| 31.      | Christ receives and blesses little children ( <i>Fer.</i> )                                         | ...                  | " v. 15-17.          |
| 32.      | The danger of Wealth ( <i>Per.</i> )                                                                | ...                  | " v. 18-30.          |
| 33.      | Christ predicts for the third time his death ( <i>Per.</i> )                                        | ...                  | " v. 31-34.          |
| 34.      | The ambitious request of James and John ( <i>Per.</i> )                                             | ...                  | Mark 10, v. 35-46.   |
| 35.      | The healing of Bartimœus and another blind man ( <i>Near Jericho.</i> )                             | } Luke 18, v. 35-43. | & Matt. 20 v. 30-34. |
| 36.      | Zacchœusa Publican. Parable of the ten pounds ( <i>Jericho.</i> )                                   | Luke 19, v. 1-27.    |                      |
| 37.      | Jesus arrives at Bethany, six days before the Passover and Mary anoints his feet ( <i>Bethany</i> ) | ...                  | John 12, v. 1-11.    |

## CAPT. VII.


(From Christ's public entry into Jerusalem to the fourth Passover.)

Time, Five Days. A.D. 30.

- |         |                                                                                                          |                    |
|---------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Sec. 1. | SUNDAY.—Our Lord's public entry into Jerusalem ( <i>Bethany and Jerusalem</i> )                          | Luke 19, v. 28-40. |
| 2.      | The destruction of Jerusalem foretold, and the Temple cleared of the buyers and sellers ( <i>Jerus</i> ) | " v. 41-48.        |
| 3.      | Some Greeks at Jerusalem desire to see Christ ( <i>Jerus</i> )                                           | John 12, v. 20-44. |
| 4.      | The object of Christ's Mission ( <i>Jerus</i> )                                                          | " v. 44 to end.    |
| 5.      | Christ returns to Bethany in the Evening ...                                                             | Matt. 21, v. 17.   |
- (To be continued.)

# THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|          |                        |                                                    |
|----------|------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Sept. 16 | 15TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. Jer. 35—Matthew 17. Even. Jer. 36—1 Cor. 1.  |
|          | [Ember Collect.]       |                                                    |
| 23       | 16TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. Ezek. 2—Matthew 24. Even. Exek. 13—1 Cor. 8. |
| 30       | 17TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. Ezek. 14—Mark 3. Even. Ezek. 18—1 Cor. 15.   |
| Oct. 7   | 18TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. Ezek. 20—Mark 10. Even. Ezek. 24—2 Cor. 6.   |

 Divine Service at the Chapel-of-Ease, Albert Hill, every Sunday Evening at Six o'Clock.

[NOTES.—AN EMBER COLLECT is appointed for the first Sunday after the 14th of September; and the weeks in which the Ember days fall are called Ember weeks. These Ember days are certain days set apart for beseeching God's blessing upon those who are to be called to any spiritual office and administration in the Church; and the ordinations are appointed to be held in the Church on the Sundays next following these weeks. The Ember days are the Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays after the first Sunday in Lent, after Whit-Sunday, after the 14th of September, and after the 13th of December. Three or four derivations are given for the word "Ember;" but its most probable origin is the Saxon "Embryne," meaning a circuit, course or cycle, because these days return at stated periods.



"HE TOOK THE ROLL FROM OFF THE MARTYR'S BREAST."

### *The Martyrs.*



LITTLE bark was floating down a stream—

A broad, calm stream; the moon was high in heaven,  
And kiss'd the water with her pure, cool beam,

As it lay sleeping, like a child forgiven  
Some little fault, who on its parent's breast  
Pillows its head, and sobs itself to rest.

And in that boat were three,—a wild old man,

A lovely maiden, and a gentle boy:

Nothing they said, and though each cheek was wan,

Their eyes were gleaming with unearthly joy:

Their hands were clasp'd, as if in silent prayer,—

They communed with their heavenly Father there!



The mighty river flowing slowly on,—  
The death-like calm,—the blue and cloudless sky,—  
Nothing bespeak of violence or wrong,  
Nor the soft brightness of the maid's blue eye;  
Yet 'tis their blessed, angel-envied doom,  
To win the crown and palm of martyrdom!

For they are followers of Him who bore  
For them, for all, man's bitter curse and pain;  
For this, without a sail, or helm, or oar,  
Must they be drifted onward to the main,  
Condemn'd to perish on the far-off wave,  
Without one friend to sympathize or save!

\* \* \* \* \*

Five days have pass'd, and still the victims live,—  
Feeble and speechless in the dark they lie.  
Famish'd and parch'd, and yet they do not grieve,  
Nor feel the throb of thrilling agony!  
Their thoughts are anchor'd on eternal things,—  
Their friend and guardian is the King of kings.

The tempest bursts! Upon the murky deep  
That small boat tosses wildly to and fro,—  
Now mounting upwards on the watery steep,  
Now plunging 'mid the coral rocks below:  
It strikes! the Martyrs' earthly ties are riven,  
And their freed spirits soar away to heaven!

'Tis early morn,—a flock of rosy light  
Is streaming through the portals of the east,  
Chasing away the shadows of the night,  
Rousing the skylark in her lowly nest;  
The wind is hush'd; the fearful storm is o'er,  
And the spent billow faintly leaves the shore.

A corpse is lying on the shell-strew'd strand,  
Thrown there and left by the retiring tide,—  
An ebon cross is in his fast-closed hand,  
Bless'd emblem of the faith for which he died,—  
And on his breast is bound a parchment scroll,  
God's gracious message to man's sin-stain'd soul.

And half-clad men and boys are standing by,  
Who mourn the stripling's melancholy fate,—  
Their faces beam with holy charity,  
Though rude their speech and all uncouth their gait:  
But much they fear to touch the sacred Book,  
Nor dare on its mysterious signs to look.

A time-worn seer, whose white and scanty hair,  
And hoary beard, as by the west wind stirr'd,  
Play'd with the soft and fragrance-breathing air,  
Their simple talk and exclamations heard;  
Smiling, — for he was wiser than the rest, —  
He took the roll from off the martyr's breast.

He reads, he weeps! — ah, whence that big round tear?  
The light is gushing o'er his thoughtful soul;  
The patriarch bends his knee in childlike prayer,  
And knows the truth and yields to its control, —  
And bids his pagan brothers seek above  
Another Deity, Who rules by love!

O God, how wondrous are Thy ways! the blood  
Of faithful martyrs is Thy church's seed;  
From out of evil Thou derivest good —  
The savage tribes receive the Christian's creed;  
The Britons bow their proud will in the dust:  
O God! the Britons in Thy mercy trust!

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## A Night Club in a Country Village.



COUNTRY village as known from imagination by a poet, and a country village as it exists in real life, are two very different places. So I have discovered from living in a real country village for a considerable period of my life, during the last ten years of which I have been the clergyman of the one in which I now reside.

My present parish consists of a pretty cluster of cottages, with the usual thatched roof, and surrounded by tall elm-trees. In the day-time, when the men and boys are about at work, and the children at school, when nothing is stirring but the smoke from the chimneys, and nothing heard but the sounds one reads of in a pastoral, a passing traveller might people it, in his fancy, with Corydons and Phyllises. But of a winter's night, especially when the moon was light, and the Corydons took to rough sports in the open street (as it is called), he would hear most unpoetical sounds and see most unpoetical behaviour. In fact, the exceeding roughness and rudeness of the male population of a village, between the ages of about fourteen and two or three and twenty, is a well-known subject of complaint amongst all who are interested in our rural districts. They are, in general, thorough disturbers of the peace. They are too old for home restraint and discipline — which ceases (what little of it is practised at all) with the labouring classes at a very early age. They left school at about eight, and their mental faculties are, therefore, very uncultivated, and having a certain amount of strength and animal spirits left to expend when they come home at night from work, they either go to the public-house and become more or less sots, or at the best are noisy and mischievous from sheer want of something to do.

In summer-time this amount of extra steam requiring to be let off is less mischievous, because it finds proper safety-valves in the cricket-field and in the allotment-grounds: but I need not dwell upon the difference of having about twenty-five or thirty boys of various ages, from about twelve or fourteen upwards, cheerily and healthily employed in lawful games by daylight, with their elders and friends from time to time looking on, and the same number wandering about by dark in gangs, like the Mohawks of the *Spectator's* times in the unlit streets of London.

Every thoughtful and active clergyman, therefore, of a country village has had the question repeatedly forced home upon his mind: "What can I do for and with these fellows to make them less a nuisance to their neighbours, and to do a little good to themselves?" In the ten years that I have been here, this question has over and over again recurred to me, and not without its setting me upon making attempts in all the usual directions. Of course during all that time I have had a night school, but with no other result, as might be supposed, than that of getting the few steady ones to attend, who, for the most part, fell off as they learned to write—the one thing which country boys and girls are always anxious to learn. I have also, for several seasons, had a course of lectures delivered by different friends on pleasant subjects; but although the audiences were very large, and the lectures listened to with interest, and although all these means must have a leavening influence, still this did not seem to have any perceptible bearing upon the special "rough lot." It did not sufficiently *occupy their time*.

Well, to make a long story short, I determined last September, at the beginning of a new winter campaign, to try a different plan, and to establish—"*A Free-and-Easy Night Club*."

A written notice was pasted against the barn wall in the centre of the village, which performs the useful part of being our public advertiser, to the following effect:—"A meeting will be held at the School-room on Thursday evening, September 22d, at 7:30, to talk about opening the School-room for the convenience of the people in the village during the winter months. The attendance of men and boys is requested."

Having explained my views to two or three of the leaders amongst the young men, we succeeded in getting a very good meeting, and of the very sort that I wanted to get. There were from twenty-five to thirty present, when I took the opportunity of saying, that as the school-room was built solely for the benefit of the village and not for my convenience, I looked upon myself as the trustee of the building for their advantage, and that I would hand over to them the room for such nights during the winter as I myself should not require it for public purposes, *i. e.* for four nights during the week; the sole restrictions I should place upon them being, that they should not injure the property nor use it for such purposes as I should disapprove—that I should look to them to be the preservers of order and of the public property—and that I felt assured that I could trust them to do this. I offered to find firing and lights, so that there might be no difficulty on this score. The wages of our labourers are small, and therefore I felt it would be unwise to charge any price—at any rate



in the first instance — before I had created a *taste* for the article. Whether it was on account of the free-and-easy appearance of the whole thing, and the absence of any kind of constraint over them or not, I cannot say, but the proposal was evidently relished from the first moment. I rather think that it *was* this absence of the “driving system” which made it take; for, meeting an old man of the old school a day or two afterwards, he said to me, with his eyebrows arched more than usual (and they are habitually very much arched, I suppose at the degenerate ways of modern times), “I hear, sir, that the boys are to do what they like in the school these winter evenings.” “Well, Master H.,” said I, “haven’t they been doing what they like for these many years outside the school-room? and isn’t it worth while for once in a way to try what they will do inside it? Who knows but they may be quieter and better behaved?”

The old man has been a schoolmaster in some remote ages of the past, and, by the looks of him now, I should think a disciplinarian of the old school; and so, with that tone of humility which a person adopts who feels greatly your superior, but dare not say so, he walked off, saying, in a deliberate and oracular way, “I don’t understand it, sir. I don’t understand it at all.”

But the boys did understand it, and when we closed the room, after a season of twenty-four weeks, we found that we had had an average of twenty-four present a-night for the two hours during which the room has been open. Numerically, therefore, the success has been far greater than I expected. In talking over the plan, when the room was first opened for this purpose, a valued friend and fellow-workman with me in schemes of this nature, agreed with me in thinking that an average of ten or twelve through the season might be considered a success.

To those unacquainted with country villages and the extreme difficulties of “getting the people in them out of their old ways” (especially that more unmanageable part of the community for whose benefit, almost exclusively, this Night Club was instituted), our success itself may seem no great thing after all; but I have learned not to despise the day of small things, and to believe that some of the most lasting influences are those that begin slowly and quietly, and proceed without fuss or noise, working no faster or farther than the leavening spirit can reach, but working therefore with inevitable power of increase from the reproductive nature of the life that is in them. Therefore, it was not for the numerical success of our little village Night Club that I was chiefly anxious. To find some eight or ten boys or young men who, night after night, during the long winter nights, would lift themselves so far above the habits of their class as to read in the village school-room, to play a quiet game, or even to sit round the fire and talk, would have been to sow a seed that *must* bear fruit injurious to the interests of the public-house and the night-brawling gang. The sower might go *his way* after having sown this seed, assured that *some* fruit would come up.

But the success (such as it has been) of our Night Club, I attribute to one cause chiefly, and that is, *the absence of the authoritative element*. “The boys were to do what they liked,” as old Master H. said; and so being troublesome at once lost full half its zest. They

came themselves of a night for the keys of the school-room to my house, opened the room, lit the candles and the fire, when it happened to be out, got out from the cupboards all the means of entertainment provided for them, and at the regular time closed the school, carefully putting by all the things entirely of their own accord.

I myself attended the greater part of the nights in the winter; but I attended as *one of them*. I looked upon the room as theirs for the time being. If a little roughness went on, I took no notice of it. I do not suppose I spoke three times during the six months by way of exercising the slightest authority. My province was to watch carefully the bent and inclination of their mind, and quietly to provide what would naturally and easily keep them quiet and interest them. And this was a point upon which I really was very much at sea myself.

About four or five years ago I started a nearly similar institution, but it fell almost still-born. I then found candles, firing, books, and newspapers, and charged one penny a-week to pay for the expenses of lighting, &c. (or rather to go towards them); but there was a very small attendance of steady men, and in about a fortnight, after a rough night or two, even they ceased to come. Moreover, it is not the quiet, steady married men that one wants to get, drawing them out of their homes, but the rough fellows who will not stop at home. So I had to find out what would *take* with them, that my position as their minister could allow me to sanction. I was quite prepared to let down the longest ladder of junction between us that my conscience would permit. I therefore introduced into the club-room, besides two daily penny papers, and other papers and publications, various games, viz. dominoes, draughts, shepherds' chess, and regular chess. I say, I was at sea myself when I first began as to what would interest them; and very much surprised I have been to find that, though each of the other games has had its friends from time to time, the favourite pre-eminently has been chess.

I find an entry in my diary, on the second night of the Club being open, "the pieces knocked down continually with their hands;" but now, at the end of the season, they not only play neatly, and sit quietly for an hour over a game, but are quite expert players. We have three sets of chess-men, and I am not aware that I have ever seen one of them not in use; and if I could have afforded to double the number of sets, I think they would seldom have been unoccupied. At first, being anxious to study economy, I bought a set of very neat wooden chess-men. The two other sets were bone, and coloured red and white; but it is well worthy of notice, that the wooden chess-men were *never used*. I suspected why, and had them exchanged for a bone set coloured red and white. These, from the first night they were brought in, were *never out of use*.

Out of the twenty, thirty, or even forty who would sometimes be in the room together, they generally all found some employment; some played games, some looked on very much interested when a sharply-contested game of chess was being played; while some few came for the purpose of seeing the news, as regularly as a half-pay officer in a country town would look into the subscription news-room. The only times when there seemed any danger of the natural rough-

ness coming out were when they were seated, a number of them together, round the fire doing nothing. The great object, therefore, was to give them all something to occupy them, and this was accomplished by the providing of various games, some of a very simple description. I might here mention, that even grown-up men were much interested by puzzles such as children put together; and I have seen six or eight (two or three out of the number being men) employed for upwards of an hour in arranging the various pieces. At different times they have had four such puzzles. At the close of the season the only thing missing was one piece belonging to one of the sets of chess-men. In arranging the room from the first for their accommodation, I carried out the principle of an ordinary club-room, and put three or four small tables in different parts of the room, round which separate groups might form.

In a short paper I can only give a general outline of our winter's campaign; but for a certain time a singing class, conducted by themselves, flourished and was popular. Also, in one part of the school-room, which, during class-time, was portioned off by a curtain, the ordinary night-school was conducted for three nights out of the four; and on the fourth myself, or the same friend to whom I have before alluded, occasionally gave a lecture on some very easy and familiar subject. The most popular lecture, perhaps, of the season was on "Rats." The subject was of such importance that it could only be done justice to in two lectures. The character of a "Free-and-Easy" was maintained throughout, and the audience was invited to ask questions during the lectures, or to tender information. As I was a theorist in the matter of rats, and my audience consisted of farmers' men and boys, who had considerable practical acquaintance with them, I was obliged to be careful how I got up my subject. The only thing I was really afraid of was, that (the subject being known beforehand,) a regular professional rat-catcher might have been introduced as a friend of some member of my "Free-and-Easy," when I should have been an imprudent man if I had not felt abashed in the presence of such superior knowledge. Perhaps I should have been buoyed up by the feeling that knowledge ever makes more allowance than ignorance, knowing that it can afford to do so. But the dreaded critic never came—to my relief! Nor did we, in the course of the winter, entirely neglect a little attention to other subjects. A kind scientific friend lent me an excellent telescope, and on a clear night we occasionally had a look at the moon, and at Jupiter with his satellites, and also at Saturn and Venus. A lecture on the Heavenly Bodies belonging to our own system, simply stating the main features, distances and sizes, and some few well-known facts, was thus pleasantly illustrated. So that, my friend Master H., although the boys did what they liked all through the winter nights (for not the slightest constraint was put upon them; they came or stopped away, read, played, or sat still and did nothing, just as they pleased), what they did like was to leave the village quiet and peaceable all through the long winter nights—so much so, that the policeman, who has been for years on our beat, said to me, "My work is gone, sir, in G——. I don't know why it is, but there is wonderful quietness.") What they did like to do was, to leave their neighbours' gates hanging on their



hinges, instead of putting them into the village pond, or on the top of the iron fencing outside the school-room; what they did like to do was, to attend the night school in twice the numbers they have ever attended it before, to sit as orderly as any gentlemen for two hours a-night (without one oath or bad word that I have heard, or others, all the time), to attend the lectures, to play at chess, and other games, to star-gaze a little bit, and to make every single inhabitant of the village say, "There never was a better thing for our village than the Night Club." That is what, when left to their liking, and gently and quietly helped, our village boys did like to do, Friend H.

One question caused me a little perplexity, and that was what to do about "smoking" in our Night Club. I decided, after much reflection, to trust boldly to the principle to which I had committed myself, and leave it to the lads themselves. The result justified my confidence. Now and then, at distant intervals, a pipe would be lit and smoked, but these exceptions were very rare. A double benefit was thereby gained. The exceptions showed the thorough freedom allowed. The abstinence from what with most of them is a regular indulgence, both showed and exercised self-restraint of the most wholesome kind, that caused by a voluntary and respectful deference to the feelings of others. In the course of the winter, now and then a pleasant and general chat arose on points touching closely on the labourer's character and habits—such as smoking, beer-drinking, Penny Banks, &c.; and what I felt when sitting on a bench by their side, and hearing their free and unlettered expressions, was, that they were got nearer to in that way, as touching these points, than could have been effected by the most able and convincing sermon. Man was speaking to man, and friend taking counsel with friend.

The writer of this little account of a Village Night Club makes no pretension to any discovery. He has only done one winter what he has failed to do for nine winters before it, and he might fail the next, should he live to see it, even in the same scheme. But he seems to have got a further insight into one truth, which he has been slowly, too slowly, learning for years past, viz. that power over the human heart depends far more upon influence than authority, and that he has much to learn from them patiently and humbly, who would teach even the rudest. Winter evenings spent as the writer has described are only a step to better things. But are they not a step to them?

There is a common platform of humanity in human sympathies and kindness, on which (in some such ways as I have been describing) the most gifted minister may meet the rudest of his flock, I say boldly, to their mutual benefit, and where each may learn to know and respect and love the other better. And when by patient, personal, and loving contact, on some such common ground, he has slowly won their confidence and earned the position of their friend, will he speak with less power from the pulpit, speaking from the heart to those who are listening with the heart—no longer the paid teacher of theology, but the living counsellor and guide that no money could hire? Or, in the hours of health, and much more, therefore, of sickness, trouble, and bereavement, will the step of the minister of Christ be less welcome, or less revered, as he lifts the latch of the cottage-door, because he comes in the character of the familiar friend?—T. C. W.

**W**ILD Sage, which grows, though not very abundantly, in Kent and other parts of England, differs in some respects from the garden herb of the same name, but on examination it will be found that in all important points the two plants resemble each other closely. The name is derived from the French word *sage*, wise, from an old notion that the use of this herb strengthened the memory. Sage seems to have been noticed by very old herbalists; Pliny the Naturalist, who met his death by approaching too near the volcano Vesuvius during the terrific eruption which overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, A.D. 79, praises it for its virtue in curing the "stings" of serpents; and Dioscorides, the physician of the infamous Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, says that, "eaten as a sallet, it is profitable for such as are dull and drowsie."

The Chinese prefer the flavour of Sage to that of tea, and think it extraordinary that the English should travel so far to get tea, when they can grow sage in their own country. In 1610, the Dutch merchant who first introduced tea into Europe, obtained it from the Chinese by exchanging for it dried leaves of Sage, calling it "the wonderful European herb," and attributing to it miraculous virtues. In the present time large quantities of Sage-leaves, dried like tea, are annually exported by the Dutch to China, for every pound of which they are allowed in exchange four pounds of tea!



## **The File-cutter Poet.**

BY ALFRED GATTY, M.A., VICAR OF ECCLESFIELD.



T was on or about the 21st of January, 1860, and between the hours of five and six p.m., that I was passing through the darkened hall of my vicarage house, and heard some one knocking with his knuckles at the outer porch door, which had been left ajar. I went forward to ascertain who this visitor was, and found a young man standing in the dark cold evening, who modestly requested to be allowed to speak to me. He was evidently a petitioner, but not for money; as his manner was totally devoid of that insinuating boldness which generally accompanies a request to be "relieved." We entered the house together, and, with some hesitation, he told me that he had written some verses, which he wished me to look at, and to give him my candid opinion of their value.

I warned him at once, that I should probably award more condemnation than praise—that poetry was the most difficult of all literature, whilst mere rhyming was the easiest; and that if he contemplated leaving his trade, whatever that might be, and seeking a livelihood by his pen, he would certainly get no encouragement from me.

He maintained, however, that he had no such intention—not even an expectation of ever seeing any of his verses in print—but that he should like my opinion of what he had written, and that I could not give it too freely. In fact, he sought a little sympathy from a person of education; and in reply to my inquiries as to his opportunities of reading, &c., he told me that he had never been at school more than five months in his life; and that his occupation was that of a file-cutter, at a distant spot which I well knew, situated among hills and moors, and where a romantic tributary of the Don pours its peat-stained waters over rocks and through wooded dell scenery. I parted with my interesting visitor on the understanding that we should meet again—I assumed by his seeking me—when I would deliver an honest judgment on the MS. volume which he left in my hands.

On sitting down to look over my file-cutter poet's lucubrations, I found the following enclosed note to myself: "Dear Sir,—The composer of these trifles, knowing your good taste for poetry, asks pardon for intruding upon your attention something of his own production. He depends upon your kindness for the favour of your perusal and opinion. I remain, your obedient humble servant, H. W." I will at present suppress the name. The collection of poems was entitled "Country Rhymes," the motto of it,—

"With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise!"—BURNS.

The Preface, at any rate, was touching:—"The contents of this little book are the productions of a youthful mind, which is but rudely formed. Bred in the working class of society, the most monotonous labour is mine, which, from being monotonous, is wearisome; but at



the same time I do not murmur. Yet to prevent my life from being altogether wearisome, by living one day exactly the same as I have lived another, rendering day and night alike laborious—struggling for nothing but merely a living for the body, which is the calling of dogs—I have always sought that leisure wherein I could feed my mind and diversify my days; and have spent it among the rugged footpaths, the old grass lanes, and the moorland sheep-tracks of my native hills. These paths have led me to beautiful and various scenery in the aspect of all weathers, and occasionally to the rustic dwellings of men; and the thoughts and feelings created by such enjoyments I have tried to express in a few simply descriptive verses, which are the present collection, and which I offer as an humble tribute of regard to my native spot.

“I express the deep gratitude I feel for the blessings I have received from the more efficient works of others; for I owe it to their superior labours that I have been able to make many an hour happy, which, without them, would have been, if not miserably, very poorly spent; and I feel and say with Wordsworth,—

“ Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares;  
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!  
Oh, might my name be number’d among theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days!”

Pleased with my friend so far, I followed Southey’s example, when he received “*Attempts in Verse*, by John Jones, an Old Servant,” and began to read aloud his verses to my wife and daughters—gentle critics, whose delicate sense would, I thought, discover more quickly than I could whatever merit lurked in the rough sketches of my young poet. Whether, however, they were just then spoiled for any lower “attempts” by the sublime muse of our laureate, with whom they had lately been soaring; or whether the touch of melancholy expressed in the prefatory aspirations after fame disinclined them to encourage this humble versifier, I cannot tell; but, on the whole, I was certainly his most tolerant critic.

And now, having removed all the responsibility of judgment to my own shoulders, and warned the reader not to be thinking of Tennyson, or Wordsworth, or Burns, or any other acknowledged poet; and begging he will remember that the quotations are from the pen of a young man about twenty years of age, who has never been more than five months at any school; and whose daily employment, amongst rough fellow-workers, has been to sit for many hours in a little workshop, with the tame robin perched on the window-sill, as his most genial companion, I will venture to extract some passages which strike me as more true to nature than the pictures in many a widely-read novel of the present day, in which peers are painted like their own butlers, and countesses are sketched from the belles of the casino. Let the reader turn away from such trash, which is always now to be found crowded on our railway book-stalls, and let him peruse this very simple—

ANNE'S LAMENTATION.

'Twas afternoon,  
The day was hot,  
No zephyr waved the corn, nor could  
A breath of air be got.  
The sky was hazy,  
The dim sun shone,  
When Anne went to pluck wild roses  
In the old grass lane alone.  
Among the briers  
Where roses grew  
Little Anne sang to herself, like bees  
That o'er the roses flew.  
With a flowery wreath  
Her white straw hat  
Little Anne trimmed, as by the harebells  
And in the shade she sat.  
For above an hour  
That summer day,  
Little Anne sang and play'd by herself,  
And her song then died away.  
She seem'd aweary—  
Weary with heat ;

And she cared no more for roses,  
The roses smelling sweet.  
And at her side  
Her hat was laid—  
She heeded no more that flowery hat,  
And little Anne said :  
“ Leila is dead—  
Away they've carried her—  
She'll come to play with Anne no more—  
She never will—they've buried her !  
“ And Emily too  
Lives far away :  
They flitted past yon sunny hills—  
She'll never come to play.  
“ And Susan Gray  
Is also gone :  
And Anne is left to play with flowers  
The summer day alone !”  
The bees, still murmuring,  
In roses crept ;  
They labour'd on, with summer noise,  
And little Anne wept.

Certainly no rules of art have been observed in the construction of these lines ; and they convey to the mind no more than a small pretty picture : but there it is, and the handling is gentle and true. The fate of Emily—“ *They flitted past those sunny hills*”—is elsewhere more darkly indicated, in a conversation betwixt parent and child. The former says,—

“ We never hear of Emily,  
For ever she is fled :  
Thou ne'er must look at Emily—  
We would that she were dead.”  
“ I'll see my sister Emily,  
Though lost to you and truth :

I'll see my sister Emily,  
Once innocent in youth.”  
“ To see thy sister Emily,  
Would mar for evermore  
The brighter thought of Emily  
Thy memory ever bore !”

The principal sources of inspiration to this young writer have evidently been Wordsworth, Burns, and Longfellow—the first especially ; and I have heard from him that he has studied the *Excursion* with intensity and delight : always finding in that poem the expression of feelings which had dimly risen in, or were echoed by his own heart.

It will be said that *Rain in Summer*, by Longfellow, may have suggested the subjoined lines, but they are free from plagiarism :—

THE RAIN.

How is the morning ?  
By the incessant war  
On the trees  
It rains—it rains—  
And the flowerets, adorning  
The grassy plains  
And the leas,  
Are nodding and dancing  
In the drops that are glancing,  
As glad as can be,  
Rejoicing merrily.  
And again, and again,  
The incessant rain

Pours—it pours—  
It roars—it roars—  
It showers—it showers  
On the new-opened leaves, the grass,  
and the flowers.  
The child stands  
At the kitchen door,  
And holds out its hands  
To catch the drops  
Of the rain,  
That never stops.  
And again, and again,  
The incessant rain

Pours—it pours—  
It roars—it roars—  
It showers—it showers  
On the new-opened leaves, the grass  
and the flowers.

The housewife  
Sets a tin,  
To catch  
From the thatch  
The rain therein ;

And, as merry as life,  
Like a kettle-drum, it drums  
As fast as it comes.  
And again, and again,  
The incessant rain  
Pours—it pours—  
It roars—it roars—  
It showers—it showers  
On the new-opened leaves, the grass,  
and the flowers.

Not to weary the reader with these simple effusions, I will make a final extract, descriptive of the scenery which has put song into the heart of this humble artizan :—

#### A MORNING WALK IN RIVELIN.

'Twas Sabbath morning—  
No breeze had then awoke—  
When I made a sally  
To hear the birds carol,  
Whose music fill'd the valley.

The sun had risen—  
'Twas nearly four o'clock—  
And his shining I could trace  
On hillocks in the fields,  
By many a swampy place.

The west was clear,  
Where distant hills arose  
With rocky summits high ;  
Piercing the azure blue  
Of that beautiful western sky.

The mill was silent,  
The water-wheel was standing ;  
Yet, through the sluice could steal  
Small squirting streams of water,  
Which rain'd within the wheel.

\* \* \* \*

So I was walking  
Enjoying as I went  
The calmness of the scene,  
The singing of the birds,  
And the trees that look'd so green.

Till, in the west,  
The hills were looking duller ;  
And, thickening to a mist,  
A cap upon their heads  
Descended white and fast.

And, lowering still,  
The mighty volumes white—  
The thick and chilly damps—  
From the summits of the hills  
Were sliding down the swamps.

And soon the sky  
Was clouded every way :  
The sun no longer shone :  
The hills were all obscured,  
And the valley seem'd alone.

\* \* \* \*

The mist increased—  
My clothes were feeling damp—  
I felt weary of the vale :  
The mist now turned to drops,  
And a wet day ends my tale.

With morning sunshine,  
With light and happy feet,  
I began my early sally :  
But a mist came o'er my prospect,  
And wept through all the valley.

These poems, of which there were about twenty-four, pleased me quite as much by the feeling they exhibited as by their execution ; and I waited in expectation of seeing the writer again. But the spring passed and the summer opened before he again called upon me, and was persuaded to remain for the night. I found he read his own verses and recited Burns' poems remarkably well ; but what gratified me most was, to discover that his character and abilities had qualified him to undertake the office of "traveller" for a firm engaged in the scientific manufacture of the best steel ; and that he was now going about the country, really interested in his new and higher line of life. He received no encouragement from me to forsake the Muse, but to keep her subordinate, and for an amusing companion ; and I parted from him persuaded that, if he attained that solid strength of character which consistent Church membership would impart, he might become both a happy and prosperous man.



## Short Sermons.

No. IX.

### Thou art the Man !

BY WM. TAIT, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, RUGBY,

AUTHOR OF "MEDITATIONES HEBRAICÆ," ETC.

2 SAM. xii. 7 — "*And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man !*"



WE are told of David, the king of Israel, that he was a man after God's own heart, and that he served his generation by the will of God. The great work of that generation was the destruction of idolatry, and the establishment over all Israel of the worship of the one true God; and this work David had most thoroughly and efficiently performed. But God had left his favoured servant for a season to try what was in him, and he had fallen most grievously. He had coveted and taken his neighbour's wife; he had compassed the death of the injured husband by the sword of the children of Ammon — a crime rendered all the more terrible by that gallant soldier's devotion to himself. We have no cause to wonder at the dreadful power which the unscrupulous Joab from this moment exercised over the mind of David. He was in possession of his fatal secret, the contents of the sealed order, — "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." And he had but to divulge that secret; his monarch's good name was irrecoverably gone.

David's conscience slept at first. Weeks passed, nay months; Uriah's wife bare him a son: it was sleeping still. God at length sent Nathan to awake it. He began by a parable about two men in a certain city, the one rich and the other poor. He told of the large flocks and herds of the one, of the solitary ewe-lamb of the other. He told how a traveller had come to the rich man, and how he had spared his own flocks and herds, and taken the poor man's lamb and dressed it for his guest. David listened with growing interest, with kindling indignation; and when the tale of wrong was finished, he pronounced on the wrong-doer the doom of death. His own conscience meanwhile slept as profoundly as ever. What should awake it? All this was but a parable.

Very different was the result when the prophet turned solemnly round upon him, and with faithful and fearless boldness pronounced, "Thou art the man!" The parable then became reality. The owner of the one ewe-lamb stood out before him as the unfortunate Uriah, whose sole possession had been the wife of his bosom's love. The owner of the many flocks and herds was himself, David the King, to whom God had given his master's house, his master's wives, and all that his eyes desired. The taking of that ewe-lamb for the

wayfarer was the dark scene of guilty pleasure, the darker deed of blood. David's conscience was at once awakened; "he said to Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord." And this lowly confession was met at once by the cheering assurance of Divine absolution. "The Lord also hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die."

This affecting part of Scripture history teaches a great lesson of catholic truth—*The power of Divine truth consists in its personal application.* The prophet Ezekiel complained in his day, "Ah, Lord God, they say of me, Doth he not speak parables?" And the complaint may be reiterated now. We listen to God's word as if it were a parable, something outside of us with which we have no personal concern. It is powerless, therefore, to arouse or quicken; powerless to sanctify; powerless to save. We read of man's fall—how the serpent came to the woman, and she took of the fruit and did eat, and gave to her husband with her; how the Lord God summoned them before Him, charged them with their disobedience, and drove them out. All this reads as a parable, a well-told and striking parable; but we do not realize it as anything with which we personally have to do; the conscience sleeps, the heart is unmoved, the life is unaffected. Again, we read of the condemnation in Adam of the entire human race; that our first father forfeited his honours, and that we have inherited the forfeiture. And the Bible solemnly points to DEATH, reigning from Adam to Moses, from Moses to Christ, from Christ to the present hour, as the sign that this is true. Still, we listen as to a parable; the tremendous import of such statements does not come home to our hearts. We read of universal sinfulness as the consequence of forfeiture and fall, that "there is no difference, for all have sinned." Still, it is a thing outside of us; or if we apply it at all, it is with the drowsy hope which we scarcely rouse ourselves to cherish, that the commonness of the calamity shall be the safety of those involved in it! Whereas, alas! it is like the commonness of the plague, fearfully aggravating its mischief because none may help his brother. Then we read that no effort can raise up again, that "by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in God's sight, for by the law is the knowledge of sin;" and that that law condemning us, leaves us in our helplessness and ruin. Helplessness! Ruin! these words might awake the dead. They do not awake us; they become mere conventionalities, to which habit has familiarised the mind. Then we read that God has come to help us; that the Son of God has taken on Him this suffering and mortal flesh; that He has borne our sins in His own body; that He has hallowed our grave by lying in it; that He has burst for us the bonds of death; that for us He has received eternal life; that for us He has gone up on high. And as the sum of all these glad and blessed tidings, that if any sinner wants a Saviour, or any son of man a Friend, there is such an One in the Lord Jesus—a Saviour in whose blood there is everlasting forgiveness—"a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." We listen to these statements with reverence; we enrol them in our creeds; we bow the head as we rehearse them, but that is all. The heart all the while is just where it would be if these things were not—in the engrossments of business, or the acquisition of wealth, or the pursuit of pleasure, or the

keen and eager chase after this world's dignities and honours. What, alas! does all this prove? That a creed may be, after all, a parable; something outside of us; a symbol of faith, indeed, but one whose everlasting verities have never roused the conscience or touched the heart.

What we need is some one to say to us as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man!" Thou art the fallen, the forfeited, the sinful, the condemned one. What a word is *fallen*! When we say of the man once known for integrity and honour, *He is fallen*; when we say of the woman once of spotless reputation, *She is fallen*; how full is it of terrible meaning! And yet it only means that they are sunk beneath Society's standard of righteousness. The word, in its Bible-import, is much more terrible; it means a creature sunk beneath God's standard of the right and the good. That standard is declared in His law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." Our first father sank beneath that standard when he sinned. Who sank along with him? *Thou art the man!* Who inherits the forfeiture consequent on fall, the forfeiture of honour, glory, standing before God?" *Thou art the man!* Who inherits the sinful nature to which the fall gave birth? who and where is that creature that, every day since he had a being from his Maker's hand, has in thought, and word, and deed, come short of that Maker's glory? *Thou art the man!* Who underlies the condemnation that is sin's doom, the terrible curse that is its wages? *Thou art the man!* Thus the Bible speaks to us all, personally—individually: let us give it leave to speak; if we stifle its utterance, it is to our own undoing. It has also more to say. With what feelings is God now regarding the fallen and the sinful, the forfeited and the condemned? For which of them is love pleading? for which of them is there mercy in store? *Thou art the man!* "In this was manifested the love of God toward thee; God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that thou mightest live through Him." He "loved thee, and gave Himself for thee," bearing thy sins "in His own body." "There is preached, through Him, unto thee, the forgiveness of sin." And when God speaks of the grave hallowed, and death abolished, and everlasting life secured, *thou, again, art the man*: thy grave was hallowed when the Holy One and the Just lay there; death was abolished for thee when He rose again; everlasting life was obtained for thee when He ascended. Only God give thee grace to embrace and hold fast that blessed hope! Does the law, then, proclaim thee a sinner? The Gospel proclaims for thee a Saviour. Dost thou ever feel as if forsaken, friendless, and desolate? That same blessed Gospel says, that thou art not forsaken; that there is One who remembers thee. It says, that thou canst not be friendless so long as the Lord Jesus lives above; it promises that thou shalt never be desolate, if thou wilt betake thyself to His divine compassion, and make trial of the human sympathies of His fleshly bosom. For, from first to last, *thou art the man*—the man for whom the Son of God came into the world—the man for whom He died and rose again—the man on whose behalf He is living now, exalted above all blessing, on the right hand of the Majesty on high.



ST. JOHN'S  
PARISH MAGAZINE  
FOR OCTOBER, 1860.

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PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace; Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Dépôt, Blackwellgate.*

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ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

**W**E were recently asked to print in the Magazine two short Prayers for the use of persons on entering and leaving Church. We gladly comply with that request, from a persuasion that many besides our younger brethren may be benefitted by their publication. But we will prefix to them some suggestions printed by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and offered to the Congregations of the Church, with reference to their attendance upon the worship of Almighty God.

1.—To be in Church before the commencement of Divine Service.

2.—To kneel when they address Almighty God, in Prayer, in thanksgiving and in the confession of sins, according to the directions of the Rubric contained in the Book of Common Prayer. Kneeling is a becoming posture for creatures to address their Creator, and conduces to a reverential frame of mind.

3.—To repeat the alternate verses of the Psalms, to make the several responses, and to join in all the other parts of the service belonging to the congregation, in an audible voice.

4.—To stand up during the singing, and to unite in it with the best endeavour to produce congregational Psalmody. Any choir, however well trained, and perfect in all its parts, is but a poor substitute for the united voices of a devout congregation. The office of a choir is simply to lead the people, but not to sing in place of them.

If these suggestions were adopted as our general practice, the service of the Church would assume a more social character; it would be less likely to be regarded as cold and formal; and that attention would be secured to the Prayers, which is too often confined to the sermon. Nothing ought to be considered as trivial and unimportant, by which we may, in any degree, promote the great purpose of our meeting together in the House of God, namely, that we may with one heart and one mouth, glorify our Heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*Prayer on Entering Church; to be said Kneeling.*

Lord, I am now in Thy House with my brethren in the faith; assist me, I pray Thee, and accept my services; let Thy Holy Spirit help my infirmities and the infirmities of my brethren, disposing our hearts to seriousness, attention, and devotion, to the honour of Thy Holy name and the benefit of our souls, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.—*Amen.*

*Prayer before Leaving Church; to be said Kneeling.*

Blessed be Thy name, O Lord, for this opportunity of attending Thee in Thy House. Make me and my brethren, I pray Thee, doers of Thy word and not hearers only. And Grant that neither our inattention nor want of devotion may render our imperfect services unacceptable to Thee, for the sake of our only Mediator and Redeemer, Jesus Christ.—*Amen.*

## SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

THE annual meeting of this society was held in the Mechanics' Hall, on Wednesday, the 3rd inst., and was honoured by the presence of the Bishop of Labuan, who made a most interesting speech, relating in great measure to his own important mission. The Bishop went out to Sarawak in the year 1848; and was selected by the Rajah Brooke as every way well fitted to act as a pioneer in the Gospel field in that part of the globe. He was subsequently in the year 1855 consecrated to the Bishopric of Labuan, which is a small island adjoining that of Borneo. Through his earnest zeal and energy, the Gospel was making its way and exercising a civilizing and softening power over the minds of the Dyaks, when a Mahomedan insurrection broke out, which has for the present had a serious influence in preventing the spread of the "truth as it is in Jesus." The Bishop will, in the course of a few months, return to the seat of his episcopal labours, and aided by the prayers and contributions of those who have listened with interest to his addresses and sermons will, we hope, succeed in turning many "from idols to serve the living and true God." In the evening the Bishop preached at St. Cuthbert's Church; and the united collections after the sermon and meeting amounted to £12 2s. It may not be generally known that the position of the Bishop of Labuan is different from that of the Colonial Bishops, resembling as it does the position which the Bishops about to be consecrated for the interior of Africa by the Metropolitan of Cape Town will hold. To the creation of bishoprics and the appointment of Bishops in the dominions subject to the sway of the English Sceptre, the assent of the Crown is necessary; and that assent is conveyed in letters patent. But in the case of Episcopal Consecrations for dioceses beyond the dependencies of England, those letters are withheld and such Bishops are independent of and unconnected with the Crown. The case of the Bishop of Labuan was the first of this kind, we believe; and was gravely considered in all its bearings by the Ecclesiastical Advisers of the Home Office.

## CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE income of the Society for the year ending May 18th, 1860, according to the Annual Report recently published, has exceeded that of any preceding year, amounting to the liberal sum of 145,000 and odd pounds. The main source of this unparalleled contribution arises from the local associations, among which the Darlington branch presents a very creditable appearance, chiefly through the exertions of persons connected with the parish of Trinity. The remittance to London was close upon £96, the greater part of which was produced by Sermons at Trinity Church, the Annual Meeting, the Missionary Baskets, quarterly contributions, and from Donations gathered at Stainton, and Winston. A good deal of interesting information respecting the spread of the Gospel abroad is given in the Report; and in connection with the Sierra Leone Mission—if an inaccuracy has not crept into the figures—we observe with great surprise that in its 15 Stations there are no less than 3,690 Communicants. If the numbers are correct, this is very remarkable, and forcibly illustrates the opinion advanced by many Ethnologists as to the adaptability of the African character and disposition to the reception of Gospel truth. This body of Communicants appears the larger, when compared with the results of other Missions; such as the 35 Communicants in the 9 Stations of the Mediterranean and 108 Communicants in the 7 Stations of the Western Indian Mission. The principles which guide the operations of the Society are forcibly stated in the conclusion of the report.

## CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY. DARLINGTON AUXILIARY.

THIS is another of our Sister's bantlings, and is in as thriving a condition as its friends could wish. Our predilections, as may be supposed, are on the side of the Additional Curates' Society, being ourselves in the ranks of its recipients and believing that its principles and operations are more in harmony with the constitution of the Church of England. But these are no reasons why we should not recognise with gratitude, the incalculable good effected by the Pastoral Aid Society in the evangelization of our fellow-countrymen, and record with pleasure the efforts of some Darlington Ladies to enlarge its sphere of usefulness. Altogether, the sum of £62 13s 4d was remitted to the Society last year.

CHAPEL OF EASE AT ALBERT HILL.—We are sorry that the Sunday Evening Services, at the Mission Chapel, cannot for the present be carried on with the same regularity as they have been since they were opened. Notwithstanding that diligent enquiries have been made in different parts of England, and advertisements have appeared in one of our Ecclesiastical Journals, we have been unable, as yet, to meet with a gentlemen suitable and willing to discharge the duties of this Curacy. Negotiations are, however, now on foot, which will probably result in a permanent arrangement being soon made. The Parish of Saint John is not singular in the difficulty we have met with to supply its Curacy. We have heard of two of the best Curacies in the Diocese having been for some time in the same predicament as ourselves. There are two causes principally at work to produce this dearth of Clergy:—The unwillingness of our Brethren to undertake a Northern sphere of duty, and the new fields which have been recently opened out in England, and in our Colonies abroad. If there be no ties attracting the Clergy to the Diocese of Durham, they invariably seek employment in the Midland and Southern district of England, where the climate is milder and the duties of their calling are usually regarded as more agreeable. But it is to the great exertions lately put forth by the Church of England that we must chiefly ascribe the deficiency of which we are speaking. More than 2,000 churches have been built within the last quarter of a century: upwards of 800 curates are labouring in the vineyard through the instrumentality of the Additional Clergy and Pastoral Aid Societies; and there is a constant drain upon our clerical resources by the extension of the Colonial Church. All these causes are disturbing the laws of supply and demand; and the question as to the means of raising and maintaining a body of clergy adequate to the spiritual wants of England will soon have to be grappled with and determined. We are happy to add that the Sunday School at Albert Hill will be continued as before, two of our Parishioners having with a praiseworthy self-denial undertaken its charge.

MONTHLY BAGS for the use of women of deserving character and in indigent circumstances, may be had on application to the Parsonage; or the Infant School.

CHILDREN'S FROCKS AND PINAFORES, and articles of under-clothing on sale, at very moderate prices, in the sewing-room, St. John's Schools, between Two and Four o'clock every day, Saturdays excepted.

COMPLAINTS have been lately made respecting the loss of Hymnals in the Church; and one, missed the week before last, contains the name and address of its owner, legibly written. It is to be hoped that this notice will be sufficient to prevent the necessity of such complaints being repeated.



## CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

## CHAP. VII.—(Continued)


From Christ's Public Entry into Jerusalem to the Fourth Passover.)

Time, Five Days. A.D. 30.

- Sec. 6. MONDAY, being the fourth day before the Passover.  
 Christ curses the fig tree. *On the road to Jerusalem* Matt. 21, v. 17-22.
7. The Chief Priests seek to destroy Jesus, who leaves Jerusalem in the Evening... Mark 11, v. 18-19.
8. TUESDAY, being the third day before the Passover. The tree is withered... " v. 20-26.
9. Jesus silences the Chief Priests who question his authority Matt. 21, v. 23-27.
10. Parable of the two Sons (*Jerus*)... " v. 28-32.
11. Parable of the wicked Husbandmen (*Jerus*)... " v. 33-46.
12. Parable of the Marriage of the King's Son (*Jerus*)... Matt. 22, v. 1-14.
13. The Herodians ask whether tribute should be paid to Caesar? (*Jerus*)... " v. 15-22.
14. Christ replies to the Sadducees touching the Resurrection... " v. 23-33.
15. Christ replies to the Pharisees touching the Commandments (*Jerus*)... " v. 34-40.
16. Christ questions the Pharisees about the Messiah (*Jerus*)... " v. 41-46.
17. Christ severely denounces the Pharisees for their Pride and Ambition... Matt. 23, v. 1-12.
18. And for their hypocrisy and blindness (*Jerus*)... " v. 13-33.
19. Christ's lamentation over Jerusalem (*Jerus*)... " v. 34-39.
20. The Widow's Mite... Mark 12, v. 41-44.
21. Christ again foretells the destruction of Jerusalem (*Jerus*) Matt. 24, v. 1-14.
22. Signs of that destruction and of the end of the World (*Jerus*)... " v. 15-35.
23. Its Suddenness and that of the Last Day. The duty of Watchfulness (*Jerus*)... " v. 36-51.
24. Parable of the Ten Virgins... Matt. 25, v. 1-13.
25. Parable of the Five Talents (*Jerus*)... " v. 14-30.
26. Description of the Last Judgment (*Jerus*)... " v. 31-46.
27. Christ retires to the Mount of Olives... Luke 21, v. 37-38.

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|         |                                              |                                                       |
|---------|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| Oct. 14 | 19TH SUND. AFTER TRIN.                       | Morn. Dan. 3—Luke 1 to v. 39. Even. Dan. 6—2 Cor. 13. |
| 18      | ST. LUKE, EVAN.                              |                                                       |
| 21      | 20TH SUND. AFTER TRIN.                       | Morn. Joel 2—Luke 7. Even. Micah 6—Eph. 1.            |
| 25      | MEET. OF THE DIOCESAN SOCIETIES AT NEWCASTLE |                                                       |
| 28      | 21ST SUND. AFTER TRIN.                       | Morn. Habak 2—Luke 14. Even. Prov. 1—Phil. 2.         |
|         | St. Simon and St. Jude.                      |                                                       |
| Nov. 1  | ALL SAINT'S DAY.                             |                                                       |
| 4       | 22ND SUND. AFTER TRIN.                       | Morn. Prov. 2—Luke 20. Even. Prov. 3—Col. 4.          |
| 11      | 23RD SUND. AFTER TRIN.                       | Morn. Prov. 11—John 3. Even. Prov. 12—2 Th. 2.        |

 The Chapel of Ease, Albert Hill, will be opened for Divine Service on Alternate Sundays beginning October 21st, at the usual hour of Six. This is only a temporary arrangement, during the vacancy of the Curacy.



THE CASTLE.

## **The Wartburg.**

A VISIT TO LUTHER'S PATMOS.



ON a cold, dull evening, in October of last year, we found ourselves in the quaint old German town of Eisenach, and comfortably installed in the Thuringer Hof, a clean and well-managed inn. How strange it is to ramble through one of these German towns in the evening! Though not yet seven o'clock, every shop is shut, and we meet but a few stragglers in the streets, in which oil lamps (for gas in Eisenach is unknown), slung on a rope across the streets, throw a faint light here and there over the rough pavement.

Here it was that, three hundred years ago, the poor little boy Martin Luther, and his schoolfellows—many of them as cold and hungry as himself—wandered about from house to house, singing their hymns and Christmas carols, to try to get enough money to provide them with a meal. Very often, instead of a crust of bread, they only received hard words, and went home to bewail themselves in secret. But one day, when poor Martin was almost in despair, and thought he must leave Eisenach and school altogether, a kind-hearted woman was so touched by his sad and modest looks, as he sung before her door, that she invited him in, gave him a good supper, and so pleased were both she and her husband with his manners and conversation, that they agreed to let him live in their house as long as he wished to study at Eisenach. It was a happy period for the bold Reformer, and a time on which he always looked back with pleasure.

The great sight of Eisenach is the Wartburg—Luther's Patmos, as he called it. Germany is the land of old castles. Whoever has steamed down the Rhine or Danube, is familiar with the numerous robber-fortresses and ruined towers of feudal times, which peep through the forest and crown each mountain crag.

The Wartburg is built on the summit of a wooded hill in the Thuringian forest, about six hundred feet directly above the town of Eisenach. Besides its beautiful situation, it is interesting to the traveller on account of the many important historical and religious events with which it is connected.

Our way to the Wartburg led us directly through the town of Eisenach. We passed up a steep street, beside a pretty churchyard, and then along a winding path, overshadowed by tall trees, towards the Wartburg, the tower of which we every now and then discerned above us; each new bend in the path disclosed new and varied prospects over the hills and valleys of the Thuringer Wald, and over the green fields beyond Eisenach. A climbing walk of about three quarters of an hour brought us at last to the stone bridge, across a ravine, which leads to the arched gateway of the Wartburg. Here, in feudal times, there was a drawbridge, with a portcullis, for on every other side the hills are so steep that the castle is inaccessible. Passing through the doorway, we find ourselves in the court-yard of the castle, a small part of which is used as a *Wirthshaus*, a homely inn. A few years ago the Wartburg was little more than a picturesque ruin, interesting only from its connexion with Luther. But now the Grand Duke of Weimar, to whom it belongs, has almost completed its restoration to more than its original beauty. An elegant palace, of the Byzantine style of architecture, is rising from the ruins of the old castle, the new white stone contrasting strangely with the ancient part of the building.

It would be impossible to give an account of all we saw in this beautiful old castle. We were first shown the armoury, full of the effigies of ancient knights, arrayed in their coats of mail and chain armour: some mounted on mimic steeds; most of them landgraves, who had lived in the Wartburg and ruled the country round. Then we saw the banqueting hall and the "Singers' Hall," where, in the middle ages, poets and minstrels, from all parts of Germany,



used to meet, recite their poems, sing, and play on musical instruments: to the most skilful prizes were given, and high festival and great rejoicings then took place in the Wartburg. A magnificent fresco painting on the wall depicts one of these gay scenes. Thence we ascend, by a winding staircase, to the grand hall, the largest and most splendid apartment in the building, occupying the whole of the upper story; it resembles the throne-room of a palace, and is gorgeous with gilding, fresco painting, and arabesque work. In most of the towns and villages of Germany, the men and boys of all classes meet on certain evenings of the week to practise singing; thus excellent choirs are formed, and the beautiful national and other airs of the German Fatherland are sung to perfection, by well-trained voices. This is a good and excellent custom, well worth our imitation; for it keeps many from spending their evenings in ale-houses, and among bad company, and promotes friendly union and sympathy between different classes. Deputations from many of these choir unions are to assemble at the opening of this magnificent hall on the Wartburg, and, reviving the goodly custom of the middle ages, are to contend for prizes to be given by the Grand Duke of Weimar, and other men of rank, who will be present. At the northern end of this magnificent apartment is a balcony, from whence we have a view which alone would repay all the fatigue of the ascent. We look perpendicularly down from the lofty battlements into the moat which encircles the castle, where two fine bears commence a series of amusing gambols to attract our attention. But all around us, what a glorious prospect do we behold! As far as the eye can reach, mountain and valley, hill and dale, all covered with thick forest, now in this autumn time clothed in richest foliage of every imaginable tint and hue, from brightest green to darkest brown, from pale yellow to deepest red. Far away in the horizon may be discerned a few distant villages, and now and then the smoke of the engine, as the train rushes through the forest towards Coburg.

Leaving this hall we again descend, and are conducted along a gallery adorned with beautiful modern frescoes, depicting the life of St. Elizabeth, a Landgravine of the Wartburg, celebrated for her holy life and wondrous deeds of charity. This leads us to the chapel. It has been most richly restored and decorated; the whole roof is deep blue, covered with golden stars; the altar and pulpit are of skilfully-carved oak; and all the windows of finest stained glass. The organ is said to be one of the best in Germany. The walls are adorned with illuminated texts from the Psalms, which Luther himself chose as suitable decorations for churches and chapels. We know that here the great Reformer frequently preached during his captivity in the castle, and the pulpit is said to be the same which he occupied.

But we have not yet seen the most interesting portion of the Wartburg. We cross the courtyard to the unrestored part of the building—the Knight's House, as it is called—and ascending a flight of steps are shown into Luther's chamber, the small room which he occupied during his residence here.

What a strange, rude life, of continual conflict, the great champion of the Reformation led! Conflict in his childhood, against the influence of his parent's severity, against poverty, and the difficulties

which impeded the education he so ardently loved ; then came the hard-fought battle—aye, one of the hardest battles a man can fight—against his own evil heart; sin and Satan arrayed against him, and dark despair in his mind, the conflict in the solitary cell of the Erfurt Monastery, till light dawned from the sacred page, and gave peace to his soul ; then followed the stern conflict against all Christendom in arms against him—the combat with deadly world-spread error—pope and cardinals, priests and friars, all combined to crush the poor solitary monk of Wittenberg, who unflinchingly, and with God on his side, boldly defied them all. And now that lone strong man is summoned to appear before the great Emperor, the proudest, the most powerful sovereign in Europe, backed by all his vassal princes, by priests, and learned doctors ; and he obeys that summons. “ Strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might,” he fearlessly sets out on that long and dangerous journey, and sings as he arrives before the walls of Worms that grand hymn of his own composition, dear to every German heart, and sung on every solemn occasion in all the churches of the Fatherland, beginning—

“ A sure stronghold our God is He,  
A trusty shield and weapon ;  
Our help He'll be, and set us free  
From every ill can happen.”

How manfully he stood before the Diet of Worms is a well-known story. Then came his condemnation ; and strange does it seem that he should have been permitted to escape: but God was with him, and had more work for him to do. He leaves Worms to return home to Wittenberg, doubtful if he shall ever see that home again. One evening, as he and his few companions are passing through the dark forest of Thuringia, five knights, masked and armed, fall upon them : without saying a word, they seize Luther, cover him with a knight's mantle, place him on horseback, and plunge with him into the depths of the forest. In the middle of the night they arrive at the Wartburg ; the gates open ; the Reformer crosses the threshold, and alights in the court-yard. Friendly violence had brought him hither. The knights lead him to this very chamber, which is to be his prison ; they take away his priest's robes and dress him as a knight, and enjoin him to let his beard and his hair grow long, and give him the name of Knight George.

And now let us glance round this humble chamber. Everything reminds us of the great German man and his time. The table at which he sat, and worked at his translation of the Bible, has disappeared, having been gradually cut away by the Vandalism of visitors ; but in its place there now stands another, at which Luther sat when a boy in his parents' house. Over the table hangs his portrait, also those of his father and mother. Above these, framed and glazed, is an autograph letter of Luther's ; close to this a small box, containing Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts for sale : to the left of this is the miner's lamp, which Luther's father used ; and to the right the money-box in which the Reformer, when a poor scholar at Eisenach, collected alms after singing carols in the streets. Then there is a great earthenware stove, and the old bed on which Luther slept. On one of the walls we remark a large dent stained with ink, the story of which



is celebrated. Poor Luther, always much troubled with temptations of the Evil One, often imagined that they took a bodily shape. One day, when working at his translation, he fancied he saw the devil appear, full of fury, and threatening to devour him: he took up his inkstand and hurled it at Satan, who immediately vanished. The inkstand was broken against the wall, and this is said to be the mark it left. The finely-carved chest under the window contains a collection of the first editions of the Bible, according to Luther's translation; and the beautiful Gothic bookcase contains the acts of the Evangelical Conference, which meets every other year at Eisenach. From the two windows, which give a cheerful light to the room, the eye ranges over that beautiful landscape on which Luther so loved to gaze.



Of his manner of life here we learn mostly from the letters to his friends, which he wrote from this his Patmos. The change of living and want of exercise were injurious to his health. He became depressed and melancholy. On the 15th of August he writes: "Last Tuesday I went out hunting for two days, to taste for once that sweet pleasure of great heroes. We caught two hares and a pair of poor partridges. Even here, among nets and dogs, my mind was full of theology." At the end of the letter he says, "We caught a poor little hare, which I tried to keep alive, and put it under my cloak; when it was revived I put it down under a bush, but the dogs soon smelt the poor creature, found it, and killed it. O Pope! and thou, O Satan! it is thus that you try to ruin souls who have already been saved from death."



Soon after Luther, still disguised as a knight, and accompanied by a trusty squire, was allowed to make further excursions, under the condition that he would not, directly he arrived at an inn, throw aside his sword and begin to read any books he might find about. Once he was recognised, and with difficulty came back in safety.

In spite of all this, such a forced constraint was too much for Luther's manly, energetic spirit; he expended all the powers of his mind in writing several valuable works, and above all, in completing his translation of the Bible into German, forging thereby his mightiest and most effective weapon against Romanism, and presenting to every peasant in his fatherland the dearest treasure it is possible in the world to possess — the sacred Scriptures in his native tongue.

Luther remained in the Wartburg only ten months. The Reformation wanted a firm hand and a bold head to guide it. Luther felt himself to be the man; still, dressed as a knight, he rode alone from the Wartburg, and three days after entered Wittenberg, and directed the onward progress of that mighty movement, the effects of which on Europe and on the world are manifest to this day.

J. F. C.

## Old Betty: a Harvest Sketch.



WHO does not remember the beautiful summer of 1857?—those long bright months of almost Indian weather, through which the sun seemed never tired of shining down upon our homes, and whatever was going on within them, health or sickness, hope or fear, joy or sorrow; each bright warm morning we found the same blue sky over our heads,—each calm still evening the same heavy dew under our feet. There were no fears for the harvest, but the farmer and the labourer went with a light heart into the fields; and “What a fine day for hay-making!” or “What splendid weather for the corn!” were the words with which every man greeted his neighbour.

It was one hot, hazy afternoon, early in the September of that year, that a lady turned down a shady lane and entered a little white cottage of very humble appearance, whose only ornaments were a small beehive just outside the door, and a large crimson hollyhock now blooming beside it. There was a great stillness about the little place that afternoon. The lady knocked once or twice at the half-open door, but was answered only by the drowsy hum of the bees without and the steady ticking of the clock within. At length a voice was heard from above, calling out faintly, “Come up, if you please.” The lady climbed the steep staircase, and entered the one tiny room at the top, where, on a low, narrow bed, with clean though coarse coverings, lay a tall, gaunt woman, who looked some sixty years of age, but whose still handsome features bore witness to the fact of her having been a village beauty in days long gone by.

“I’m very sorry to find you up here, Betty,” said the visitor, as

she sat down by the bedside. "I heard you were ill, but did not know it was so bad as this. You've been exerting yourself too much, I'm afraid, for I see you've been out *songering*,"\* she added, pointing to a high pile of wheatsheaves, which occupied the whole space between the wall and the foot of the bed.

"Well, ma'am, I have," answered the sick woman, "and I reckon it's been too much for me; but I thought I was doing it for the best: for you see, though it's summer now, we must remember the winter's coming. But if what the doctor says is true, I shan't want bread, nor anything else, next winter,—so these few *songers* of mine will come in for my neighbour; and in the meantime they're nice company for me, for if you'll believe it, ma'am, they teach me many a lesson as I lie here."

"Indeed, Betty," was the reply, "I can well believe it; for the Bible itself tells us how much we may learn from a sheaf of corn: but tell me, what do your *songers* say to you?"

"Well, ma'am," said the old woman, "I reckoned this morning no less than *four* things that I can fancy them saying to me:—First, they remind me what a deal God does for us, how He provides for us, year by year, as regular as the months come round, and how forgetful we are of the thanks we owe to Him,—for I'm sure I'd lived a many years, and seen a many harvests, afore I began to think about Who it was that gave 'em to us. The next thing they seemed to say was, What a deal of trouble we poor creatures take about things we might as lief let alone; for look at them *songers* of mine, what a heap there is of 'em! and *not one* shall I ever carry to the mill. Now isn't that just like all our little worldly matters? How we work and toil and wear ourselves out, all for the sake of the future, as we say; and for aught we can tell, there's no future for us in *this* world."

"That's very true, Betty," said the lady; "and yet, as you yourself said, we think we are doing it for the best, and it certainly is our duty to provide for the future; but I think our fault lies, not so much in our looking forward, as in our not looking *farther* forward than we do. I mean," she continued (for she saw that Betty did not quite understand her), "I mean, that if people did but see things in their true light, the next world would seem to them as real, nay far more real, than the present one; and then, while they are providing for a future time, which may or may not be theirs, they would, at least, take equal care to prepare for that eternity which, sooner or later, *must come* to all of us."

Betty agreed to this, and was about to add some remark, when both she and her visitor were startled by the joyful shouts of the reapers, who were bringing home the last load of corn from a neighbouring field; and soon the windows of the little cottage were shaken by the two heavy waggons rolling past, and the men were heard merrily calling to one another to "look out for their heads," as they went brushing along under the trees. A few minutes more, and the sound of wheels, and shouting, and laughter, had died away in the distance, and all was still again. The sick woman was the first to break the silence, as she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes,—

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\* The Cheshire word for *gleaning*.

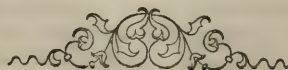
"Ah! there they go! I love to hear them! Many and many's the time that I've gone *a-songering* in that big field, but I've been for the last time now—my feet will never tread that ground again. Yes," she continued, as she stretched out her thin hand toward the pile of wheatsheaves—"Yes, there's another solemn lesson that those are teaching me, for they warn me that this beautiful summer is drawing to a close; and *my* summer too—the long summer of my life—is fast going from me! And, last of all, they speak to me about that great harvest which we read of in the Bible, when the wheat and the chaff shall be divided—the one to be cast into the fire, the other to be gathered into Christ's own barn. Will you read me that chapter about the harvest, ma'am, before you go? The Bible is on the window-seat."

The lady took the Bible and read as she was requested. When she had finished, she closed the book silently, for the chapter was one which explained itself, and the reader knew that Betty had given many proofs in her daily life, as well as in her conversation, of having been taught by that God, who "giveth understanding to the simple."

Three weeks passed away, the corn was all cleared from the fields, and a merry peal of bells ushered in the morning of St. Michael's day, the day of the Harvest Thanksgiving. The parish church was crowded that day; masters and servants, farmers and labourers, men, women, and children, were all alike eager to be present at the Thanksgiving Service. But there was one empty place—the one which, until very lately, had been so regularly filled by old Betty. Where was poor Betty then? Was she to spend this joyful day stretched upon a sick bed, and to count the silent hours in her lonely little room? No, it was her happy lot to spend it in that world where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick." After a short but painful illness she had died in peace a few days before, and was laid in her quiet grave just before the bells began to ring on St. Michael's morning.

That same day, the lady who had visited her during her illness passed down the shady lane on her way to the evening service, and paused for a moment to look once more at the little white cottage, now so silent and deserted. The clock was still ticking away at the foot of the stairs, the bees were still humming about the hive, and the crimson hollyhock was still blooming beside it,—all except one lovely branch, which had been broken off by a neighbour, and thrown, for old friendship's sake, into Betty's grave. Solemn thoughts filled the lady's mind as she stood before the little gate, and, thinking of Old Betty's Christian life and happy death, she said to herself, as she turned away, "Her harvest is past, her summer is ended, and she is safe for ever!"

M. M.





## **The Master of the Harvest.**

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY,

AUTHOR OF "PARABLES FROM NATURE," ETC.

"That which thou dost not understand when thou readeſt, thou ſhalt underſtand in the day of thy viſitation; for there are many ſecrets of religion which are not perceived till they be felt, and are not felt but in the day of a great calamity."—*Jeremy Taylor.*



HE Master of the Harvest walked by the ſide of his corn-fields in the early year, and a cloud was over his face, for there had been no rain for ſeveral weeks, and the earth was hard from the parching of the cold eaſt winds, and the young wheat had not been able to ſpring up.

So, as he looked over the long ridges that lay ſtretched in rows before him, he was vexed, and began to grumble, and ſay the harveſt would be backward, and all things would go wrong. At the mere thought of which he frowned more and more, and uttered words of complaint againſt the heavens, becauſe there was no rain; againſt the earth, becauſe it was ſo dry and unyielding; againſt the corn, becauſe it had not ſprung up.

And the man's diſcontent was whiſpered all over the field, and all along the long ridges where the corn-ſeeds lay; and when it reached them they murmured out, "How cruel to complain! Are we not doing our beſt? Have we let one drop of moiſture paſs by unuſed, one moment of warmth come to us in vain? Have we not ſeized on every chance, and ſtriven every day to be ready for the hour of breaking forth? Are we idle? Are we obſtinate? Are we indifferent? Shall we not be found waiting and watching? How cruel to complain!"

Of all this, however, the Maſter of the Harveſt heard nothing, ſo the gloom did not paſs away from his face. On the contrary he took it with him into his comfortable home, and repeated to his wife the dark words, that all things were going wrong; that the drought would ruin the harveſt, for the corn was not yet ſprung.

And ſtill thinking thus, he laid his head on his pillow, and preſently fell aſleep.

But his wife ſat up for a while by the bedſide, and opened her Bible, and read, "The harveſt is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels."

Then ſhe wrote this text in pencil, on the fly-leaf at the end of the book, and after it the date of the day, and after the date the words, "Oh, Lord, the huſbandman, Thou waiteſt for the precious fruit Thou haſt ſown, and haſt long patience for it! Amen, O Lord, amen!"

After which the good woman knelt down to pray, and as ſhe prayed ſhe wept, for ſhe knew that ſhe was very ill.

But what ſhe prayed that night was heard only in heaven.

And ſo a few days paſſed on as before, and the houſe was gloomy with the diſcontent of its maſter; but at laſt, one evening, the wind

changed, the sky became heavy with clouds, and before midnight there was rain all over the land; and when the Master of the Harvest came in next morning, wet from his early walk by the corn-fields, he said it was well it had come at last, and that, at last, the corn had sprung up.

On which his wife looked at him with a smile, and said, How often things came right, about which one had been anxious and disturbed. To which her husband made no answer, but turned away and spoke of something else.

Meantime the corn-seeds had been found ready and waiting when the hour came, and the young sprouts burst out at once; and very soon all along the long ridges were to be seen rows of tender blades, tinting the whole field with a delicate green. And day by day the Master of the Harvest saw them, and was satisfied; but because he was satisfied, and his anxiety was gone, he spoke of other things, and forgot to rejoice.

And a murmur arose among them,—“Should not the Master have welcomed us to life? He was angry but lately, because the seed he had sown had not yet brought forth; now that it has brought forth, why is he not glad? What more does he want? Have we not done our best? Are we not doing it minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day? From the morning and evening dews, from the glow of the midday sun, from the juices of the earth, from the breezes which freshen the air, even from clouds and rain, are we not taking in food and strength, warmth and life, refreshment and joy; so that one day the valleys may laugh and sing, because the good seed hath brought forth abundantly? Why does he not rejoice?”

As before, however, of all they said the Master of the Harvest heard nothing; and it never struck him to think of the young corn-blades' struggling life. Nay, once, when his wife asked him if the wheat was doing well, he answered, “Very fairly,” and nothing more. But she then, because the evening was fine, and the fairer weather had revived her failing flowers, said she would walk out by the corn-fields herself.

And so it came to pass that they went out together.

And together they looked all along the long green ridges of wheat, and watched the blades as they quivered and glistened in the breeze, which sprang up with the setting sun. Together they walked, together they looked; looking at the same things, and with the same human eyes; even as they had walked, and looked, and lived together for years, but with a world dividing their hearts; and what was ever to unite them?

Even then, as they moved along, she murmured half aloud, half to herself, thinking of the anxiety that had passed away,—“Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it; Thou makest it very plenteous.”

To which he answered, if answer it may be called,—“Why are you always so gloomy? Why should Scripture be quoted about such common things?”

And she looked in his face and smiled, but did not speak; and he could not read the smile, for the life of her heart was as hidden to him as the life of the corn-blades in the field.

And so they went home together, no more being said by either ; for as she turned round the sight of the setting sun, and of the young, freshly-growing wheat-blades, brought tears into her eyes.

She might never see the harvest upon earth again ; for her that other was at hand, whereof the reapers were to be angels.

And when she opened her Bible that night she wrote on the fly-leaf the text she had quoted to her husband, and after the text the date of the day, and after the date the words, "Bless me, even me also, oh my Father, that I may bring forth fruit with patience!"

Very peaceful were the next few weeks that followed, for all nature seemed to rejoice in the weather, and the corn-blades shot up till they were nearly two feet high, and about them the Master of the Harvest had no complaints to make.

But at the end of that time, behold, the earth began to be hard and dry again, for once more rain was wanted ; and by degrees the growing plants failed for want of moisture and nourishment, and lost power and colour, and became weak and yellow in hue. And once more the husbandmen began to fear and tremble, and once more the brow of the Master of the Harvest was overclouded with angry apprehension.

And as the man got more and more anxious about the fate of his crops, he grew more and more irritable and distrustful, and railed as before, only louder now, against the heavens, because there was no rain ; against the earth, because it lacked moisture ; against the corn-plants, because they had waxed feeble.

Nay, once, when his sick wife reproved him gently, praying him to remember how his fears had been turned to joy before, he reproached her in his turn for sitting in the house and pretending to judge of what she could know nothing about, and bade her come out and see for herself how all things were working together for ill.

And although he spoke it in bitter jest, and she was very ill, she said she would go, and went.

So once more they walked out together, and once more looked together over the corn-fields ; but when he stretched out his arm and pointed to the long ridges of blades, and she saw them shrunken and faded in hue, her heart was grieved within her, and she turned aside and wept over them.

Nevertheless she said she durst not cease from hope, since an hour might renew the face of the earth, if God so willed ; neither should she dare to complain, even if the harvest were to fail.

At which words the Master of the Harvest turned round, amazed, to look at his wife, for her soul was growing stronger as her body grew weaker, and she dared to say now things she would have had no courage to utter before.

But of all this he knew nothing, and what he thought, as he listened, was, that she was as weak in mind as in body ; and what he said was, that a man must be an idiot who would not complain when he saw the bread taken from under his very eyes !

And his murmurings and her tears sent a shudder all along the long ridges of sickly corn-blades, and they asked one of another, "Why does he murmur ? and, Why does she weep ? Are we not doing all we can ? Do we slumber or sleep, and let opportunities



pass by unused? Are we not watching and waiting against the times of refreshing? Shall we not be found ready at last? Why does he murmur? and, Why does she weep? Is she, too, fading and waiting? Has she, too, a master who has lost patience?"

Meantime, when she opened her Bible that night, she wrote on the fly-leaf the text, "Wherefore should a man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" and after the text the date of the day, and after the date the words, "Thou dost turn thy face from us, and we are troubled: but, Lord, how long, how long?"

And by and by came on the long-delayed times of refreshing, but so slowly and imperfectly, that the change in the corn could scarcely be detected for a while. Nevertheless it told at last, and stems struggled up among the blades, and burst forth into flowers, which gradually ripened into ears of grain. But a struggle it had been, and continued to be, for the measure of moisture was scant, and the due amount of warmth in the air was wanting. Nevertheless, by struggling and effort the young wheat advanced, little by little, in growth; preparing itself, minute by minute — hour by hour — day by day, as best it could, for the great day of the harvest. — As best it could! Would the Master of the Harvest ask more? Alas! he had still something to find fault with, for when he looked at the ears and saw that they were small and poor, he grumbled, and said the yield would be less than it ought to be, and the harvest would be bad.

And as more weeks went on, and the same weather continued, and the progress was very, very slow, he spoke out his vexation to his wife at home, to his friends at the market, and to the husbandmen who passed by and talked with him about the crops.

And the voice of his discontent was breathed over the corn-field, all along the long ridges where the plants were labouring, and waiting, and watching. And they shuddered and murmured,—"How cruel to complain! Had we been idle, had we been negligent, had we been indifferent, we might have passed away without bearing fruit at all. How cruel to complain!"

But of all this the Master of the Harvest heard nothing, so he did not cease to complain.

*(To be continued.)*

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## Epitaph by a German Peasant.

(TRANSLATED BY MRS. A. GATTY.)



ALL to whom I once was dear,  
All who ever knew me here,  
All who for my absence grieve,  
In God's almighty hand I leave.  
God be with you—God defend you—  
Every needful blessing send you:  
Now my house is ordered right,  
Thou, idle world, good night! —good night!

**T**HERE are few plants more picturesque than the Hop, either in its wild state, as it creeps along the tops of hedges, covering them with a rich and many-coloured carpet, or in the hop-grounds, where, tended by the hand of man, it clings to the poles placed for its support, or droops from them in massive, but graceful, festoons. The Hop is unnoticed by ancient writers, with the exception of Pliny, who names it among herbs "which grow of themselves, and are used as meat with divers nations." In this country Henry 8th forbade its use; and it was not until two hundred years later that it began to be cultivated, when so strong a feeling was raised against its being put in beer, that Parliament was petitioned against it, as "a wicked weed that would spoil the drink and endanger the people." But this opinion seems to have soon died away; for in 1710 we are told that Hops made ale "more wholsom and gratefuller to the palate." The only parts of the flower which enter into the composition of the beer are the seeds and the yellow adhesive matter surrounding them, which is valuable on account of its bitter, aromatic quality. Hops naturally prefer strong clay land, and are a very exhausting crop, as the scientific name, *Lupulus*, or *little wolf*, indicates. A change in the hop-grounds is, therefore, always beneficial. Nevertheless there is a celebrated hop-ground near Farnham, in Surrey, which has been in cultivation for about 300 years. The Hop is a powerful narcotic, and so a pillow stuffed with Hops is an old recipe for easing pain and producing sleep. Such a pillow was used by George 3rd in his last illness.



R. B.

## Short Sermons.

No. X.

### "Good for Evil."

BY T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A., INCUMBENT OF GAWCOTT, BUCKINGHAM.

ROM. xii. 21.—"*Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*"



THE Bible is strangely unlike any other book that is not leavened with its spirit. One of the noblest books ever produced by mere human intellect says, that it is the part of a magnanimous man to revenge an insult.

How far above such teaching as this is the language of the text! How it lifts us at once into a serener atmosphere than the stormy one of selfish man's temper and pride! How manifestly full of the very character of God himself! breathing the very breath of "the peace which passeth understanding," it speaks the language of Heaven.

"Be not overcome," it says, "of evil, but overcome evil with good."

May the Divine Spirit himself give us the heart to feel the heavenliness of such teaching, while we now meditate upon it.

I. First, then, we are taught what our conduct should *not* be under provocation and injury.

*We should not return the evil.*

The first impulse of every natural heart is to repel force with force, and so to try and get the better of an enemy; and then a man thinks, if he succeeds, that he has "overcome" his enemy.

But the word of God tells us that a man, when he does this, is not the conqueror, but the conquered—he is "*overcome*." "Be not overcome," it says, "of evil," *i. e.* by being led to pay back evil in return. And "*overcome*" the man is. His peace is "*overcome*;" his dignity is "*overcome*;" the Spirit of God within him is "*overcome*;" all that is best and holiest in the man is "*overcome*" by the devil, who drives him along before the storm of his own passions, and whips him with the scourge of his own tempers.

Let us learn, then, to call things by their right names—to call what men describe as "taking their own part," as taking too often the devil's part; and what they call a "high spirit," a very low spirit; and to know that, when under injustice, injury, or insult, we harbour thoughts of revenge, we are overcome by the evil one, who is busy destroying within us those blessed influences of the Holy Spirit, which would lift us already, in heart and character, to heaven and God.

Thus far we gather that the Bible forbids retaliation.



II. What behaviour, then, *does* it recommend? What *is* the Christian man to do when he is insulted and injured?

The words of the Lord Jesus more fully express the teaching of the text. He is "to bless those that persecute him, and to do good to those that despitefully use him."

Whether this is a judicious way of dealing with enemies (as far as its effect in stopping the evil is concerned)—whether it answers better in this view than meeting word with word and blow with blow, I will consider by and bye; but it may be well to ask first, what effect it has upon *the people themselves* who practise it.

A most blessed one!

It turns men, violent and savage as wolves and lions, into lambs, calms their fury, cools their hot passions, and subdues their rage. Only let such a spirit spread from heart to heart—only convert all men living, not in name only, but in heart and deed, and the world's tempestuous strife is over! No more war! no more disturbed and agitated neighbourhoods! no more bickering or divided families!—all would be "one fold under one Shepherd."

And such is the character of the children of God. They return "good" for "evil."

So Isaac went from well to well, which his own servants had digged, rather than meet force with force.

So Joseph returned kindness, help, and comfort to his brethren for the wrong they had done him.

So dying Stephen, as the stones fell thick and fast upon him, returned for evil blows forgiving prayers.

And these men were not singular.

There are this day thousands of quiet, unpretending Christians, who are praying and striving to be filled with the same Spirit.

. III. One point more is suggested by the text. It marks the *effect* of this conduct on the "*evil doers*," viz. that it *will overcome them*. "Overcome," it says, "evil with good."

And this is illustrated in the context by an allusion to the manners in which metals are smelted in the East. "If thine enemy hunger," says the Apostle, "feed him. If he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head;" *i.e.* thou shalt melt his disposition by the warmth of your kindness, as the metal is melted by the heat of the coals.

Try it, not for a day—no, nor for a month—nor even a year, but for all the time (years though it should be) that your enemy continues such; pray for him; speak kindly to him; give him the soft answer that turneth away wrath; treat him with a spirit higher altogether than his own; help him, assist him (if you have the opportunity) freely, generously; keep on, by God's grace, unselfishly, unweariedly; and there is no heart so hard but that you may hope, under treatment like this, that it may be melted at last.

Unfortunately, we try the plan so little—even Christians have sometimes so little faith in it—that we have no conception how often, where now we fail utterly by using authority or force, we should triumphantly succeed by the gentler weapons of forbearance, forgiveness, and unresisting, uncomplaining love!

And yet, why should we not expect it to be so, when we see that

it is God's way, by His Spirit, of subduing the stubbornness of sinners' hearts? The one unanswerable argument of the Gospel of Jesus—the one subduing power by which, wherever it has been preached, it has melted the hearts of thousands upon thousands, has been the returning “good for evil” on the cross.

Is there not a lesson here for all who have to do with the human heart, and desire to overcome the evil that is in it?

*Parents.*

How often Christian parents fail here. They are anxious for their children's improvement. They restrain, command, and punish. They use force and authority in abundance; but how often are they strangers to the mysterious influence of that persuasive gentleness which can soften and lead, where untempered strictness would only harden or break! We have little doubt that in those happy instances, where Christians have from childhood upwards loved religion and God, one chief cause has been the loving and winning way in which, with a remembrance of their infirmities and tender years, religious truth has been conveyed. Judicious gentleness has been successful where authority would have succeeded the less, the louder it spoke.

*Masters and Mistresses.*

Why is it that, in this age of restlessness and independence, there are still to be found servants who are valued and esteemed for length of service rendered with faithfulness and affection?

You will find in such cases that the secret has generally consisted in the admixture of considerate kindness with justice and firmness in the management of the household.

*Ministers.*

Have we not, too, our lesson to learn? May we not learn not, by impatient fretfulness or by the imperiousness of office, to mar and destroy our lowly Master's message? May we not learn not to be above using the language and spirit of the Apostle, who said,—“I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God.” And again,—“Dearly beloved, I beseech you.” And might we not then, perchance, know more of the Apostle's success?

And now, we have been setting forth a simple and sure recipe for making man everywhere at peace with man.

Then why, may be justly asked, have we not nations, parishes, homes, more peaceable? The Gospel is preached. The remedy is made known. What hinders the result?

What, but man's pride and selfishness, his natural unwillingness to give up or give way, and his readiness to meet the evil of the world by the evil of his own heart?

This must be changed in any one who would enter the kingdom of God!

Self must be subdued! temper overcome! Christ's spirit gained! and that most becoming ornament on earth or in heaven put on—“the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.”

A happy state, indeed!

Blessed, thrice blessed, the man who attains to it! who attains, by the Spirit of God, to the heavenly height of returning “Good for Evil!”

# ST. JOHN'S PARISH MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1860.

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PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Depôt, Blackwellgate.*

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## ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY—HOME MISSIONS.

**A**N interesting lecture on the subject of Home Missions organized upon the principles of the Church of England was delivered by the Rev. J. Brame, M.A., in the Lecture Room of the Central Hall, to the members of the Church of England Institute, on Thursday evening last, Nov. 8th. The Rev lecturer, in alluding to the mistaken notions abroad respecting the wealth of the Clergy supposed that they had arisen from the publicity given to the existence of a few wealthy livings, while the overwhelming number of miserably endowed benefices had failed to excite the same degree of public attention. In the return made to Parliament in 1835, of the value of the livings in England and Wales, upon an average of the three years preceding December, 1831, there were found to be 297 under £50 a-year; 1,629 between £50 and £100; 1,602 between £100 and £150; 1,354 between £150 and £200; 1,979 between £200 and £300; 1,326 between £300 and £400; 830 between £400 and £500; and 1,461 above £500: in all 10,478 Benefices, which may be classified thus: 3,528 not exceeding £150 a-year; 5,489 between £150 and £500 a-year; and 1,461 above £500 a-year. Since 1836 and the period to which the above statistics refer, not less than 2,000 new churches have been consecrated; and concerning the endowment of these churches, some information is given in a return presented by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to Parliament, in compliance with an order of the House of Commons, on the 1st of July, 1859. From this it appears that 204 of the new Parishes were endowed by the Commissioners, with an income of £150 each. From the same document we learn that the Commissioners had themselves augmented 37 Benefices, so as to secure to each an income of more £150 a-year and 897 Benefices besides, but in none of which would the income exceed £150 a-year. The present number of Benefices will therefore, be about 12,500; of which the income of 5,256 is less than £150 per annum. It was in consequence of the existence of this startling state of things that the society of which he was the representative that evening had lately established an Endowment Fund for the gradual amelioration of the condition of the great mass of the clergy. From the endowment of parishes the lecturer passed on to the spiritual destitution of the population of England and Wales. According to calculations based upon accurate data, there are of the Church of England about 7,500,000 actual Church-goers, and the number of Dissenters attending their various places of worship is 5,300,000. As the population is at present not less than twenty millions, this leaves upwards of five millions who never attend any place of worship. The picture presented by those places where large masses of people are collected together is most alarming; for example, in Lambeth 60 people out of every 100 attend no place of worship; in Sheffield, 62; in Oldham, 61; and in 34 of the great towns of England, embracing an aggregate population of four millions, upwards of two millions four hundred thousand are wholly non-worshipping. The sitting accommodation provided, in places of worship by the Church of England is only 30 per cent. of the whole population, and that provided by Dissenters about 27 per cent; so that




# MONTHLY CALENDAR.

6. Jesus comforts his disciples. Promise of the Holy Spirit (*Jerus*) ... John 14, v. 1-31.
7. Christ the true Vine. His disciples hated by the world (*Jerus*) ... " 15, v. 1-27.
8. Tribulation foretold and comfort given by Christ. Further promise of the Holy Spirit. Prayer and peace in Christ (*Jerus*)... John 16, v. 1-33.
9. Christ's last prayer with his disciples (*Jerus*) ... " 17, v. 1-26.
10. The agony in Gethsemane. (*Mount of Olives*) ... Matt. 26, v. 36-46.
11. Jesus betrayed and made prisoner. (*Gethsemane*) ... " v. 47-56.
12. Jesus before Caiaphas and the Sanhedrim. Peter thrice denies him (*Jerus*) ... " v. 57-75.
13. The Sanhedrim lead Jesus to Pilate (*Jerus*) ... John 18, v. 28-38.
14. Judas hangs himself (*Jerus*) ... Matt. 27, v. 3-10.
15. Jesus before Herod (*Jerus*) ... Luke 23, v. 6-12.
16. Pilate seeks to release Jesus (*Jerus*) ... " v. 13-25.
17. Pilate delivers up Jesus to death. He is mocked and scourged (*Jerus*) ... Matt. 27, v. 26-30.
18. Pilate delivers Jesus to be crucified (*Jerus*)... John 19, v. 1-16.

(To be Continued.)

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|         |                           |                                                  |
|---------|---------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| Nov. 18 | 24TH SUND. AFTER TRIN.    | Morn. Prov. 13—John 10. Even. Prov. 14—2 Tim. 1. |
|         | 20 ST. CUTHBERT'S BAZAAR  |                                                  |
|         | 21 ST. CUTHBERT'S BAZAAR  |                                                  |
|         | 25 25TH SUND. AFTER TRIN. | Morn. Prov. 15—John 17. Even. Prov. 16—Heb. 1.   |
|         | 30 ST. ANDREW'S APOST.    | Morn. Prov. 20—Acts 1. Even. Prov. 21—Heb. 6.    |
| Dec. 2  | ADVENT SUNDAY.            | Morn. Isaiah 1—Acts 3. Even. Isaiah 2—Heb. 8.    |
|         | 9 2ND SUND. IN ADVENT.    | Morn, Isaiah 5—Acts 9. Even. Isaiah 24—Jam. 2.   |

 There will be Evening Services at the Chapel-of-Ease, Albert Hill, on the 25th Sunday after Trinity (Nov. 25), and 2nd Sunday in Advent (Dec. 9.)

(NOTES.—ADVENT. The word means *coming to or arrival at*; and is particularly applied to our Lord's coming upon earth in the flesh. In the Church Calendar it signifies the space of time, including four Sundays, before the celebration of our Lord's nativity—the first of these Sundays being, by way of eminence, called Advent Sunday. In the services of the Church, this day is regarded as the first day of the Christian year, the last Sunday of it being the 25th Sunday after Trinity. And if we look closely into the Prayer Book, it will be observed that these Sundays in Advent are much more regarded by the Church as the beginning of a new year than as introductory to the celebration of Christmas. In other words Christmas-day is regarded in a twofold light, as representing both the comings of our Lord, his first coming in the flesh and his second coming to judgment. When Christmas-day actually arrives it commemorates our Lord's first coming; but before it comes, it is regarded as commemorating our Lord's second coming. And this for the obvious reason that, as we cannot put ourselves into the position of those who lived before Christ appeared, his first coming requires now no previous preparation for it. But our whole life is, or ought to be, a preparation for his *second* coming; and it is, accordingly, this state of preparation which the season of Advent in the Church services is intended to represent.



### **A Perilous Leap.\***

**Q**N the 18th of July, 1860, our party, consisting of five, set out from Martigny to cross the Tête Noire.

Chamounix is the point to which all travellers converge, and in the evening carriage after carriage full of all kinds of people arrived at the hôtel. Being pressed for time, and unable to make excursions in the neighbourhood, we made arrangements over-night with one of the many drivers who were loitering about, to take us on to Geneva early the following morning. We were to give eighty francs, and were much pleased on

\* The writer of this narrative is a cool and correct observer of phenomena, a man not easily frightened, or at all prone to exaggerate, and one who has had previous experience of hair-breadth escapes both in riding and driving.—ED.

inquiring of our landlord to learn that the particular driver we had engaged was a very steady man. We rose early to enjoy the glorious view of the morning sun upon the snowy summit of Mont Blanc. By eight o'clock we were ready to start; the driver mounted his box, and to our great satisfaction proceeded to make good play. We had previously suffered much from the tediousness of continental drivers, so that we rejoiced over the two-miles-an-hour extra, at which we now found ourselves travelling.

For the first few miles the road, though not dangerous, is very rough, and the continued jolting, by producing in some of us a sensation approaching to sea-sickness, was the first thing slightly to diminish the pleasure we had in our driver's conduct. But after awhile the road winds in sharp curves, and skirts on one side at intervals fearful precipices, often undefended by parapet or railing. It was at this point of our ride, after we had descended a few shoots, and turned the sharp bends in the road at the bottom of them at the same rate of speed at which we had started along the level, that some of our party began to suspect that all was not right, and wished to expostulate. However, they were quieted by another of the party, who assured them that it was all safe, inasmuch as probably it was the traditional method of driving, and that therefore if the man went slower he would most likely upset; adding also, that it was never known that such fellows met with any accident. For a time this way of putting the case had its proper effect, and all once more began to admire the scenery, notwithstanding a few occasional exclamations when the "traditional method" seemed to run too close a shave at too great a pace round one of the dreaded angles of the road. At one such angle, indeed, the shave at nine miles an hour was so awfully near to the edge of a yawning, unprotected precipice, that the carriage seemed absolutely for a second to rock over, and we leaned the contrary way instinctively to restore its balance.

"Traditional or not traditional," said my fellow-travellers, "we will not sit still any longer; the fellow must be drunk, and will to a certainty break our necks, or drive us over a precipice." The fellow, in truth, *was drunk*, though we did not know it when we started, for continental drunkenness makes a man look different to English drunkenness. And so being drunk, what was alarming us was elating him; it was something new and inspiring to him to drive five persons at such a pace round such corners, and thus every descent of a hill, with its swing round at the bottom, told its tale upon his head and increased his pace. But whilst we were coming to the unanimous decision that something must be done, the driver had already mounted the next hill, and before we had agreed to stop him had begun to urge his horses on to their utmost trot down a steep incline. It was too late to remonstrate, too late to stop; the carriage swayed from side to side, and as we held on by the seats and by one another, we prayed rather than hoped that by some good chance we might get safely round the dreaded bend which we could see before us. The moment came at last, and our hearts sank within us as we felt that the drunken wretch had lost all control over his horses and missed the turn, and that there remained nothing except an awful plunge to death and eternity. For a second the horses seemed



to pause upon the brink ; in that second some of us lived a life and died a death. I placed my hand on my dear wife's shoulder, and said, "For God's sake sit still !" She sat motionless as a statue, and we both mentally breathed a prayer for our poor orphaned children at home.

I have been in many accidents by road and field before. I have been in an express train when it has run off the line at forty miles an hour ; but I never seemed to sit so face to face with death as at that second. Skill and presence of mind were unavailing ; there was but one thing left to do—to sit still and die. But the good hand of our God was upon us ; for at that turn a small meadow intervened between the road and the edge of the precipice, with a deep drop into it of about eight feet. At the moment we were unaware of this, and believed, without question, when we felt the horses make their spring, they had jumped with us over the brink to a frightful and certain destruction. Even as it was, we owed our lives, under the great mercy of God, to the wonderful pluck and sagacity of our good steeds. They both faced the leap with unfaltering step and mind, took off at the same instant, in the same direction, and with the same power, landed, straight as a line, no less than fourteen feet from the edge of the road, taking the carriage with them without upsetting it, and without breaking it. Had they swerved or bungled in their leap, or jumped unevenly, the carriage must have been overturned and smashed to pieces. The driver, and one of our party who sat with him on the box, were both thrown off in different directions, many yards, by the force of the descent, and the horses almost instantly recovering their footing, started off again in the trot towards the precipice, when one of the four inside sprang out of the carriage over the door without waiting to open it—providentially alighted on his feet—and without the loss of a second ran to the heads of the horses, and stopped them within a few yards of the edge. So, by the infinite goodness of our God, all of us escaped unhurt. Not a bone was broken ; not a soul injured. But I state the honest truth when I say, that the next time I looked in the glass I fully expected to see my hair like the snowy summit of the Alps we had left behind us.



## **The Master of the Harvest.**

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY,

AUTHOR OF "PARABLES FROM NATURE," ETC.



EANTIME another week or two went on, and people, as they glanced over the land, wished that a few good rainy days would come and do their work decidedly, so that the corn-ears might fill. And behold, while the wish was yet on their lips, the sky became charged with clouds, darkness spread over the country, a wild wind arose, and the growling of thunder announced a storm. And such a storm ! People hid from it in cellars, and closets, and dark corners, as if now, for the first time, they believed in a God, and were trembling at the new-found fact ; as if they could never discover Him in His sunshine and blessings, but only thus in His tempests and wrath.

And all along the long ridges of wheat-plants drove the rain-laden blast, and they bent down before it and rose up again, like the waves of a labouring sea. Ears over ears they bowed down; ears above ears they rose up. They bowed down, as if they knew that to resist was destruction: they rose up, as if they had a hope beyond the storm. Only here and there, where the whirlwinds were strongest, they fell down and could not lift themselves again. So the damage that was done was but little, and the general good was great. But when the Master of the Harvest saw here and there the patches of over-weighted corn yet dripping from the thunder-showers, he grew angry for them, and forgot to think of the long ridges that stretched over his fields, where the corn-ears were swelling and rejoicing.

And he came in gloomy to his home, when his wife was hoping that now, at last, all would be well; and the tumult of her soul grew beyond control, and she knelt down before him as he sat moody in his chair, and threw her arms round him, and cried out,—“It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not utterly consumed. Oh, husband! pray for the corn and for me, that it may go well with us at the last! Carry me up-stairs!” And his anger was checked by fear, and he carried her up-stairs and laid her on the bed; and said it must be the storm which had shaken her nerves. But whether he prayed for either the corn or her that night, she never knew.

And presently came a new distress; for when the days of rain had accomplished their gracious work, and every one was satisfied, behold, they did not cease. And as hitherto the cry had gone up for water on the furrows, so now men’s hearts failed them for fear lest it should continue to overflowing, and lest mildew should set in upon the full, rich ears, and the glorious crops should be lost.

And the Master of the Harvest walked out by his corn-fields, his face darker than ever. And he railed against the rain, because it would not cease; against the sun, because it would not shine; against the wheat, because it might perish before the harvest.

“But why does he always and only complain?” moaned the corn-plants, as the new terror was breathed over the field. “Have we not done our best from the first? And has not mercy been with us, sooner or later, all along? When moisture was scant, and we throve but little, why did he not rejoice over that little, and wait, as we did, for more? Now that abundance has come, and we swell, triumphant in strength and in hope, why does he not share our joy in the present, and wait, in trust, as we do, for the future ripening change? Why does he always complain? Has he himself some hard master, who would fain reap where he has not sown, and gather where he has not strawed, and has no pity for his servants who strive?”

But of all this the Master of the Harvest heard nothing. And when the days of rain had rolled into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the autumn set in, and the corn still stood up green in the ridges, as if it never meant to ripen at all, the boldest and most hopeful became uneasy, and the Master of the Harvest despaired.

But his wife had risen no more from her bed, where she lay in sickness and suffering, yet in patient trust; watching the sky through the window that faced her pillow; looking for the relief that came at last. For even at the eleventh hour, when hope seemed almost over,

and men had half learned to submit to their expected trial, the dark days began to be varied by a few hours of sunshine; and though these passed away, and the gloom and rain returned again, yet they also passed away in their turn, and the sun shone out once more.

And the poor sick wife, as she watched, said to those around her that the weather was gradually changing, and that all would come right at last; and sighing a prayer that it might be so with herself also, she had her Bible brought to the bed, and wrote in the fly-leaf the text, "Some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold;" and after the text the date of the day, for on that day the sun had been shining steadily for many hours. And after the date the words, "Unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required; yet if Thou, Lord, be extreme to mark iniquity, O Lord, who may stand?"

And day by day the hours of sunshine were more in number, and the hours of rain and darkness fewer, and by degrees the green corn-ears ripened into yellow, and the yellow turned into gold, and the harvest was ready, and the labourers not wanting. And the bursting corn broke out into songs of rejoicing, and cried, "At least we have not waited and watched in vain! Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life, and we are crowned with glory and honour. Where is the Master of the Harvest, that he may claim his own with joy?"

But the Master of the Harvest was bending over the bed of his dying wife. And she whispered that her Bible should be brought. And he brought it, and she said, "Open it at the fly-leaf at the end, and write, 'It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.'" And she bade him add the date of the day, and after the date of the day the words, "O Lord, in Thy mercy say of me—She hath done what she could!" And then she laid her hand in his, and so fell asleep in hope.

And the harvest of the earth was gathered into barns, and the gathering-day of rejoicing was over, and the Master of it all sat alone by his fire-side, with his wife's Bible on his knee. And he read the texts, and the dates, and the prayers, from the first day when the corn-seeds were held back by drought; and as he read, a new heart seemed to burst out within him from the old one—a heart which the Lord of the other Harvest was making soft, and the springing whereof He would bless.

And henceforth, in his going out and coming in, from watching the fruits of the earth, the texts, and the dates, and the prayers were ever present to his mind, often rising to his lips; and he murmured and complained no more, let the seasons be what they would, and his fears however great; for the thought of the late-sprung seed in his own dry, cold heart, was with him night and day. And more and more as he prayed for help, that the weary struggle might be blessed, and the new-born watching and waiting not be in vain; so more and more there came over his spirit a yearning for that other harvest, where he, and she who had gone before, might be gathered in together. And thus,—in one hope of their calling,—the long-divided hearts were united at last.



## Our Parish Church.



E will not leave our Church ;—your arguings are wrong :  
It is no use your talking,—we've listen'd but too long :  
We will not leave our Church,—we tell you plainly so ;  
Yet stay and hear our reasons, before your ways you go.

We will not leave our Church ;—for her the Martyrs bled ;  
For her the holy Bishops were burn'd till they were dead :  
Yet say not they are dead—such men can never die,  
Their honour lives on earth, their glory in the sky.

We will not leave our Church—the Lord forbid we should !  
Where should we find aught better—or where find aught so good ?  
Where else is Holy Scripture so fully read and pray'd ?  
Where else the true Lord's Supper ?—to leave her we're afraid.

We will not leave our Church,—for Peace and Order's sake,  
Lest thus our Lord's commandment of Unity we break ;  
All at one table only God's children should be fed,  
We all should be partakers of that one Cup and Bread.

We dare not leave our Church,—because that there alone  
Is the Bishop, the chief Shepherd, whom under Christ we own.  
There should be but one Shepherd, there should be but one fold ;  
One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one body we must hold.

We will not leave our Church—our Prayer-book\* we do love,  
So full of Holy Scripture, and wisdom from above ;  
Who now can make such prayers by his own fancy's aid,  
As those which holiest men of God in ancient times have made ?

We cannot leave our Church—we were baptizèd there,  
And offer'd as God's children, in the Church's faith and prayer ;  
There in One Name was made our strict and holy vow,  
To God the Church first brought us—how can we leave her now ?

We will not leave the Church where our forefathers rest ;  
We pray amidst their quiet graves, and so we love it best :  
And there we too would lie, when our last hour is come,  
And the Church's word of blessing shall lay us in our tomb.

We will not leave our Church—the good old faith to stain :  
We love not your new doctrines, your talkings are but vain :  
As it was in the beginning, the ancient Church we hold,  
And so it ever shall be, as Scripture has foretold.

We dare not leave our Church,—because we fear our God,  
We fear that He will smite Division with His rod :  
Division is a sin, whate'er some folks may say,  
And sin will surely find us out at the Great Judgment-day.

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\* It is three hundred years since our reformed Prayer-book was used in England. Most of the prayers, however, are more than a thousand years old. The Church of England was founded in Apostolic times.

We will not leave our Church ;—what bitter fruits are sown  
By those who split in parties what God would have but *one* !  
And they that cause Divisions, as any one may see,  
Saint Paul has bid us mark them, and shun their company.

We will not leave our Church,—howe'er some people flatter,  
For good words and fair speeches oft hide a rotten matter ;  
God has commanded *unity*—His word is very plain :  
We shall not leave our Church, we tell it you again.

We will not leave our Church,—because our God is there ;  
It is our Father's House—it is “ the House of Prayer ; ”  
His Name is call'd upon it, and He will surely bless  
All those who worship there in faith and humbleness.

We will not leave our Church :—Christ is her corner-stone,  
And all her holy service is builded thereupon :  
The name of the Lord JESUS, at which all things do bow,  
Has kept her safe for ages, and He will keep her now.

We will not leave our Church ;—we therein do rejoice ;  
By God's help we'll uphold her, with heart, and hand, and voice :  
And though her bitter foes may cry, “ Down with her to the ground ! ”  
The power and glory of the Lord within her courts are found.

We will not leave our Church,—therein we live, and will,  
According to God's Holy Word and Christ's commandment still ;  
We will not leave our Church,—therein we hope to die,  
And rest in God's own peace and love eternally.



## Short Sentences.



MISSIONARIES are bringing to light many interesting facts with regard to the character and minds of the people of Africa. Mr. Moffat, who has seen much of the southern part of this continent, gives us the following narrative, related to him by a man from Central Africa. It is, per-

haps, without a parallel for its simplicity :—“ My years were eighteen. There was war. At this time my mother died. My father died. I buried them. I had done. The Foulahs caught me. They sold me. The Freousa people bought us. They brought us to Tomba. We got up. To a white man they sold us. We had no shirts. We had no trousers. We were naked. In the midst of the water, into the midst of a ship, they put us. Thirst killed somebody. Hunger killed somebody. By night we prayed. At sun-time we prayed. God heard us. The English are good. God sent them. They came. They took us. Our hunger died. Our thirst died. Our chains went off from our feet. Shirts they gave us. Hats they gave us. Trousers they gave us. Every one was glad. We all praised the English. Whoever displeases the English, into hell let them go.”

## Hope for Africa.



ARKNESS always seems deeper when contrasted with light, and the thick darkness of ignorance and heathenism that hangs over Africa seems more woeful because we know that once some part of the land was flooded with the light of Christian truth. To the gathering of men of many nations at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, Africa ("the parts of Libya about Cyrene") sent her representatives.

In the early days of the Christian Church the name of Africa told of crowded Christian churches, of numerous Christian bishoprics, and of that glorious band, of which Augustine was the chief, who illustrated the Gospel by their writings and adorned it by their lives.

But after those bright days a horror of great darkness fell on Africa. There was not there, as in other lands, a blending of truth and error—of light and shade. Hers was one unbroken night of superstition and ignorance! And was no effort made by the Christian Church to enlighten and relieve the wretched sons of Africa? Alas! men, who called themselves Christians, instead of sending help, devised the slave-trade—the most iniquitous system that ever defiled and degraded humanity.

Years rolled on, and the negro tribes of Africa groaned under the fearful woes of this accursed traffic, carried on largely by Englishmen, who not only seized the hapless natives, and exposed them to the horrors of the middle passage, and made them bond-slaves of England in her distant colonies; but they added yet this guilt to their man-stealing, that throughout the central parts of Africa these so-called Christian men taught the savage what he had never learnt before, viz. to engage in wars for the purpose of capturing his brethren, that he might sell them into slavery.

But at length the cries of the poor African came up into the ears of some good men in England; and Clarkson and Wilberforce and Buxton and others pleaded for the slaves, and created so strong a feeling in this country that, in 1832, the House of Commons did one of the noblest acts that stands on the records of our national history, by voting the sum of 20,000,000*l.* to indemnify the holders of slaves in all lands that owned the English sway, so that the oppressed ones might go free. And ever since that time England has striven to check the slave-trade, whether carried on by her own subjects or by others, and has maintained a squadron on the coasts of Africa to prevent, as far as possible, the traffic in flesh and blood.

But England had something more than freedom of the body, which she was bound to impart to Africa. It was her duty, as the foremost Christian nation of the world, to kindle again the light of the knowledge of the glory of God which had been extinguished.

At some points of the African coast, Cape Town, Natal, Sierra Leone, Christian missions were, in process of time, set on foot; but the vast interior of the country remained unexplored or unvisited, and was thought to be a mere desert of sand, so that the map of Africa presented a blank space, with only a thin fringe of names around the coast. But in 1840 David Livingstone, a Glasgow cotton-



spinner, who, by his own efforts and industry, had made himself a scholar, went out to Africa as a missionary; and for sixteen years he remained there, first making himself acquainted with the language, and then exploring, amid the greatest dangers, the interior of the country, which he found to consist of vast woods and fertile plains, well watered by lakes and rivers of immense size. Thus he says — “I went up the Shire fully 100 miles, and found it a splendid stream for steam navigation, and such a valley for fertility! We ascended Maranbala, and found it 4000 feet above the level of the Shire. Its top is large, and well cultivated with cotton, sugar-cane, and maize. Orange and lemon-trees grow wild, and pine-apples nearly so. The valley of the Shire, 100 miles long and about 20 broad, stretches at our feet. It would grow rice and cotton for the world. The climate is quite delightful.”

The people, in many of these districts, had never been visited by Europeans, and had been accustomed only to native forays, and so thought that Dr. Livingstone and his followers were kidnappers, and stood watching them night and day, ready for the attack with bows and poisoned arrows. By degrees Dr. Livingstone won the regard of some of them — especially one of the chiefs, *Sebituane*, “unquestionably the greatest man in all that country;” and of another, *Sechele*, “the friend of his heart’s love, and of all the confidence of his heart,” who aided him in his expeditions, and in his efforts to civilize and Christianize their tribes.

In 1856 Dr. Livingstone came home to England, to lay the case of Africa before his fellow-countrymen. He wrote a large book, full of his thrilling adventures, which is now familiar to all readers; and he pleaded the cause of Africa in many places; amongst others, he visited the ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. And in addressing the assemblage of young men who gathered to hear him he closed with these striking words, — “I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country which is now open. Do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to open a path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun — I leave it with you.”

And the Universities have accepted the trust. On the fifth day of October, 1860, Archdeacon Mackenzie, three other clergymen, one medical man, and three working men, set sail for Africa.

At the Cape of Good Hope other clergymen, and labourers skilled in the cultivation of cotton, are expected to join this little band; and then, guided by the advice and encouraged by the presence of Dr. Livingstone, they hope to settle at a point, about 200 miles from the coast, where the chiefs and tribes are said to be anxious to receive them; and there they will strive to impart to these ignorant heathens the knowledge of our Christianity, our civilization, and our commerce.

Few men could have been found so well fitted for the office of Head of this Mission as Archdeacon Mackenzie. For although he had gained the highest honours at Cambridge, and might have taken his place in the front rank among the learned of the land, yet he early devoted his talents to the cause of the benighted heathen afar off, and was content to spend and be spent amongst the unlearned savages of Africa. The experience and knowledge of the natives

which he has gained at Natal will be of the greatest use in the part of the country which he is now going to visit. The engraving opposite\* is taken from a photograph of two young Africans, who were servants of Archdeacon Mackenzie during his four years' residence at Natal: Umabokwe, the standing figure, in the house; Uskendi, the sitting one, in the stable. When the Archdeacon came to England last year he was anxious to bring Umabokwe with him, that he might keep up his own knowledge of the African tongue by conversing with him, and also might continue his instruction of the lad. Umabokwe was eager to come to England, but his father would not consent. When the lad was asked whether his father refused to let him go because he would then lose the son's monthly wages, he answered, "Oh! no: it is not the money he seeks, it is I myself; for I am part of his body." A few hours before the ship sailed in which the Archdeacon was going to leave, the old man arrived, and was asked what he wanted, in the hope that he might have come to say that he would allow his boy to go; but he replied, "I have come to carry home my son, if he is still on land, and to cry for him if he has been taken from me."

Since, then, there is already in the breasts of these Africans that strong love to one another, which was the first gift that God gave to man, is there not a good hope that, by the ministry of Christian teachers, they may learn and accept the higher love of man to God in Christ Jesus? And to impress this love on them, the missionary party are taking out with them a large wooden tent, which is to be used for no other purpose save that of a Church; and in it morning and evening, as well as on Sundays, they purpose to meet for the worship of God. And we may well trust that this example, added to the precepts of the teachers, will not be lost on the natives, but that they, too, may be led to a knowledge of the Christian faith.

But while caring chiefly for the undying soul, the missionaries are giving heed also to the necessities of the body. The natives live now in the most miserable huts, too low for any one to stand upright in them, without window or chimney. Therefore, one of the first works in the new settlement will be to build suitable houses for the Europeans, and then to help the Africans to build houses for themselves, so that they may forsake their own savage ways and adopt the habits of civilized life.

And, besides Christianity and civilization, it will be the aim of the missionaries to open up for the natives an honourable commerce with this and other lands, accounting that to be one of the surest ways of extinguishing the hateful slave-trade.

It is remarkable that Africa contains an abundance of cotton; as Dr. Livingstone says, "it grows almost without care." "It is, without doubt, a native of this country; it is burnt down every year, but comes up as vigorous as ever." Now one of the great problems of that vast branch of our home-manufacture, the cotton-trade, is, how it is to maintain its present eminence while it depends so much for its annual cotton supply of eleven millions of hundred-

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\* The use of which is kindly permitted by "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts."



weights (in 1859) on the growth of the slave-cultivated plantations of America. And thus, as the Bishop of Oxford has pointed out, God seems to be distinctly calling us by our necessities as a nation, and by our want of this commodity for our home-manufactures, to



open new grounds for its cultivation by the civilization of Africa, as if a voice from heaven, speaking to our material ears, told us that the prosperity of England was bound up with our doing His will in the great continent of Africa.



But, besides cotton, Africa has abundance of coal and of the finest iron ore, of sugar-cane, and indigo, and ivory; and therefore, surely, we may hope that ere long a Christianized commerce may promote the communion of the down-trodden tribes of Africa with the more favoured races, and may take the place of that commerce in the bodies of men which God's word so emphatically condemns.

Since, then, the "Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa" has such high and glorious aims before it, it claims the support of every Christian man. It is calculated, that although the services of the clergy are rendered without pecuniary recompense, yet that 2500*l.* will be required every year to keep up the Mission. Surely we, who worship in our beautiful stone churches, while those, who would enjoy these as truly as we do, are content with a wooden tent-church—we, who live amid the comforts of civilized life in Old England, while these, our fellow-countrymen, are submitting to peril and hardship in the lands afar off—surely we shall desire to encourage the heralds of the Cross! we shall give them our alms\* for their great work: we shall offer our prayers for them: we shall think of them when, in the Litany, we entreat God to "preserve all that travel by land or by water;" so that in due time, by their efforts, Hope may dawn for Africa; and she may again take the honoured place that she held in the early ages of the faith!

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*"I am thy Friend."*

WHILE in the desert lonely I roam,  
Fainting and weary, longing for home,  
Thou with Thy presence say "Hope to the end,  
I will sustain thee,

I am thy friend."

Closer than brother cleave Thou to me,  
Truer than mother deign Thou to be;  
Pardon my vileness, Thy mercy extend—  
Oh, Thou long-sufferer,

Be Thou my friend.

When earthly cisterns no water hold,  
When friendship withers, love waxes cold,  
When o'er reeds broken mourning I bend,  
Whisper my lone heart,

"I am thy friend."

And when to Jordan's wave I draw near,  
Hold Thou my hand, say "Peace, do not fear;  
Floods shall not overwhelm thee, storms shall not rend,  
Death shall not harm thee,

I am thy friend."

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\* *Honorary Secretaries*: T. Parry Woodcock, Esq., and Sydney S. R. Strong, Esq., 5 Mitre Court, Temple, London. *Bankers*: Messrs. Hoare and Co., Fleet Street, London.

**T**HE Dodder is, perhaps, less well known than the flowers represented in the previous numbers, but it deserves a place, from its strange appearance and manner of growth, which are very different from plants in general. Those who have visited hot-houses have observed beautiful flowers, natives of tropical countries, growing luxuriantly out of a tuft of moss, suspended by a wire, or out of a piece of decayed bark.

The little weed which the wood-cut portrays is not unlike its gorgeous sisters; for although the seed takes root in the ground, the plant maintains its life by twining round others of a nature quite foreign to itself, into whose stems it inserts its sucker-like roots, and steals the sap which was meant for their own use. It thus loses all hold on the ground, and has an independent seat of life wherever it has twined round a branch; so that, if it were divided into a thousand pieces, each piece would go on growing just as if it had never been touched. Before it puts out its flower, the Dodder resembles a number of leafless, fleshy threads, like "fine, closely-tangled, wet catgut." Its growth commences in small patches, and it gradually extends itself in circles of from five to seven feet in diameter, destroying



in its progress all vegetation, and leaving the whole area black, as though a fire had passed over the spot. Above forty species are known to botanists in different parts of the world. In England four only are known. One species was introduced from Affghanistan in 1843, with clover seed, and rapidly spread over the country.—R.B.


## Short Sermons.

No. XI.

### The Freedom of the Gospel.

BY W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A., RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON, SHROPSHIRE.

1 PET. ii. 16—“*As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God.*”

“ALICIOUSNESS” here means simply wickedness; and this verse points to a great and very dangerous mistake, which many in primitive times fell into, and which it is quite possible Christians may fall into still. A great deal was said by the apostles about liberty and freedom.

Jesus Christ Himself had told the Jews that the truth should make them *free*. And in the epistles of St. Paul this freedom is much spoken of as one of the privileges of Christians. They are bidden to “stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free.” They read of the “glorious liberty of the children of God.” They are told that they have been “called to liberty.” We can see very well how such words might be mistaken. Men who loved sin, and hated holiness, were ready enough to get hold of this notion of Gospel liberty, and to take it in a wrong sense. They talked of it as if it meant liberty to do what they pleased—freedom from the laws of God and man—and so, in truth, used their liberty “for a cloak of maliciousness,” that is, for an excuse to cover their wicked and unlawful deeds. Now most certainly, the only sort of liberty those bad men enjoyed, was that miserable freedom which the Apostle speaks of, when he says, “While ye were servants to sin, ye were *free from righteousness.*”

But let us ask, What is the real meaning of that Christian liberty, which is spoken of as one of the blessings of the Gospel?

It has three meanings:—

1. First, it means a liberty from the bondage of sin and of Satan.

From this bondage Christ came to set us free. And He Himself explains this very clearly. For when He had told the Jews that the truth should make them free, and they had mistaken His words, and fancied He was speaking of freedom from temporal bondage, He “answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, *Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.*” Yes, this is real slavery—the slavery to sin: this is real freedom—freedom from sin. In this way the Gospel is a Gospel of liberty. “Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us;” and by that Passover we are delivered out of a bondage far more suffering and slavish than that of Egypt was to the Israelites who made bricks for Pharaoh. What a bondage that is, which St. Paul describes so powerfully in the last half of the seventh chapter



of the Epistle to the Romans—a bondage to the law of sin within us, which will not let us do as we would, but brings us into captivity, and makes us verily the slaves of Satan! And what a freedom that is which the Apostle goes on to speak of in the next chapter, when he says, that now “the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me *free* from the law of sin and death!” And yet, lest any one should be so silly as to mistake this freedom, St. Paul is quite as careful as St. Peter to warn men against thinking it gives them any freedom to sin. For in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans he plainly declares that, though we are set free, free from all that is worthy the name of bondage, yet, after all, we have in truth a new service: for, “being made *free from sin*, we became the *servants of righteousness*.” Yes; for have we not (God be thanked!) exchanged a miserable degrading slavery to a cruel tyrant and oppressor, for a free and happy and willing service to a loving Saviour and Friend? The Son had made us free; and we are “free indeed.”

2. Secondly, Christian liberty often means in the New Testament liberty from the ceremonies and ordinances of the Jewish law. The end of that law was Christ; and when He was come, it was no more of use. But the Jewish Christians were very unwilling to give up the customs and observances in which they had been brought up, and even wished to make the Gentile converts keep them. This St. Paul most strongly condemns in the Epistle to the Galatians. It was making of importance things which were of no importance. It was leading the ignorant to trust for salvation in things which could profit them nothing. Now we are not at all likely in these days to wish to go back to the “poor elements” (as St. Paul calls them) of the Jewish law. But we may do something like this. We may trust in the outward observances of religion while we have not the inward spirit. And we may also make very serious mistakes in reading our Bibles if we do not recollect this meaning of Gospel freedom. For when St. Paul says, “Unto the pure all things are pure;” “All things are lawful unto me;” “I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus that there is nothing unclean of itself;” “Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused;” with other like passages; if we did not know that these all speak of the doing away with the old Jewish rules about clean and unclean meats, and such-like things, we might, indeed, wrest them unto our own destruction. And here, again, St. Paul is careful to guard against the abuse of the liberty he speaks of, for in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians he writes thus: “Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another,”—that is, though ye are free from the ceremonies and observances of the old law, yet ye are not free from the law of love; so take care that ye do not so use your freedom as to hurt a weaker brother’s feelings, or cause him to do what his less enlightened conscience feels to be wrong.

3. Thirdly, there is yet another, and a deeper and more spiritual, meaning of Christian liberty. For, strange as it may sound at first, our liberty is, in a certain sense, a liberty from law altogether. Do I mean that it makes us free not to fulfil the law? God forbid.

What I mean is, that it places us above and out of the reach of law; so that what the law commands, that we do from a higher and nobler motive than mere obedience to a law. Our *Faith* is the root of our holiness. Our "*Love* is the fulfilling of the law." He that hath these is not under the law, but under grace. What is the law of the land to the quiet honest man? He is not peaceful because the law forbids and punishes quarrelling, but because he is a lover of peace. He is not honest because the law terrifies him and prevents him stealing, but simply because he has no thought or wish to be dishonest. And so it is with our Christian liberty. The true Christian (and we speak of no others now) is "not under the law, but under grace. What then? Shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid." Nay, that is not the liberty of the Gospel. We shall not, therefore, *sin*; but we shall serve God with a far higher, and purer, and happier service, because we serve from love, and not from fear.

Oh that we better knew, from our own experience, the meaning of this highest and holiest sort of liberty! Yet it is well for us if we even possess the first sort of liberty we spoke of, and can say, in sincerity and truth, that though we were once the servants of sin, yet now being "made free from sin, we have become" (by God's grace) "the servants of righteousness."

## **The Children's Garden-ground.**

(A plot in the churchyard reserved for children only.)



HERE is the children's garden-ground?

Near the church, where the stately lime

Hums all day with a dreamy sound,

In the leafy summer-time.

What is the seed in that garden sown?

It is poor and feeble, and little worth;

And we sow it in tears, in the cold damp earth

Buried deep, deep, down.

Tell me, when will the spring-tide be?

When the Day-star riseth upon the gloom,

And He Who maketh each flower and tree

Biddeth the garden bloom.

How will blossom that garden-plot?

Rows of lilies, all pure and white

As woodland snow-wreaths without a spot,

Shining with living light.

What are those blossoms so brightly fair?

The little ones, at the trumpet's sound

Springing up in their beauty there

From the children's garden-ground.—w. w. h.

ST. JOHN'S  
PARISH MAGAZINE  
FOR DECEMBER, 1860.

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PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Dépôt, Blackwellgate.*

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ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

**N**ONE of the olden writers of the Church tells us that the "Amens" of the people were like a clap of thunder, so heartily did they unite with and stimulate each other in their solemn assemblies. It is our belief that we should not have heard any of them professing that he could say his public prayers at home as well as at church; because he would have felt in the solitude of the chamber the absence of that religious fervour which is communicated by associating with others in the same holy exercise. But as it is nowadays in the great majority of our churches, where every member of the congregation remains silent, and wrapt, as it were, in himself, the fervour which is generated by the co-operation of numbers—the true theory of public worship—is altogether missed.

But congregations have it in their power to make our services very different from what they are, by driving out the coldness which some profess to feel in the Churches of England. If a fair trial were made amongst us, for a month or two, to carry out the idea of congregational worship by the people uniting audibly in the services, they would never tolerate again the traditional Alternation of Clergyman and Clerk or the monopoly of divine praise by the select few of a choir. There is no difficulty in the way of making the attempt beyond overcoming the shyness and timidity which causelessly affect our congregations. All who read have Prayer books; and even those who cannot read know the Prayers by heart. It is in the power of all to join aloud in the confession of their sins to Almighty God and in a "lowly voice" to repeat the Prayer which their Saviour has taught them. All know that the Psalms should be read in turn, the Minister taking one verse and the people another; and so we may go through the Order of Morning and Evening Prayers and point at the whole Service being celebrated properly and with edification in those cases only where the Clergy and people discharge their allotted duties in the congregation. A gradual, though tardy improvement in the choral portion of the services has taken place of late; which is especially discernible in the expulsion of the "quartet" from the Churches where God's glory and not man's is the object of divine worship. People are now beginning to realize their privileges and to accept the Church's invitation to lift up their voices, as well as their hearts, to the Redeemer's glory. The Bishop of Ripon has written and spoken manfully upon this subject; and as we have made these few remarks for the purpose of quoting an extract from a speech which his Lordship delivered a short time ago, at a Soiree of the Church of England Institute in Wakefield, we beg our readers to weigh it carefully. His Lordship said, "that the praises of God were amongst the most hallowed and delightful exercises of religious worship in which they could engage; and whatever they did in the service of God should be done without stint, and with the earnest desire to glorify God by bringing into his service all the powers with which He had entrusted them. But what did he mean by church music? He did not mean such elaborate and artistic music as could only be practised



by comparatively very few out of the congregation—music of such a kind that the exercise of it was monopolised by a very privileged few; the greater part of the congregation being turned into passive listeners or admirers of the exquisite skill of those who performed. He enjoyed music as much as anyone, but there was a time and place for everything, and the house of God was not the place for fine solo performers. Church music, in its finest, noblest aspect, was such music as all could unite in, so that it became the vehicle for the praises of the whole congregation to ascend as grateful incense to heaven. Wherever they had an opposite system introduced,—such a system as he had unhappily witnessed, he would not say where; such a system as was in force at places where solo performers stood out from the rest of the choir and sung, very beautifully he admitted, but very much out of place, whilst the congregation was listening in rapt attention,—he said that there the church was converted into a concert room, and he regarded it as little better than a profanation of the House of God. It was very hard to speak so as to be understood, and some who heard him might take what he said to be hostile to the cultivation of music. He meant no such thing. Let them cultivate music as much as they wished. He hoped that everyone would learn to sing the praise of God, and that in all the churches throughout the country there might be more attention on the part of the congregation to the cultivation of church music; but then, if it were to be truly church music, it must be such as the whole congregation could join in."

#### THE CHURCH.

**I**T is a gratifying circumstance to announce that Mr. Robinson, the late Secretary of the Choral Society at Stockton, and the leading Member of the Choir in Trinity Church of that town, has taken charge of the Organ, but has declined with his characteristic spirit of self-denial and good-fellowing, to receive any salary from the Parish for his services. Under Mr Robinson's directions and ably supported as he will doubtlessly be by Mr Wilkinson and others, the Choral Services of St. John's will in a few weeks, we hope, become as satisfactory as the warmest friends of the Church would wish.

Many people were startled from their rest on one Saturday night of this month by the untimely chiming of the bells; some imagining that a dreadful fire had broken out and was devouring a part of the town, while others indulged their fancies with improbable causes of various kinds. The doors of the Church were locked and defied the efforts of the Clergyman to effect an entrance. Minister, churchwardens and all seemed set at defiance. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, during which the bells kept up an unceasing clatter, the doors were opened and the disturber of the nocturnal peace was discovered to be no other than our steady, sedate old friend, the Sexton. It seems that Lanty had taken to heart the defection of the ringers; and with a plucky determination which cannot be too highly appreciated, resolved with his own pair of hands to supply the wonted chimes. With considerable ingenuity he constructed a machine for bringing the ropes within a short compass, thus enabling a person to ring all the bells, while comfortably seated on a stool. He had been labouring industriously and silently for several evenings in the belfry; and at 10 o'clock on the ever memorable Saturday night brought his labours to a close. Carried away with the enthusiastic feeling of success, he forgot the slumbers of his neighbours and inaugurated the machine amidst parochial apprehensions and conjectures. A few shillings are wanted to complete the contrivance, and we hope that the Churchwardens, looking with a forgiving eye upon the eccentric peal of their worthy Sexton, will open the Parish purse and make him, as he deserves to be, perfectly happy.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

SAINT JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

**T**HE Finance Committee, the members of which are Rev. W. H. Stephens, (Chairman), Messrs. John Buckton, Richard Child, Robert Thompson, William Thompson, and William Wooler have submitted the accounts and papers connected with their branch of the undertaking to the Auditors, Messrs. E. Towns and J. H. Grieseson, and now present the statement of affairs existing at this date, December 16th, 1860. The third auditor, Mr. J. R. Breckon, was unable to be present.

*The Finance Committee in account with the Subscribers to the building of Saint John's Schools, December 15th, 1860.*

[illegible]

Examined and audited by us,  
EDWARD TOWNS,  
HENRY J. GRIEVESON,  
Darlington Dec. 15th, 1860.

### FINANCE COMMITTEE'S STATEMENT OF THE WHOLE RECEIPT AND EXPENDITURE.

|                                                       | £            | s.        | d.       |                                                     | £            | s.        | d.       |
|-------------------------------------------------------|--------------|-----------|----------|-----------------------------------------------------|--------------|-----------|----------|
| To total cost of Land, Road,<br>and Playgrounds ..... | 429          | 19        | 11       | By total amount received to<br>December 15th, 1860, |              |           |          |
| „ Building, Fittings, &c. ....                        | 1636         | 5         | 10       | as per Auditors' sheet                              | 2003         | 7         | 0        |
| „ Sundry expenses .....                               | 82           | 10        | 5        | Balance owing .....                                 | 145          | 9         | 2        |
|                                                       | <u>£2148</u> | <u>16</u> | <u>2</u> |                                                     | <u>£2148</u> | <u>16</u> | <u>2</u> |

☞ The Shrubs which have been recently planted in front of the Schools are a present from Mr Lewis; and the Committee thank him for his kind thoughtfulness.

# CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX.

## CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

### CHAP. VIII.—(Continued.)

(The fourth Passover—Our Lord's Passion, and the Events until the End of the Jewish Sabbath.)

- |          |                                       |        |                                            |
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| Sec. 19. | Judas hangs himself ( <i>Jerus.</i> ) | ... .. | Matt. 27, v. 3-10,<br>and Acts 1, v. 18-19 |
| 20.      | The Crucifixion ( <i>Jerus.</i> )     | ... .. | Matt. 27, v. 31-56.                        |
| 21.      | The Burial ( <i>Jerus.</i> )          | ... .. | " v. 57-61.                                |
| 2.       | The watch set at the Sepulchre        | ... .. | " v. 62-66.                                |

### CHAP. IX.

(From the death of Christ to his Ascension into Heaven.)  
Time, Forty Days.

- |         |                                                                                                                            |        |                                        |                    |
|---------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|----------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Sec. 1. | DAY OF THE RESURRECTION (EASTER DAY). Our Saviour's Resurrection, and the women's visit to the Sepulchre ( <i>Jerus.</i> ) |        | ... ..                                 | Matt. 28, v. 1-4.  |
| 2.      | Salome and the other Mary are told of the resurrection by an angel ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                       | ... .. | "                                      | v. 5-7.            |
| 3.      | Mary Magdalene leaves to tell Peter that the Lord had risen ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                              | ... .. | John 20, v. 2.                         |                    |
| 4.      | Peter and John run to the Sepulchre ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                                                      | ... .. | "                                      | v. 3-11.           |
| 5.      | Christ first appears to Mary Magdalene ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                                                   | ... .. | "                                      | v. 11-18.          |
| 6.      | Christ appears to the three women ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                                                        | ... .. | Matt. 28, v. 9-10.                     |                    |
| 7.      | The report of the soldiers ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                                                               | ... .. | "                                      | v. 11-16.          |
| 8.      | The second party of women from Galilee arrive at the Sepulchre ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                           | ... .. | Luke 24, v. 1-10.                      |                    |
| 9.      | Christ appears to Peter ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                                                                  | ... .. | "                                      | v. 12-32.          |
| 10.     | Christ appears to the two disciples going to Emmaus ( <i>Jerus. Emmaus</i> )                                               | ... .. | "                                      | v. 13-35.          |
| 11.     | Christ appears to ten of the apostles, Thomas being absent ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                               | ... .. | "                                      | v. 36-43.          |
| 12.     | THE OCTAVE OF THE RESURRECTION.—Christ appears to the Eleven ( <i>Jerus.</i> )                                             |        | ... ..                                 | John 20, v. 26-29. |
| 13.     | Christ appears to many of the disciples ( <i>Galilee</i> )                                                                 | ... .. | Matt. 28, v. 16-18.                    |                    |
| 14.     | Christ appears at the Sea of Tiberias ( <i>Galilee</i> )                                                                   | ... .. | John 21, v. 1-24.                      |                    |
| 15.     | Christ appears to his apostles at Jerusalem                                                                                | ... .. | Luke 24, v. 44-49.                     |                    |
| 16.     | Christ ascends into Heaven from <i>Bethany</i>                                                                             | ... .. | "                                      | v. 50-53.          |
| 17.     | St. John's conclusion                                                                                                      | ... .. | John 20, v. 30-31;<br>chap. 21, v. 25. |                    |

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

- |         |                             |                                         |                                                      |
|---------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| Dec. 16 | 3RD SUND. IN ADVENT.        | Morn. Isaiah 25—Acts 16.                | Even. Isaiah 26—1 Pet. 4.                            |
| 23      | 4TH SUND. IN ADVENT.        | Morn. Isaiah 30—Acts 23.                | Even. Isaiah 32—1 John 3.                            |
| 25      | CHRISTMAS DAY.              | Morn. Isaiah 9 to v. 8—Luke 2 to v. 15. | Even. Isaiah 7, v. 10 to v. 17—Tit. 3, v. 4 to v. 9. |
| 27      | ST. JOHN EVAN.              | Morn. Eccles. 5—Rev. 1.                 | Even. Eccles. 6—Rev. 22.                             |
|         | [THE CHILDRENS' TEA PARTY.] |                                         |                                                      |
| 30      | 1ST. SUND. AFTER CHRIS.     | Morn. Isaiah 37—Acts 27.                | Even. Isaiah 38—3 John.                              |

MONTHLY BAGS for the use of deserving women, can be had at the Parsonage.





Church-decking  
at Christmas-tide.

## **The Church-decking at Christmas-tide.**



FROM earliest times it has been the custom of Christian people to bring different seasons strongly before the outward eye of the worshippers, by decking the churches with various kinds of greenery.

On Fast-days the church floors used to be strewed with bitter herbs. In the churchwardens' account of St. Margaret's, Westminster, A.D. 1651, this entry occurs,—“*Paid for hearbs that were strewed in the church on the 24th day of May, being a day of humiliation, 3s.*”

On the day of the Parish feast, which was held on the festival of the saint to whom any church was dedicated, it was common to strew rushes in that church. In the parish accounts of St. Margaret, Westminster, for A.D. 1544, there is the item,—“*Paid for rushes against the Dedication Day, which is the first Sunday of October, 1s. 5d.*”

On Palm Sunday the decorations used to consist of the little green boughs of the Sallow, full of yellow catkins—not because they are most like the eastern Palm, ut because they happen to be in full gloom at that season of the year.

On Mayday, and Whit Sunday, and Trinity Sunday, and other festivals, the churches were decked with garlands of various flowers. In the parish accounts of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, we find an entry for “*Garlands, Whit Sunday, ijd.*,” and in A.D. 1486, “*For rose garlands and wood-rove garlands on St. Barnabas Day, xjd.*,” and in the accounts of St. Martin, Outwich, there is the item, “*Payde for byrch and bromes at Midsomr ijd.*” (Paid for birch and broom at Midsummer.)

But while these old customs have now passed out of use, or linger only here and there as quaint relics of by-gone times, many of the Christmas usages are still kept up—such as the Yule log, the wassail bowl, the boar's head, the mummers, and the decking of our houses and our churches with holly and evergreens.

Of late years care has been taken, in most parishes, to make the decking of the church more tasteful; and this is right, for if it be worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.

In days happily gone by, a church decked at Christmas looked as if every man had brought his own bough of holly with him, and stuck it up in the nearest place, not caring whether it was likely to prick the back of his neighbour's neck or no. But now, where there are a few willing hands to undertake this labour of love, the church at Christmas-tide really does look as if adorned suitably to the festive season.

Our readers who wish to deck their Parish Church in more seemly greenery than usual will do well to send twelve stamps for the paper on “*The Christmas Decoration of the Churches,*” published at the office of the *Clerical Journal*,\* in which they will find all the

\* Wellington Street, Strand, London.



information they can possibly require — more, indeed, than most persons can use.

The following suggestions gleaned from that paper may be helpful. The material to be used in decking churches is all kinds of evergreen, except *misseltoe*. The glossy *holly*, with its curled leaves, making such wonderful play of light and shade, and with its bunches of coral-red berries is the prince of evergreens, should be most used. It will be found best to strip off the berries and string them into bunches, and put them on to the sprays, at the best points, because the sprigs with best berries have generally the worst leaves. *Ivy* and *laurel* and *yew* may also be used; and the small-leaved *box* and *arbor-vitæ* are suitable for decking the gas-standards or mullions of tracery. *Misseltoe*, from some unknown reason, has never been used in decking our churches, though Christmas would hardly seem Christmas if it were wanting in our houses.

The most effective way in which to use evergreens is in wreaths placed so as to enrich the architectural lines of the building; viz. following the arches, or twined round the pillars, or forming a chaplet for the capitals of the piers. The best way to make a wreath is to have a piece of twine for a foundation; then to take a bunch of twigs, leaving the stalks pretty long, fasten them to one another and to the twine with a few twists of fine brass wire; then take some more twigs and fasten them with pieces of wire to the stalks of those already on; and so work on, keeping the wreath flat, carrying the twine all through, using different kinds of evergreen, and arranging the twigs so as to show well to the front.

The following might be given as a plan of decoration for an ordinary Gothic church. Over the east window put a hood-moulding of evergreen. Under the sill of the window run a text in white letters, on a plain green ground, with a broad border of evergreen round it. Many suitable texts may be selected from the service for Christmas-day. Put a wreath under the soffit of the chancel arch, and a coronal around the capitals from which it springs; put coronals round the nave capitals, and if possible, spiral wreaths round the pillars: a wreath round the font, the pulpit, and the reading-desk, is the simplest way in which they can be adorned. If there are any blank spaces on the walls, they may be well filled with devices of evergreens, such as the double triangle or the triangle and trefoil, and for making these, full designs and directions are given in the paper referred to above.

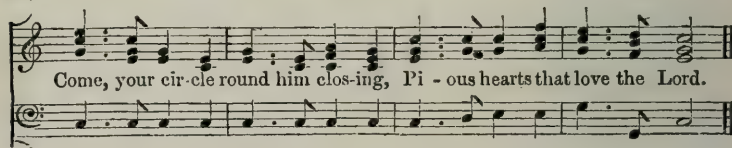
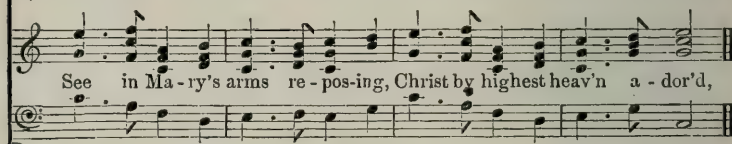
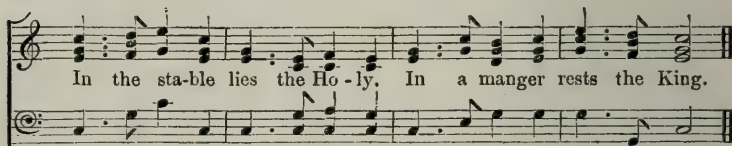
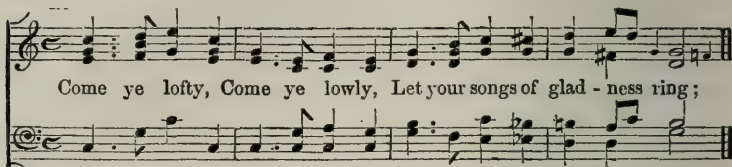
But it may be asked, Who is to take all this trouble, for sure enough Mr. Beadle or John Sexton will say that they can't be bothered with these new-fangled notions? The answer is: Let all willing hands take part in the work. Let the school or the parsonage laundry, or some large room near the church, be used for the manufacture of the decorations, and let as many persons as possible be invited to share in it; for, beyond a doubt, if the young men and maidens, and children of different grades of society, unite in this good work, under the directing eye and hand of the Clergyman, not only will the Christmas decking of the church be more seemly, but also, as befits the season, true cordiality and good-will will be promoted in the parish.



## A Carol for Christmas-Tide.

WORDS BY REV. ARCHER GURNEY.

MUSIC BY T. REES EVANS.



### II.

Come ye poor, no pomp of station  
Robes the Child your hearts adore ;  
He, the Lord of all salvation,  
Shares your want, is weak and poor.  
Oxen round about, behold them ;  
Rafters naked, cold and bare ;  
See the shepherds ! God has told them  
That the Prince of Life lies there.

### III.

Come ye children, blithe and merry,  
This one Child your model make ;  
Christmas holly, leaf and berry,  
All be prized for His dear sake.  
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,  
Come, ye spirits keen and bold ;  
All in all your homage render,  
Weak and mighty, young and old.

### IV.

High above a star is shining,  
And the wise men haste from far ;  
Come glad hearts, and spirits pining,  
For you all has risen a Star.  
Let us bring our poor oblations,  
Thanks and love, and faith, and praise ;  
Come ye people, come ye nations,  
All in all draw nigh to gaze !

### V.

Hark ! the heaven of heavens is ringing,  
" Christ the Lord to man is born ; "  
Are not all our hearts too singing  
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn ?  
Still the Child, all power possessing,  
Smiles as through the ages past ;  
And the song of Christmas blessing  
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

## The Little Foundling.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.



It was about two o'clock in the morning of Christmas-day, 1820, that the inmates of the picturesque old farm of Haughton Grange were startled from their slumbers by the first shrill notes of that annual serenade, known by the name of the "Christmas Waits." As the light of the lanterns flashed across the window-blinds, and the thrilling words,—

"Christians, awake! salute the happy morn!"

burst on the frosty air, a general scuffle was heard within; an opening and shutting of doors and a tramping of feet along the passages, as all the servants rushed to the front of the house, while Mr. and Mrs. Ashton snatched their two little girls out of bed, and carried them into their own room, where, wrapped in blankets, and placed on the broad window-seat, they could both see and hear, without catching cold. Both parents and children listened in breathless silence as verse after verse of the wild triumphant hymn came rolling out, until the last line,—

"Of angels and of angel-men the King,"

rose up and died away among the stars, and then followed a moment's pause. "Oh! William, isn't it beautiful?" said Mrs. Ashton to her husband, who smiled, and nodded assent.

Again they all listened silently as the singers began the ringing tune of that well-known carol, "While shepherds watched," and the children looked at their mother with a grave smile, as they caught the words,—

"All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,  
And in a manger laid."

"Right well sung!" shouted Farmer Ashton, as the last long note expired. "Right well sung! and a merry Christmas to you, my lads!"

But instead of giving the customary reply to this salutation, the whole band of singers, men and boys, rushed into the entrance-porch at the side of the house, with loud shouts of wonder and dismay.

Quickly putting his children back from the window, Farmer Ashton threw open the casement. "What's the matter, Robinson?" he shouted to the leader of the band.

"Why, Master Ashton!" exclaimed the old man, running forward, with his lantern in his hand, "why, here's a Christmas visit of a *very* queer sort! Here's a poor scrap of a child a-perishing in the doorway!"

"A child!" shouted the farmer—"a child!—nay!—never, surely!"

"A child!" echoed his wife; "a child out of doors this bitter night! Oh! fetch it in—fetch it in! Bring it to me, Robinson!"

"Oh, mammy! mammy! what is it?—what is it?" said the little girls, half crying with excitement.

But Mrs. Ashton had no time to attend to *them*. Hastily throwing

a cloak over her wrapper she rushed after her husband, who had run down to unbar the door, and was just in time to receive from Robinson's hands a little bundle wrapped up in an old plaid shawl, from which a tiny black head was struggling forth, with a faint wailing cry — the cry of a very young baby whose lungs are fairly exhausted with screaming.

"Oh! you poor little helpless lamb!" she exclaimed, her whole heart melting at the sight of it. "What cruel wretch has gone and left you here?"

"Maybe, they thought they was leaving it in good quarters, ma'am," said the old sexton, pleasantly; "anyhow, it might have got a worse welcome, poor thing!"

"Take it to the kitchen-fire, Elizabeth," said the farmer, "while we go and have a look round the buildings with the lantern: there's, perhaps, all sorts of rogues and beggars hanging about the place."

There was a strange sight to be seen that night in the large old-fashioned kitchen at the Grange. On an oaken settle in the chimney-corner sat the farmer's wife, with the strange baby in her lap, holding its little icy feet in her warm hand, and trying to soothe its pitiful cry by constantly repeating all those very tender and very ungrammatical expressions which infants are supposed to take delight in; while the tall, gaunt figure of her head woman, Margery, stood out strong in the light of the fire, over which she was hastily warming a saucepan of gruel; and the picture was completed by the motley group of servants and children, who, with bare feet and nightcapped heads, were watching these operations with the deepest interest.

"Eh, Betsy!" said Jenny to her fellow-dairymaid, "isn't it a Providence as they left it here o' Christmas night when the singers was a-coming? If it had lain a bit longer it would ha' been dead by the morning!"

"Aye! that it would!" answered Betsy; "and, eh! how the missis would ha' cried! It looks like a furriner, doesn't it? — its eye's as black as a coal, and its hair an' all."

"Nay! I reckon it's a little gipsy lad," said Jenny; "it's got a wild, knowin' look about it, just like them folks as comes round tellin' fortunes."

"Come! have done with your silly talk!" exclaimed Margery, in a shrill, decided tone. "Get out of the road, and leave the child to me and the missis! Isn't two nurses enough to one babby? If ye want to be busy, carry them little uns back to their beds again, and tuck 'em up warm. There's Lizzie catching her death."

It was an understood thing at the Grange that Margery's orders were to be obeyed. Her decree had gone forth, and in another minute the kitchen was cleared of all but herself, her mistress, and the little new-comer.

"There, now," she said, as she folded a blanket round the child in a masterly manner, after charming away its griefs with a cup of warm gruel, "there, now; get ye back to your room, ma'am, afore the master comes in, and I'll take the child to my own warm bed with me—he'll soon forget his troubles there, I'll warrant, and ye'll see him peart enough by daylight."



So up-stairs they went, Margery to the attic and Mrs. Ashton to her room, where Mr. Ashton soon returned, telling her that all was safe outside; he had been all round the premises and some way beyond, but not a creature was to be seen; and as to tracking any one by their footprints, the hard frost put that quite out of the question.

The house being locked up, and all being still again, Mrs. Ashton presently fell asleep; but as she slept, the strange events of the night kept floating through her mind, and mixed themselves up into a dream still stranger than the reality. She dreamt that she was out in the plantation of firs which surrounded the Grange, on a wild, stormy night. She heard the wind roaring through the tops of the trees; she saw the fitful light of a lantern gleaming on the fir-poles, and suddenly the tune of "While shepherds watched" rose on the gale, and mingling with the words, "And in a manger laid," came the faint, wailing cry of a little child. But, clear and distinct above all this medley of sound, she heard a soft voice saying to her, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

When she awoke it was broad daylight. The sun was shining brightly into her room, and she found that every one in the house had risen except herself. She started up at once, and as she dressed with all the haste she could, her thoughts moved as quickly as her fingers. One thing she felt convinced of—that those who had laid the friendless baby at her door had been guided, however unknown to themselves, by One without whose knowledge not a sparrow can fall to the ground; her strange dream, which she took as a message from Heaven, strengthened her in this belief, and the fact of it having come at Christmas, a season when her loving heart always glowed with extra warmth, gave the little forsaken thing a fresh claim upon her. Come what might, she was resolved to act a mother's part towards it, and she would not leave her room till she had earnestly prayed for help to train it up for heaven.

She knew that some of her acquaintances would think her a rash woman to take a vagrant's child and bring it up like her own—that they would say it was one of her weaknesses, and all of a piece with her having once housed a gang of beggars in the barn, who repaid her hospitality by taking the contents of her larder away with them. Some years had elapsed since that disastrous affair took place, but it was still a standing joke against her. The story of the baby in the porch must be all over the parish by this time, and there would be a great talk made about it: but let them talk! she didn't care, so long as she was doing what she felt to be right. There was one thing, however, that she *did* care about, and that was making her rather uneasy,—*Would Mr. Ashton view the matter quite in the same light as she did?* We shall see.

"I can't go to church this morning, William," said the farmer's wife, as she entered the cheerful holly-decked parlour, carrying the little dark baby, now neatly and warmly dressed in the long white night-gown and flannel shawl which she had rummaged out from her old stock of baby-linen; "I must stay and mind this little thing myself, or Margery won't have a chance to get to the evening-service."

"It's a pity you're so tied, love," answered Mr. Ashton, kindly,

"but it'll only be for a day or so. I'll bring Smith, the overseer, back with me after church; and when he's taken the case into his hands, and found out what parish it belongs to, it'll be sent to the Union."

Overseer! Parish! Union! Those un-Christmas-like words went like arrows into Mrs. Ashton's heart. Little Ruth, too, quickly guessed their meaning; for, springing on to her father's knee, she exclaimed, in a choking voice, while the tears stood in her eyes,—

"Oh, father! don't! *don't* send the dear little baby to the work-house!"

"Oh! let's keep him! *do* let's keep him! do!! do!!!" echoed little Lizzie, pulling at her father's sleeve.

"Well, well, we'll see; we'll see, dears," said Mr. Ashton. "You mustn't cry, you know, on Christmas morning! Run off both of you now, and get dressed for church; the bells are beginning. Did you ever see such little soft-hearted things?" he added, to his wife, half amused and half vexed, as he shut the door after them.

"I'm afraid you'll think me as soft as them, William," said Mrs. Ashton, colouring, "for I've got the same feeling about it myself. Why shouldn't we keep the poor little thing? we have but two children, and both of them girls; and as to the *means*, we've plenty, I'm sure."

"Aye!" answered the farmer; "we've plenty, I dare say; but I've got plenty of use for it, too. No man's more willing to give charity than I am, in a common way; but it's out of all reason to expect me to do a thing like this. I can't afford to keep every little ragamuffin that comes to the door!"

"It's keep wouldn't cost much," pleaded his wife. "I've got a drawer full of clothes that Lizzie's outgrown; and as for it's food, it would be chiefly milk, and with sixty cows we can surely afford it that! You wished for a son, William, seven years ago, when Ruth was born, and who knows but God may have sent us this little boy instead of one of our own? He came on Christmas-night too, of all nights in the year!"

Mr. Ashton was silent, and looked perplexed; though well accustomed to such little appeals from his wife, he was never quite proof against them. He was relieved the next minute by the return of the children, and taking a hand of each he set off with them for church.

"Ah! Baby, Baby!" said Mrs. Ashton, as the doors closed upon them; "if I was free to do as I liked!"

How many women have said the same thing! But a reasonable price must be paid for being comfortably married and settled in life, and so, at the age of eight-and-thirty, Mrs. Ashton was *not* free to do as she liked.

"Margery, I wonder if he's ever been baptized?" she observed to her tall handmaid, who entered with a huge log for the parlour fire.

"I reckon not; them as cared so little for its body wasn't likely to take much thought for its soul," answered Margery, as she went out again.

"Ah, well!" said Mrs. Ashton, sadly to herself; "if I *must* part with him I'll see to that, at any rate; and wherever he goes, I'll keep eye upon him."

But then the remembrance of her prayer that morning, and her dream the night before, came rushing over her, and her tears fell fast as she bent down over the baby's small pale face, which looked all the smaller and paler from the contrast of its two great black eyes, now wide open, and gazing wistfully up at her. She little thought that some one else was pleading its cause at that very time far more eloquently than she could plead it herself.

In the old parish church at Haughton, surrounded by garlands of holly and ivy, the Vicar was preaching his Christmas sermon, and had taken his text from the second chapter of St. Luke, and the seventh verse, — "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." Mr. Lee knew well how to preach to country people. He could both fix their attention and touch their consciences. Portions of Scripture, which before had seemed merely historical facts, became interesting stories in his hands; and when he came to apply his subject there was no escape from him. He spoke *from* the heart *to* the heart, and it was no uncommon thing for his more thoughtful hearers to go home from church with plans and resolutions very different from those with which they had entered it an hour or two before. On the present occasion a pin might have been heard to drop while he was drawing a vivid and touching picture of the first reception of the King of kings into this cold and cruel world; and the blue eyes of little Ruth Ashton were fixed on his kind, sensible face, from the beginning to the end of his sermon. Mr. Ashton did *not* take the overseer back with him to the Grange, nor did the word "parish" or "union" once pass his lips during the rest of the day.

In the course of that week a strict inquiry and search was made to find out, if possible, to whom the deserted baby really belonged, but without any success; and it was not till many days had elapsed, and a paragraph headed "Strange Discovery" had appeared in the county paper, that Mr. Lee received a letter from the curate of a country town twelve miles distant, stating that about noon on Christmas-eve he had been sent for to see a young gipsy-woman who was dying in a miserable lodging-house, where she had been brought by some of her tribe. No one could tell her surname, but she called herself "Olivia," and begged that her child, which was weakly, might be baptized by the name of "Oliver;" which was accordingly done, and the name inserted in the parish register. The young woman died half an hour after the curate's visit; and her companions, leaving a trifle of money, not enough to bury her, left the house at dusk, taking her infant with them, and had never been heard of since.

Further inquiry was then made, and other facts came to light, which left no room to doubt that the Oliver of the lodging-house and the little foundling at the Grange were the same child. Not only did its age, and appearance, and all the circumstances of time and place correspond, but the lodging-house keeper was sure that the plaid shawl in which the baby was wrapped when it was found in the porch was the same in which the gipsy's child was carried away from her door.

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Three Christmas-days had come and gone since the eventful one above recorded, and still the little dark-eyed boy was trotting about the old farmhouse, dressed in Lizzie's cast-off frocks, and getting a friendly word wherever his pattering feet might chance to carry him, into parlour or kitchen, dairy or cowhouse; for Farmer Ashton had come to the conclusion that it would do no harm to rear a child who seemed likely to turn out healthy and clever—he would do to run errands, he said, while he was little, and might afterwards be employed as a servant on the farm.

And now Christmas was again drawing on, and a merry Christmas it was to be this year, for Ruth and Lizzie were expected home for the holidays, after their first half-year at a boarding-school some thirty miles from Haughton. December had set in, and Mrs. Ashton was already beginning to count the days till their return, when one foggy morning the postman came with heavy tidings to the Grange. Scarlet fever, that disease so dreaded by mothers, had broken out in the school, and the little Ashtons were among its first victims. Both were very ill; Ruth in great danger. The parents were urged to come immediately, and with many a sad foreboding they stepped into the gig that was to convey them some miles to meet the coach.

"Keep up your heart, ma'am," said Margery, as she tucked a cloak round her mistress. "Keep up your heart; there's many a cloudy morning turns out a fine day."

But the cloud that was hanging so darkly over the Ashtons was to burst in a storm. When they reached the school that evening Ruth was fast sinking, and the same fatal symptoms had appeared in little Lizzie. The care of the best doctors in the town was of no avail, and at the end of a week the two little girls were laid in one grave.

It was late on Christmas-eve when Mr. and Mrs. Ashton again came in sight of the old black-and-white gables of the Grange, peeping out from the fir-trees. They drove quietly into the yard, and while the farmer went to speak to his men his wife stepped into the warm kitchen, where all was in perfect order, and the silence was only broken by the crackling of a huge wood-fire. The sight of the old familiar place stirred up all her deep sorrow afresh, and sitting down on the settle by the fire-side she burst into a flood of tears. But the next minute a little step came pattering across the kitchen floor, a little hand pulled her crape veil aside, and a little voice said—"Don't cry, mammy dear; I'll stay with you."

"Eh! hear to that now!" said Margery, who, with her apron to her eyes, was coming to greet her mistress. "Ay! that's right; take him in your lap, missis dear: ye can never call yourself a childless woman so long as ye've gotten him!"

From that day forward little Oliver took more lovingly than ever to Mrs. Ashton. His innocent prattle beguiled her sad thoughts as she sat in the chimney-corner; and, summer or winter, when she came home from church or market, she was sure to see his little figure standing on the farmyard-gate, his arms resting on the top-most bar, and his large black eyes gazing down the village road.

Mr. Lee soon began to interest himself much in the little gipsy-boy. His strange history, his engaging appearance, and intelligent ways, all won upon the Vicar's kind heart, and he now proposed to

undertake the care of his education—an offer which Mrs. Ashton most gratefully accepted; for the child's learning was a thing that lay heavy on her mind, having but little leisure to teach him herself, and the farmer being unwilling to spend money on his schooling; and placed in the National School, under a first-rate master, Oliver soon made rapid progress.

Year after year had rolled away, the Christmas-eve of 1841 had come round; and on that evening, in the long, low chamber, where she had slept for the last thirty years, Mrs. Ashton was sitting by the bedside of her dying husband. The door softly opened, and a tall young man, with bronzed complexion and thoughtful black eyes, entered, and said, in gentle, loving tones,—

“Now, mother, you're worn out for want of rest; I'll sit up with the master, to-night, and you rock yourself to sleep in this chair by the fire.”

Quite worn out, as Oliver said, with many nights' watching, Mrs. Ashton allowed him to make her comfortable in the cushioned rocking-chair, while he took her place beside the bed. The night was wearing on, and the fire was low in the grate, when a sudden gleam of light shot through the window-blind, and once more the old familiar strain of “While shepherds watched” broke on the midnight-air. The dying man opened his eyes, and looked at Oliver with a strange, far-off gaze. But Mrs. Ashton heard the Christmas carol only through the misty veil of sleep; and while its full, harmonious notes fell muffled on her ear, she dreamed again that old, strange dream of more than twenty years ago. Again she heard the tempest roaring in the fir-trees, and saw the fitful light gleam through the darkness of the wood; again the hymn rose wildly on the gale, and with it came the little wailing cry, and the soft, mysterious voice, saying, “Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.” When she awoke from her sleep she was a widow, but Oliver was kneeling by her side with his arms clasped round her.

“Ay! cling to thy mother, lad!” said Margery, “for more than a mother she's been to thee; and now ye've gotten the power to pay her back, I reckon ye'll not lack the will.”

Oliver was now the master of Haughton Grange. At the earnest request of the Vicar, the landlord had some time before given a promise that, in the event of Mr. Ashton's death, he should succeed to the tenancy; a position for which he was well fitted, both by his education and his habits. That promise was now fulfilled; so Oliver took the farm, and with it the name of Ashton—for respectability's sake, for he had no surname of his own. He had now ample opportunity for making some return to Mrs. Ashton for all the motherly care she had bestowed upon him, and, as Margery had foretold, he did not lack the will. Little luxuries, which he would not have cared to have for himself, he procured as a matter of course for her, and many were the little ways he found out for showing his grateful affection. Mrs. Ashton was very fond of her garden, and, in her younger days, had worked much in it herself. So now it was Oliver's weekly care to trim the gay circle of flower-beds that radiated round the old sun-dial on the lawn in front of the Grange. He also fitted up the arbour with a rustic chair and

table; and there, dressed in her widow's cap and neat black gown, Mrs. Ashton passed many a summer afternoon, with her Bible or her knitting, while Oliver was out in the fields, or overlooking the business of the farm. Things went quietly on in this way for seven or eight summers; and then the old house was stirred into new life by the arrival of Oliver's bride, a blooming, happy-tempered girl, and a great favourite with Mrs. Ashton.

And now more than two years had flown lightly by him since Susan came, and little feet had begun again to toddle about the farm, and a little voice might be heard calling "Granny" after Mrs. Ashton, as she moved backwards and forwards between the dairy and the kitchen. But not much longer was the old mistress of the Grange to mingle in the household ways, helping every one with her kind and experienced counsel. Her hair was white, her step was slow, her threescore years and ten were spent, and though she seemed well for her time of life, she felt her strength declining, and was only waiting patiently for her summons to a better world. It came at last—gently, but suddenly. She had caught cold coming home from church one snowy day, and was nursing herself for a slight attack of influenza, when one night at bed-time her illness all at once took an alarming turn. Oliver saddled his horse by moonlight and galloped off for the doctor.

"She can't last long, Margery," said the medical man, in a calm, professional tone, as he came down from her room and passed through the kitchen; "she can't last long, her pulse is sinking already."

Oliver, who was standing in the recess by the kitchen-fire, heard those words with speechless agony, and when Margery turned back, closing the door upon the doctor, he had thrown himself down on the settle, with his face buried in his hands.

"Don't ye fret yourself, my lad," said the old woman, tenderly, as she stroked his dark locks with her rough hard hand; "don't ye take on, now; it's a heavy load that's laid upon ye to-night: ye're losing your best earthly friend, but ye must bear it like a man. She's been a bright light in this old house for many a year, but I reckon she'll shine brighter in the mansions above; she's done her work among us now, and the time's come for her to reap her reward."

The time *had* come. Mrs. Ashton sank rapidly away, and soon a slight change in her calm, placid face, told that death was close at hand. Old Margery, faithful to the last, looked after everything, and taught her young mistress how to manage in a sick-room; but it was Oliver's light step that trod so gently round the patient's bed, his quick eye that anticipated all her wants, and it was his manly hands that softly closed her eyes, when, all the household kneeling round her bed, and the old Vicar commending her spirit to God in the beautiful words of the Church, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of her foundling-son. One simple record of her may now be seen in Haughton churchyard; a plain stone cross, bearing this inscription:—"Erected by Oliver Ashton to the memory of his beloved mother, Elizabeth Ashton, who sleeps in this grave. 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

\* \* \*

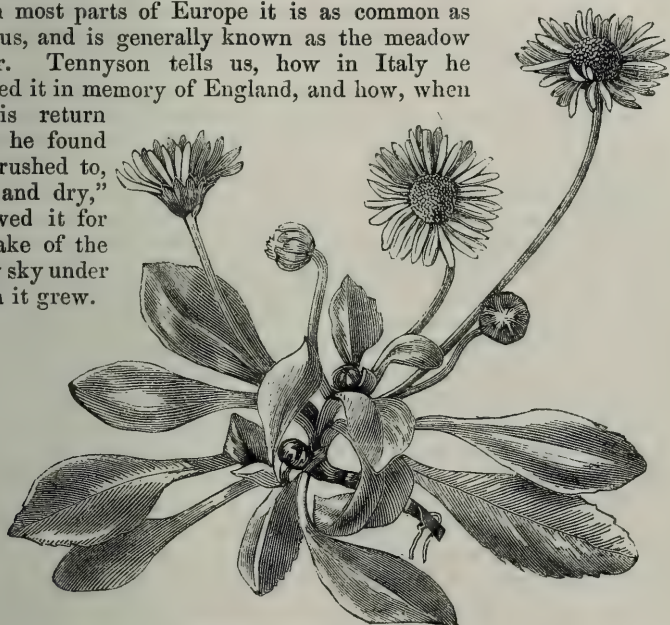
Her memory is still fondly cherished at the Grange, and her grave is white with the snowdrops that Oliver's children have planted.



THE dark month of December has now arrived, when Nature sleeps, and few flowers indeed linger to adorn the earth; yet still the faithful Daisy here and there opens her buds, in spite of frost and snow, and spangles our fields and churchyards with her "silver crest and golden eye." No flower is more pleasing to a lover of God's works than the little "Day's eye," with the contrast of its colours, and the graceful curve of its delicate stem, as it springs out of its leafy tuft; though, like many other common beauties of Nature around us, we do not bestow on it the notice it deserves.

In America, where it is rare, it is highly valued. In Pennsylvania it may be seen nurtured with delicate care in greenhouses and cherished for the sake of the "Old Country."

In most parts of Europe it is as common as with us, and is generally known as the meadow flower. Tennyson tells us, how in Italy he plucked it in memory of England, and how, when on his return home he found it "crushed to, hard and dry," he loved it for the sake of the sunny sky under which it grew.



"It told of England then to me,  
And now it tells of Italy."

In Lancashire it is distinguished from the large Ox-eye species by the name of Dog Daisy, on account of an "old wives' fable," which says that a syrup of daisies "causeth young doges to keep small."

In by-gone times people adopted flowers as their emblems: thus, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and in compliment to her, courtiers wore roses *behind their ears*; and Henry VIII. had branches of eglantine hooked on to the trappings of his horse. The flower chosen by Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI., was the Daisy, one particularly unsuited to the haughty Queen, as in the language of flowers it stands for *humility*. On Margaret's first arrival in England it was worn by the noblemen of her court, not only in wreaths in their hair, but embroidered on their dresses. It was for long after known in this country as Herb Margaret, and is still called in France La Marguerite.

R. B.

# Short Sermons.

No. XII.

## Rich, yet Poor.

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY JAMES ATLAY, D.D., VICAR OF LEEDS.

2 COR. viii. 9.—“ *For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.*”



HERE is hardly a word in this text which is not full of meaning, and capable of being opened out for our spiritual good. Let us strive, then, to give ourselves up to the consideration of it, and see what Christmas thoughts it breathes.

And, first, observe the object of the Apostle, in referring to this act of grace, this beneficence on the part of our Lord Jesus Christ. “He stirreth them up,” says the heading of the chapter in our Bibles, “to a liberal contribution for the poor saints at Jerusalem, by the example of the Macedonians, by commendations of their former forwardness, and by the example of Christ.” He thought, then, that one of the strongest motives which he could use to persuade the Corinthians that it was their duty to contribute to the relief of the poor at Jerusalem was the example of that Lord whom all Christians alike worshipped as their common Saviour. “Your neighbours,” says he, “in Macedonia, have owned the obligation; even beyond their power, without any asking on my part, they were ready and willing to contribute. They even besought us to allow them to share in this good work; and, far beyond our expectation, they gave themselves, above all, to the Lord. And will not you follow their example? Yea, ye have done so to some extent already; and I trust that you will go on with the good work; and as you abound in everything, so will also abound in this grace: for you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ: you know how He showed His love and favour towards us; “though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.”

Such was the train of thought in the Apostle’s mind when he wrote the text. Now think of some of the statements which it contains.

It is full of contrasts; and nothing, perhaps, tends more strongly to rivet a thing in the mind than a good contrast. Intense cold, for instance, makes us think of heat in a moment. The hungry and thirsty traveller in the desert sends back his thoughts straightway to the abundance which he once enjoyed, but which is now beyond his reach. The cradle naturally almost suggests the grave; and I think there is scarce any principle which acts so strongly upon us

as the force of contrast. See, then, some of the contrasts in the text.

Our Lord Jesus Christ was rich. Who can conceive His riches? "By Him all things were made." If, then, you would count it riches to have been the Maker and the Creator of the world, He of whom I speak was rich.

If you would count it riches to possess all that God the Father possesses, then He of whom I speak was rich; for, saith He, "all things that the Father hath are mine."

If you would count it riches to succeed to some glorious legacy, then He of whom I speak was rich; for "Him hath God appointed heir of all things."

If you would count it riches to be able to give light and life to the world, and to have been from all eternity in the bosom of the Father in heaven, then He of whom I speak was rich; for "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men," and He subsisted in the form of God, "being the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person."

I know not how to conceive of any Being as rich if I may not conceive of the Lord Jesus Christ as being, in a manner utterly unapproachable by any human being, essentially, and from all eternity, *rich*; rich in everything that I can imagine; all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge being hid in Him: for He "is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

I take up the Apostle's words, then, and preach to you "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Now see the contrast, — "Though He was rich, yet He became poor." 'Tis a very strong expression this; "He became poor." It would have been a very great thing, indeed, if the Lord of heaven and earth had condescended to lay aside His glory and come upon earth as a *poor* man, yet in that case He might have been comparatively free from want and the pressing cares of poverty; many a poor man in his cottage has luxuries and comforts which to him are as real and substantial as the luxuries and comforts of the rich; but, in the emphatic language of the text, the Creator of all things *stooped to penury*.

Is it a mark of poverty to be houseless? Then was He poor, for though foxes have holes and birds of the air have roosting-places, yet the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. Is it a sign of poverty to have been born in the humblest conceivable place, and to have been laid in a stable? Then He became poor. Is it a sign of poverty to have been known as the carpenter's son, and, in all likelihood, to have worked at His father's trade? Then He became poor. And so I might go on: but you will see what I am aiming at. I am showing how One who was essentially rich became poor; and I have reminded you that He of whom I speak was rich, for He made all things; and in proportion as it is greater to make gold than to have it, in that proportion was He richer than any of the sons of men. You may be rich, perhaps, in gold and silver, and cattle, or in any worldly possession, rich for your station in life; but you could not *make* them. Yet He of whom I speak is He of whom an apostle says, that by "Him God made the worlds." Rich,



then, He was from all eternity, yet "He made Himself of no reputation. He took upon Him the form of a servant; He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Who shall say that, though He was rich, He yet did not become poor?

And why was this? what moved the Lord Jesus Christ thus to exchange His glory for shame, and to veil the Majesty of His Godhead in the meanness of our manhood?

Hear the text: "For *your* sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

Mark the contrasts again in this part of the verse; before, I spoke of one who was rich becoming poor, now, I have to speak of persons who were poor becoming rich. I have to speak of such as you are and I am, of our children, and all that are dearest to us.

Once we were poor. I cannot dwell upon this; yet our own hearts, if they are honest and true, own the truth of what I mean.

By nature we were subject to the worst of poverty—a poor and thankless spirit; by nature we were dead in trespasses and sins, walking in them according to the prince of the power of the air—that spirit which even now worketh in the children of disobedience; by nature we were the children of wrath. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, quickened us together with Christ."

Ah, here are riches indeed! "He raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus."

What riches would our hearts desire? because there is absolutely nothing, nothing which can properly and truly be called riches, which we may not have through Him who loved us.

Is it riches to have the assurance of a treasure that cannot waste away, or be taken from us? There is a treasure in heaven, we know from the lips of our blessed Lord Himself, that never faileth: that which St. Peter describes as "incorruptible, and that fadeth not away, reserved for us in heaven."

Is it riches to have had given to us a power by which we may resist the attacks of our worst enemies, and repel all the fiery darts of the wicked one? Is it riches to have been redeemed from the vain conversation received by tradition from our fathers? Is it riches to have been "born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever?" Is it riches to have our sinful bodies made clean by Christ's body, and our souls washed through His most precious blood? Is it riches to have Christ actually dwelling in our hearts by faith?

Well; through Him who, as on this Christmas morning, took upon Him to deliver man, all these riches we have, and, besides, a countless store.

Which of us is now acting and living upon this belief? Yet this same Lord who offers to enrich us will one day be our Judge, and then we must be treated as having had the offer made.

Oh, that we may then be found to have made this treasure our own!



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1861.

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EDITED BY  
J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.  
VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, DERBY.

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# THE PARISH MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1861.

PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Depôt, Blackwellgate.*

## THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE following extract from *Nelson's Festivals and Fasts* may be read with profit by many of our readers at this season :—"The beginning of the new year suggests to us the great value of time, which God hath given us for working out our salvation; upon the opening whereof depends our happiness or misery to all eternity; and the consideration whereof should put us upon all those methods whereby we may employ it to the best advantage. What makes time so very valuable, and obliges us to have so great a regard to the managing of it is, it is so little at our disposal: what is past is slipt from us; the future is uncertain; the present is all we can call our own, which is yet continually fleeting. And though the season of working is so very short, and uncertain, yet we have an affair of the greatest consequence to secure, which requires the whole force and vigour of our minds, the labour and industry of all our days, not to be despatched with any tolerable comfort upon a sick bed, nor in the evening of our lives, when our strength and our reason are departing from us. Besides, if we persist in an obstinate neglect of all the repeated tenders of God's grace, the things that belong to our peace may be hid from our eyes. To employ our time to the best advantage, we ought to redeem that which we have mispent, by lamenting the follies which have consumed so precious a treasure, and by admiring that great patience and goodness of God which spared us when we deserved punishment. What we can reserve from the necessities of nature, and our worldly affairs which those necessities engage us in, ought to be applied to the noblest purposes, the glory of God, the good and salvation of men. Nay, even the affairs of this life may be sanctified, by considering ourselves as the instruments of Providence, and by faithfully discharging the duties of our station with a regard to another world, more than this. And the best method in order to this end, is to live by rule; to assign to all our actions their proper season, and such a portion of it only as may be necessary for them; whereby time will never lie upon our hands, nor sting us with regret when it is passed. Men of estates and parts may lay hold on futurity by founding Hospitals and schools, for the relief and instruction of the poor. All Christians may dedicate their whole lives to God's service in the days of their youth, and may make such public declarations in behalf of religion, that they may put themselves under a necessity of living virtuously by cutting off any retreat to vanity and folly.

## OUR DUTY TOWARDS OUR NEIGHBOUR.

IN the report of the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, the following anecdote is introduced, as illustrative of a boy's intelligent understanding of the Church Catechism. The lad was eleven years old, and lived on the banks of the Thames :—

Q. "Tell me of any state of life to which it may, perhaps, please God to call you?"



A. "A Waterman."

Q. "Well, how would you do your duty in that state?"

A. "Take no more passengers than the license says."

Q. "Well, anything besides?"

A. "Behave civil to the passengers."

Q. "Anything else?"

A. "Land'em dry on the other side."

Q. "Anything else?"

A. "Ask no more than the regular fare."

Q. "Anything else?"

A. "Keep some of the money for my father and mother."

Q. "Anything more?"

A. "Try to lead a good life."

I have heard, in my time, more lengthy and less complete commentaries on "Your duty towards your neighbour," than undertaking no more than your boat will carry, claiming no more than the regular fare, and, landing them dry on the other side."

#### ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY.

**T**HE Local Treasurer and Secretary, Rev. W. H. Stephens, begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations:—Rev. J. G. Pearson, 10s; Worsall Hall Household Offering, £2 2s 6d; and Mrs. Grace, Sockburn, 5s; the two latter amounts being forwarded by the Rev. W. H. Elliott, Vicar of Sockburn. At the risk of being thought the betrayers of domestic privacy, we will venture to mention the circumstances of the Worsall Hall Offertory; which we do for no other purpose than to encourage the adoption by others of a system of almsgiving like this, which is sanctioned by the usage of the Apostolic times, and by the teaching of the Church of England. Every Sunday morning at family prayers, a box is placed upon the table for the reception of any coin it may please God to move the hearts of the assembled household to set apart for holy purposes. Master, mistress, children, visitors, servants—all make this morning sacrifice. At the end of the year the box is opened, the alms counted, and their apportionments made. The Additional Curates' Society receives, as its share, £2 2s 6d; and though we have remitted larger sums from other sources, none have given us so much pleasure or excited so many serious thoughts as the Household Offering of Worsall Hall.

**AYCLIFFE.**—The children of the Sunday School to the number of 150 were liberally regaled with cakes at the Vicarage on New Year's Day by Mrs Eade, Mrs Smith and Miss C. Aylmer; and 50 of the Sunday scholars at Brafferton were in the same way gratified by the kindness of Miss C. Aylmer.

**HEIGHINGTON.**—A Sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Eade at Heighington Church on Sunday December 30th, on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the congregation was thin; notwithstanding, the collection amounted to £2 12s.

**ST. JOHN'S, DARLINGTON.**—The Rev. E. Castley, lately Curate of Hinderwell, in the Diocese of York, has been appointed to the Curacy of this Parish.

**ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.**—The Ladies' Committee will be glad to receive any kind of plain sewing, for which moderate prices only are charged. One half of the profits is given to the workers. The materials can be sent to the Parsonage, or to Miss Simonson, at the Schools.—The Treasurer (R. Thompson, Esq.) acknowledges with thanks the receipt of £5 from the Ironmongers' Company, and of 7s 6d from Mr. M. Shutt.

ST. JOHN, chap. x. verse xvi.

"And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

# DURHAM DIOCESAN SOCIETY.

FOR THE

PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

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FOR THE YEAR 1860.

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| Smith, Mrs., Aycliffe House ... | 1   | 1  | 0  |
| Total ...                       | £2  | 2  | 0  |
| For General Purposes ...        | 31  | 1  | 9  |
| For Special Purposes ...        | 7   | 3  | 0  |
| Total ...                       | £38 | 4  | 9  |

Total in 9 years ... £279 8s. 9d.

N.B.—The *smallest* Contributions to this Association will be most *thankfully* received.

Aycliffe, December 31st, 1860.

THE SCHOOL TREATS.—The customary gathering, at Christmas time, of the children taught in the Church Sunday Schools of Darlington, took place on Thursday, Dec. 27th; and the number amounting to upwards of 900 indicated the continued exertions made by the teachers in this important branch of parochial work. Through the exertions of Mr. J. R. Wilson, the children of St. Cuthbert's sung, with much credit, several pieces, including the "Christmas Carol" published in the December number of the *Parish Magazine*; and the St. John's Schools were treated by Mr. J. Wooler with the exhibition of a Magic Lantern.

THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|         |                         |                                                                 |
|---------|-------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Jan. 1. | CIRCUMCISION.           | Morn. Gen. 17—Rom. 2. Even. Deut. 10 (from v. 12)—Col. 2.       |
| 6       | EPIPHANY.               | Morn. Isaiah 60—Luke 3 to v. 23. Even. Isa. 49—John 2 to v. 12. |
| 13      | 1ST SUN. AFT. EPIPHANY. | Morn. Isaiah 44—Matt. 11. Even. Isaiah 46—Romans 11.            |
| 20      | 2ND SUN. AFT. EPIPHANY. | Morn. Isaiah 51—Matt. 18. Even. Isaiah 53—1 Cor. 2.             |
| 25      | CONV. OF ST. PAUL.      | Morn. Wisd. 5—Acts 22 to v. 22. Even. Wisd. 6—Acts 26.          |
| 27      | SEPTUAGESIMA.           | Morn. Gen. 1—Matt. 24. Even. Gen. 2—1 Cor. 8.                   |

CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY, AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, DARLINGTON.


|                               | MORNING.                                             | EVENING.                                                                                             |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Jan. 6. Epiphany.             | * <i>Venite.</i> Randall.<br><i>Jubilate.</i> Barrow | <i>Magnificat.</i> Kent.<br><i>Nunc Dimittis.</i> Langley.                                           |
|                               | † Hymn 12. Dundee.<br>" 116. Rockingham.             | Hymn 97. Melcombe.<br>" 93. Vesper.<br>" 128. Bedford.                                               |
| Jan. 13. 1st Sun. aft. Epiph. | Ps. 108. St. Ann's.<br>Hymn 136. Duke-street.        | Hymn 97. Melcombe.<br>" 15. Luther.                                                                  |
| Jan. 20. 2nd Sun. aft. Epiph. | Hymn 2. Wareham.<br>" 208. Abridge.                  | Psalm 1. Irish.<br>Hymn 97. Melcombe.<br>" 147. Fincham.                                             |
| Jan. 27. Septuagesima.        | Ps. 19, part 1. York.<br>Hymn 56. Keble.             | " 172. Winchester.<br>Hymn 144. St. Bernard.<br>" 174. Angel's Hymn.<br>Psalm 24, part 1. St. James. |

\* The Chants for the morning and evening services are the same throughout the month.

† The Hymnal used in the Church is Harland's, and can be bought at Mr. Lee's, Horse Market; Mr. Oliver's, Clay Row; and at Mr. Graham's, Bridge Terrace.

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, AND HYMNALS of different sizes and prices are kept for sale by Mr John Graham, Bridge Terrace. Bibles from 10d, Prayer Books from 2d, and Hymnals from 6d. each. For the higher priced Bibles and Prayer Books, weekly or fortnightly instalments will be received.

MONTHLY BAGS for the use of poor and deserving women living in the Parish, can be had on application at the Parsonage or Infant School.

 Communications of Parochial interest from any of the Parishes of Darlington or the Neighbourhood will be thankfully received. Address, "Mr. WILKINSON St. John's Schools, Darlington."





THE practice of decking churches with the evergreen shown in the picture is very ancient. On this account our pious forefathers gave it the name of *Holy-tree*, of which our word *Holly* is a corruption. Duppa tells us that "branches of this tree were sent by the Romans to

their friends with their new-year's gifts, as emblematical of good wishes; and the custom is said to be nearly as old as the building of Rome itself." The Holly sometimes attains the height of forty feet, and when of this large size the wood is very valuable, and is much used by cabinet-makers; it is white, hard, close-grained, and takes a very fine polish. When stained black it is an excellent imitation of ebony. The long and straight tough branches are often used for whip-handles and walking-sticks. The leaves of the Holly near the ground are frequently much more prickly than those towards the top of the tree: this circumstance forms the subject of a poem by Southey, in which he says, that though in youth buffetings with the world may call forth harshness, yet that

a man ought to pray that unkind feelings may daily wear away.

"Till the smooth temper of his age shall be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree."



## How to be Bodily Strong in a Town.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."



EVERY man is born into this world with a body, as well as an intellect and a soul. This is perhaps an unfortunate fact, nevertheless a fact it is, and these bodies are quite as sensitive to good or bad treatment as our intellects. They will repay careful training and resent neglect in the same way, and you can no more let any muscle of your body lie idle without weakening it than you can your memory or reasoning powers. The body and mind act and react on one another; a vigorous body gives a healthiness to a man's mental work, and enables him to throw it off with a freshness which will make it go twice as far, and affects every one who comes within its influence.

So every one engaged or interested in education (and who doesn't fall within the category?) should have an eye to turning out the body of every boy, girl, man, and woman, thoroughly well educated—trained to as high perfection as it is capable of. Depend on it, no better start in life can be given than this, into whatever profession or trade a man may go. He has made a good servant of his body for life instead of a slipshod grumbler; and the good servant will carry him about in an easy and rejoicing manner in gratitude for his early care, instead of dropping him at every pinch, and hindering instead of helping his work. Apart from all connexion between body and mind, a consciousness of bodily power, of being able to put out his whole strength at any moment in the most effectual way, gives a man a sense of independence and self-reliance which is worth a good deal in this struggling world. Not a day passes in the life of any man in which a quick eye, a strong and steady hand, or swift feet, may not stand him in good stead, or enable him to help or protect some weak or helpless person. The life of those dearest to a man may depend upon whether he can run a mile in five minutes, and so catch a train and fetch a doctor. He may tumble off a steamer or pier, or see some one else tumble off; he may find himself in a field with an uncomfortable bull, or have a dog run at him; he may see a woman struck in the streets; he may get a lift in a butcher's cart, and be run away with and upset—and let me tell him, that if this vulgar accident should happen the chances will be ten to one in his favour if his limbs are supple and well educated, for they will then gather themselves up together by instinct, and fall at the best possible angle, while constrained limbs will scatter themselves about and get broken in the most perverse manner.

Now all the best educators in the history of the world—the old Greeks in particular—have recognised these facts, and taken great pains to develope the body properly.

At the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and at all the great Public Schools, the education of the body occupies as much of the attention of the students, if not of the authorities, as the education of the mind.

What hints and help, then, can we get from the Universities and

Public Schools of England? Well, nothing can be better than rowing, cricket, foot-ball, rackets, and swimming, and many of the other games which are popular at these places. There is little need there for encouraging these studies; the public feeling at every school and college is so strongly in favour of them, that a man or boy who is not reasonably proficient in some one or more can never have his full weight in the little commonwealth, and this leads many to cultivate them more or less who might otherwise have neglected them, and so have had torpid livers at twenty-five. But at the first glance we see that the position of the artisans in towns is hopelessly unlike theirs. They have more leisure than they want; we, less. They have the best and brightest hours of the day at command, and can bring fresh, well-fed, and cared-for bodies to their sports. We can very rarely meet for these or any other purposes till late in the evening, and after a hard day's work of head or hand at other matters. They have rivers and cricket-grounds and racket-courts at their doors, in fact belonging to them, and plenty of money to make the most of these advantages; we have no money, and are hours away from any such luxuries.

Nothing can be better than cricket, as far as it goes; for it is an exercise which develops every part of the body, and makes it ready for anything, and as an education of the eye is perhaps the best that can be named. I remember well, in the Russian war, reading some most admirable letters from an officer, a cricketer, who was doing engineering work in the trenches before Sebastopol, in one of which he said that the round shot, which were for ever coming at him, were very much like cricket-balls from a moderately swift bowler; he could judge them quite as accurately, and by just turning round when the gun, which bore on him, was fired, and marking the first pitch of the shot, he could tell in a moment whether to move or not, and so got on with his work very comfortably. But there are great difficulties about cricket in most towns. For instance, grounds in the neighbourhood of large towns are dear. The tools also are costly, and we have not enough of spare time. You can't get enough cricket under two or three hours. Again, you want numbers to play cricket to advantage; unless you can muster thirteen at least, and play almost every day, you never turn out very skilful players. Still a ground of some sort may generally be rented for two or three evenings in the week, and every parish, every factory, every school ought to aim at having its own cricket-club.

But much may be done for the education of the body in other ways—as an instance, take the London Working Men's College (45 Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury); the garden, which is only some fifty yards long by thirty feet wide, is turned to good account for this purpose. At the further end of it is a high plane-tree, sheltering an old summer-house, in which coats and waistcoats may be stowed away, and under the shade of the tree is a small raised platform, with a seat against the wall, on which tired athletes may repose, and look complacently on the performances. In front of this platform is the arena, which is carefully laid down with tan over the hard gravel; and here the gymnastic poles are set up—horizontal and parallel bars—on which the usual feats of turning, travelling, touching



the chin, &c., are constantly being achieved, with more or less grace and success.

In this gymnasium, too, strange as some may think it in a college, a Boxing Class has met during the last four years. There can only be one opinion as to the brutal exhibition of men battering one another for money, and a boxing class does not imply any approval of the prize-fighting. But boxing is one of the best ways in which the greatest amount of exercise may be got in a very short time, in which all the muscles of the body and the lungs are used at once, while most other kindred sports develope some few muscles at the expense of others; as for instance, fencing and single-stick, which work a man's right arm and left leg almost exclusively. And it is this feature of boxing which brings to the college garden the steady, grave, quiet, sober men, who are engaged all day in sedentary pursuits, and who come because they can get there the hardest exercise in the shortest time; as well as the youngsters, who come for the fun of the thing, and from the general propensity which marks the youthful Briton of every class for pummeling mammals of like age and growth with himself.

But in physical education as in mental, more has to be done by the student himself in private, than when he is associated with his fellow-men. So now for a few words on this subject.

Of course the first condition of having a body fit for anything is temperance in all things; and the second is, cleanliness. Of these, however, I have here no space to speak.

The next is, as much fresh air as you can get. If you are obliged to work in close, badly-ventilated workshops, or other places, all day, it is all the more needful for you to get as much fresh air as you can elsewhere. Therefore always get five or six miles' walk in the course of the twenty-four hours; the night is just as good as the day for this purpose. I used, when I first came to town, often to run or walk round the Regent's Park at night, and a very good course it is; and when you *are* walking, don't dawdle. Choose quiet streets, so as not to attract notice, and then go the pace, never less than four miles an hour, and the more you can put on the top of that the better. A walk, to do you any great good, ought to make you feel a little uncomfortable about the muscles between the knee and ankle. If you can get running (as suggested above, at night or in any quiet place), don't miss the chance.

Always sleep with your window open. Directly after washing in the morning take five minutes, at least, of the extension motions—the common ones which are taught in the ordinary drill—doing them vigorously till you *hear* your muscles, and feel every limb perfectly loose. Then a few minutes with a light pair of dumb-bells or clubs; and in working these work them *upwards* and round your head, which is far the most telling way. If you can't get dumb-bells or clubs, take two chairs and put them two feet apart, and then use them as horizontal bars, leaning one hand on each, and going down and touching first one shoulder and then the other, till you feel that your muscles have had enough. Then drink a glass of fresh water and make your toilet, and if you are not fit for work two stone above your usual weight that day, why then don't take my word again.

Most men think that, sooner or later, we Englishmen are to be engaged in a life-and-death struggle with half the Continent. I take for granted that every man who reads this Magazine will come forward then, and give his goods, his body, his life if necessary, for the old country and her women and children.

But let me tell you, that you will be of *just twice as much use* at that pinch if you have bodies inured to fatigue, open air, and violent exercise ; or rather, if you can't sleep out at night without getting ill, or march twenty-five miles without knocking up, you will most likely (nine out of ten of you, at any rate) be of no use at all.

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## The Leviathan.\*

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



THE translators of our Bible were often at a loss how to put into English certain Hebrew words, which stand for some animal, plant, or mineral, and in the translators' "Preface to the Reader" in old editions of the Bible, they acknowledge their perplexity. Sometimes, therefore, one name of some

animal, &c., is given in the text, while another rendering is given in the margin ; sometimes the original Hebrew word is retained, as in the word *Leviathan*, which is only the Hebrew *Liv'yathan* in an English dress.

Must we, then, remain in ignorance as to the meaning of such words ? In some cases we must, but generally we can get pretty near the real meaning. Of the *Leviathan*, we may be certain that it sometimes stands for the Crocodile of the Nile (*Crocodilus vulgaris*) ; it does so in that magnificent description in Job, chap. xli. : "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook ?" "Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons ?" "His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal." "Who can open the doors of his face ? His teeth are terrible round about." This description suits the Crocodile admirably, and no other animal.

Again, in Ps. lxxiv. 14, the Crocodile is clearly the animal described : "Thou brakest the heads of Leviathan in pieces, and gavest him to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness." We all know these words, but do we quite understand them ? This

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\* In this series of papers on some of the more peculiar animals named in Scripture, the author does not intend to go fully into the natural history of the animals, but only to give some brief notes, which will make plainer some of the more obscure passages in which they are named.—Ed.

seems to be the Psalmist's meaning. He is referring to the passage over the Red Sea, and the destruction of the Egyptians therein. "Thou didst divide the sea by Thy strength." "The heads of Leviathan," denoted the princes of Pharaoh (see Ezek. xxix. 3). It was natural that the Israelites should call their oppressor by the name of this well-known and formidable monster, the Crocodile. The expression, "gavest him to be meat to the people of the wilderness," merely means that the dead bodies of the Egyptians were washed up on the shores of the Red Sea, and devoured by the jackals and wild beasts of the desert of Sinai. "The people inhabiting the wilderness," is a poetical expression for the 'wild animals;' just as in Prov. xxx. 25, 26, it is said that "the ants are a *people* not strong; the conies are but a feeble *folk*."

When David says (Ps. civ. 26) "that Leviathan whom Thou hast made to play in the great and wide sea," he doubtless spoke of some kind of whale. Some have objected to this explanation, because they say the whale is not found in the Mediterranean ('the Great Sea'). But whales are found there—two species, at least, are known to be inhabitants of the Mediterranean; perhaps, in former days, they were more common there than they are now.

In Isa. xxvii. 1, Leviathan is spoken of as "a fiery serpent," as a "crooked serpent." This seems to point to some mighty python—a huge snake of great power—for on the Egyptian monuments there are pictures of some monster pythons, or rock-snakes, which were worshipped by the Egyptians—and, according to the most learned commentators, Isaiah in this passage uses the crooked serpent, or one of the pythons of Africa, as an emblem of the Egyptian king; just as in the psalm quoted above the Crocodile stands for the prince of that people.

From these observations it will be seen, that the word *Leviathan* is not in every instance intended to denote a particular animal: our English word, *monster*, comes, perhaps, as near as possible to the word. The derivation of the Hebrew word signifies any large *twisting* or *scaly* animal; and this exactly describes the Crocodile.

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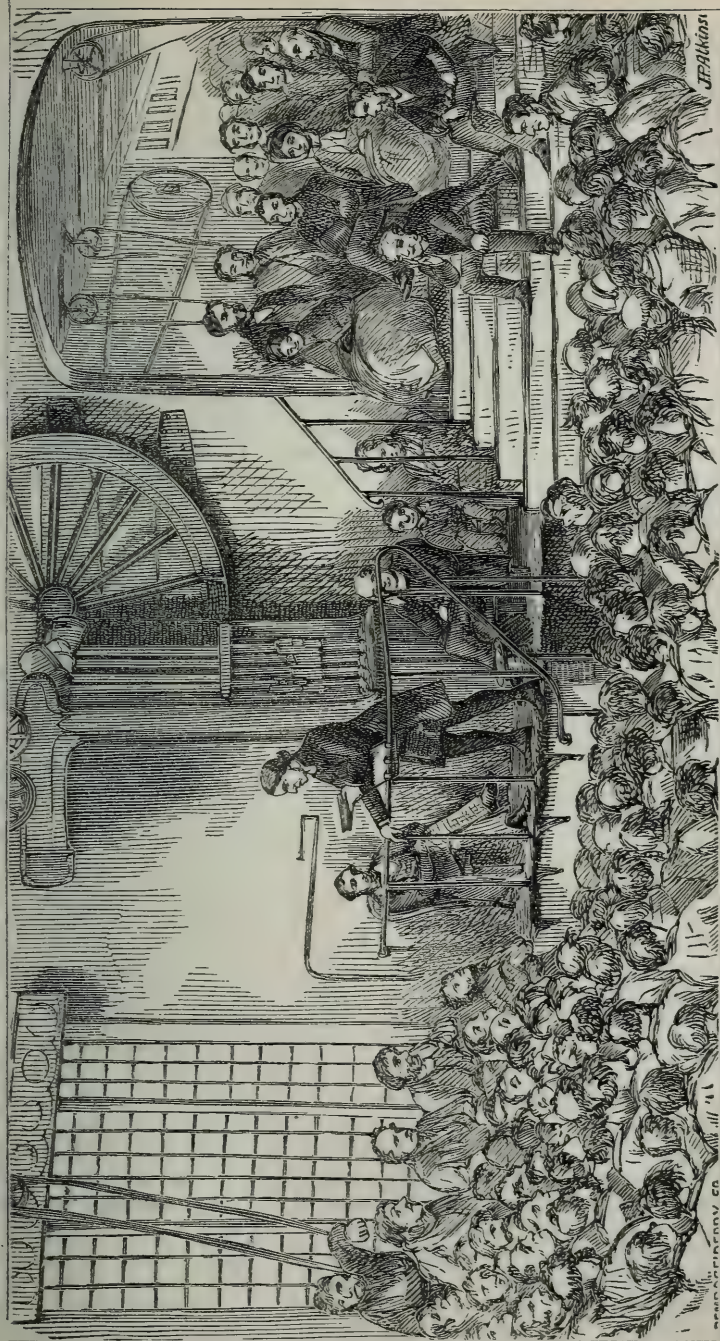
## A Strange Pulpit for a Bishop.

BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



THIS is no easy matter for those who have to begin their daily labour at six o'clock, and perhaps have to walk a mile or more before they reach their workshop, to have any social worship before they leave their homes, especially on a winter's morning. Some of the artizans at the great works of the metropolis of the Midland Railway, at Derby, have for several years been carrying out a plan which, in some measure, supplies the lack of morning family worship; during the half-hour allowed for breakfast, they have had readings from Scripture for the first quarter of an hour, while they eat the breakfast, which they bring with them in the morning, or which some one of





THE BISHOP OF LONDON ADDRESSING THE WORKMEN AT THE TURNING-SHOP OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY WORKS, DERBY.

their children carry to them from their homes. Generally the readers on these occasions are some of their own number, but from time to time invitations are given to different ministers to come and read to them while they eat their well-earned meal.

Let us suppose that we have had an invitation to go to the station, and conduct this social worship in the workshop. We reach the yard a few minutes before eight o'clock, and pass by the shops, where we see new locomotives in every stage of construction, or where we see those engines which, like the old women, have got 'bad insides,' having their constitutions restored by a rough treatment of hammer and rivet. We hear the clang of tools and the whirring of machinery, and we see iron being dealt with like paper, or curling off the steam-plane like shavings of deal.

As the clock strikes eight we enter the lagging-shop, where the readings are usually held. In a clear part of the building, some rough benches are ranged, in a horse-shoe shape, round a stove, and at the open end of the horse-shoe a tool-box is placed, to answer for a reading-desk; as the bell for breakfast clangs over the yards and shops the men take their places on the benches, many of them, as they sit down, bow their heads for a moment in prayer, and then they commence in a vigorous and business-like way to eat their breakfasts out of their tin cans. As soon as the men are seated the Reader begins the passage of Holy Writ which he has chosen, and reads it and explains it. In the mean time, men who have breakfasted in other shops come pouring in and stand around, or clamber on to the unfinished locomotives, and listen attentively to the reading. After about a quarter of an hour's reading the breakfasts are finished, and the Reader gives out a hymn, announcing it verse by verse, and it is then sung with great heartiness and fervour by the men, who now number, perhaps, from fifty to an hundred, or even more. Then a few Collects, or other short prayers, are offered; the Benediction is pronounced; and as the clock points to half-past eight, the men disperse to their various labours, many of them as they pass out expressing their cordial thanks to the Reader for having come amongst them.

A further development of these breakfast-meetings has arisen from the visit of the Bishop of London to Derby, on the anniversary of the Infirmary, on which occasion his Lordship preached at All Saints Church. The workmen seeing his name announced, sent a deputation of their number to the church, to invite the Bishop to be their Reader on the following morning; but as he was staying at some distance from Derby he was not able to do this, but he acceded to their request to deliver an address to them at their dinner-hour.

Accordingly, on the following day (Oct. 26, 1860), the Bishop, accompanied by Lord Scarsdale and several of the Directors and officials of the Midland Railway, went to the large turning-shop at twelve o'clock, and took his place, as shown in the picture, on the platform of an engine of fifty-horse power; on the brass railing of which a little book-desk had been fixed. Many of the workmen had rushed home and made a hasty dinner, and returned; others had brought with them all the dinner they meant to have; and so, soon after twelve o'clock, an assemblage of upwards of a thousand work-



men, boiler-makers, engine-drivers, pattern-makers, moulders, fitters, porters, &c., were clustered around this strange pulpit.

The Bishop commenced by giving out the well-known hymn:—

“Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne.”

Then, after using a few Collects, he read Rom. xii. 1–11, and founded on the passage a homely but most suitable address, dwelling on the example which the busy life of our Saviour on earth furnished to all labouring men—urging them to use aright the rest for body and soul which is afforded by the Lord's Day, and to promote its quiet enjoyment by having a well-ordered home, pressing on them the duty of maintaining religion in their families, and of sanctifying their daily work by keeping in their minds and memories the good words which they had heard in their morning readings, and by forming the habit of using short ejaculatory prayers, “darting up the soul to God” in a few such earnest words as those which are to be found abundantly in the Psalms of David.

After the address, which lasted about half an hour, the Bishop again prayed, and the assemblage dispersed with the apostolic benediction and the singing of the Doxology.

It certainly was a hopeful sign of better days to come, thus to find the whirl of machinery silenced for a season, and this vast body of workmen assembled to hear, at their own desire, “the truth that maketh wise unto salvation,” from the lips of one of the chief pastors of the Church.

The Lord Bishop of Lichfield, Bishop Spencer (late of Madras), and the Archdeacon of Derby, have also addressed the railway workmen from the same strange pulpit.

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## **Purring when you're Pleased.**

A PARABLE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

BY MRS A. GATTY, AUTHOR OF “LEGENDARY TALES,” ETC.



THEY had been licked over hundreds of times by the same mother, had been brought up on the same food, lived in the same house, learnt the same lessons, heard the same advice, and yet how different they were! Never were there two kittens more thoroughly unlike than those two! The one, with an open, loving heart, which never could contain itself in its joy, but purred it out at once to all the world; the other, who scarcely ever purred at all, and that never above its breath, let him be as happy or as fond as he would.]

It was partly his mother's fault, perhaps, for she always set the children the example of reserve; rarely purring herself, and then only in a low tone. But, poor thing, there were excuses to be made for her; she had had so many troubles. Cats generally have. Their kittens are taken away from them so often, and they get so hissed



about the house when people are busy, and the children pull them about so heedlessly, and make the dogs run after them,—which is so irritating,—that, really, the wonder is they ever purr at all.

Nevertheless, her not feeling inclined to purr much herself, was no good reason for her thinking it silly or wrong in other people to purr when they were pleased; but she did, and she and her purring daughter were always having small tiffs on the subject.

Every morning, for instance, when the nice curly-headed little boy brought the kittens a saucer of milk from his breakfast, there was sure to be a disturbance over the purring question, for, even before the saucer had reached the floor, Puss Missy was sure to be there, tail and head erect and eager, singing her loudest and best, her whole throat vibrating visibly; while Puss Master, on the contrary, took his food, but said very little about it, or, if ever tempted to express his natural delight, did it in so low a tone that nobody could hear without putting their ears close down to him to listen.

Now this was what the mother cat called keeping up one's dignity and self-respect, so it can easily be imagined how angry she used to get with the other child. "Wretched little creature!" she would say to poor Puss Missy, who, even after the meal was over, would lie purring with pleasure in front of the fire; "what in the world are you making all that noise and fuss about? Why are you to be always letting yourself down by thanking people for what they do for you, as if you did not deserve it, and had not a right to expect it? Isn't it quite right of them to feed you and keep you warm? What a shame it would be if they left you without food or fire! I am ashamed to see you make yourself so cheap, by showing gratitude for every trifle. For goodness' sake have a little proper pride, and leave off such fawning ways! Look at your brother, and see how differently *he* behaves!—takes everything as a matter of course, and has the sense to keep his feelings to himself;—and people are sure to respect him all the more. It keeps up one's friends' interest when they are not too sure that one is pleased. But you, with your everlasting acknowledgments, will be seen through, and despised very soon. Have a little more esteem for your own character, I do beg! What is to become of self-respect if people are to purr whenever they are pleased?"

Puss Missy had not the least notion what would become of it in such a case, but she supposed something dreadful; so she felt quite horrified at herself for having done anything to bring it about, and made a thousand resolutions to keep up her dignity, save self-respect from the terrible unknown fate in store, and purr no more.

But it was all in vain. As soon as ever anything happened to make her feel happy and comfortable, throb went the little throat, as naturally as flowers come out in spring, and there she was in a fresh scrape again! And the temptations were endless. The little boy's cousin, pale, and quiet, and silent as she was, would often take Puss Missy on her knee, and nurse her for half-an-hour at a time, stroking her so gently and kindly—how could any one help purring?

Or the boy would tie a string, with a cork at the end of it, to the drawer-handle of a table, so that the kittens could paw it, and pat it, and spring at it, as they pleased—how was it possible not to

give vent to one's delight in the intervals of such a game, when the thing was swinging from side to side before their very eyes, inviting the next bound?

And when there was nothing else to be pleased about, there were always their own tails to run after, and the fun was surely irresistible, and well deserved a song.

Yet the brother very seldom committed himself in that way—that was the great puzzle, and Puss Missy grew more and more perplexed as time went on. Nay once, when they were alone together, and her spirits had quite got the better of her judgment, she boldly asked him, in as many words, "Why do you not purr when you are pleased?" as if it was quite the natural and proper thing to do. Whereat he seemed quite taken by surprise, but answered at last: "It's so weak-minded, mother says; I should be ashamed. Besides," added he, after a short pause, "to tell you the truth—but don't say anything about it—when I begin there's something that chokes a little in my throat. Mind you don't tell—it would let me down so in mother's eyes. She likes one to keep up one's dignity, you know."

Had Mother Puss overheard these words, she might have been a little startled by such a result of her teaching, but, as it was, she remained in happy ignorance that her son was influenced by anything but her advice.

... Yet, strange to say, she had had that choking in the throat sometimes herself! ...

But, at last, a change came in their lives. One day their friend, the curly-headed boy, came bounding into the kitchen where Puss and her kittens were asleep, in raptures of delight, followed by the pale, quiet, silent cousin, as quiet and silent as ever. The boy rushed to the kittens at once, took up both together in his hands, laid one over the other for fun, and then said to the girl,—“Cousin, now they're going to give us the kittens for our very own, just tell me which you like best, really? I'm so afraid you won't choose for yourself when they ask you, and then, if I have to choose instead, I shan't know which you would rather have! And I want you to have the one you like most—so do tell me beforehand!”

“Oh, I like them both,” answered the girl, in the same unmoved, indifferent tone, in which she generally spoke.

“So do I,” replied her cousin; “but I know which I like best for all that; and so must you, only you won't say.—I wonder whether you like to have the kittens at all?”—added he, looking at the pale child a little doubtfully; then whispering, as he put them both to her face to be kissed,—“Cousin, dear, I wish I could see when you were pleased by your face! See! give a smile when the one you like best goes by. Do—won't you—this once—just for once?” . . . . .

It was in vain! He passed the kittens before her in succession. that she might see the markings of their fur, but she still only said she liked both, and, of course, was glad to have a kitten, and so on; till, at last, he was disheartened, and asked no more.

It is a great distress to some people when their friends will *not* purr when they are pleased; and as the children went back together to the drawing-room, the little boy was the saddest of the two, though he could not have explained why.

And then, just what he expected happened,—the choice between the two kittens was offered first to the girl; but, instead of accepting it as a favour, and saying 'Thank you' for it, and being pleased, as she ought to have been, she would say nothing but that she liked both, and it could not matter which she had; nay, to look at her as she spoke, nobody would have thought she cared for having either at all!

How was it that she did not observe how sorrowfully her aunt was gazing at her as she spoke? with a sorrow far beyond anything the kittens could occasion.

But she did not; and presently her aunt said,—Well, then, as she did not care, the boy should choose. On which the poor boy coloured with vexation; but when he had sought his cousin's eyes again and again in vain for some token of her feelings, he laid sudden hold on Puss Missy, and cuddled her against his cheek, exclaiming,—

"Then, I will have this one! I like her much the best, mother, because she purrs when she is pleased!"

And then the little girl took up Puss Master, and kissed him very kindly, but went away without saying another word.

And so a week passed; and though the children nursed their kittens, they never discussed the question of which was liked best again, for a shyness had sprung up about it ever since the day the choice had been made.

But at the end of the week, one sunshiny morning, when the boy was riding his father's pony, and only the little girl was in the house, her aunt, coming suddenly into the school-room, discovered her kneeling by the sofa, weeping a silent rain of tears over the fur-coat of Puss Missy, who was purring loudly all the time; while her own kitten, Puss Master, was lying asleep unnoticed by the fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, the pale, silent little girl, had been an orphan nearly two years,—father and mother having died within a few weeks of each other; and she had been ever since, till quite lately, under the care of a guardian, who, though married, had no children, and was more strict and well-intentioned than kind and comprehending; so that, between sorrow at first and fear afterwards, joined to a timid, shrinking nature, she had, without knowing anything about it, shut herself up in a sort of defensive armour of self-restraint, which, till now, neither aunt, nor uncle, nor even loving cousin, had been able to break through.

But they had gently bided their time, and the time had come at last, and Puss Missy pointed the moral; for, with her aunt's arms folded round her, and a sense of her all-pervading tenderness creeping into the long-lonely heart, she owned that she had fretted all the week in secret because—actually because—*it was so miserable to nurse a kitten who would not purr when he was pleased!*

\* \* \* \* \*

Every one will guess how nice it was, ten minutes afterwards, to see the little girl, with the roused colour of warm feeling on her cheeks, smiling through her tears at the thought of how like the unpurring kitten she had been herself! Every one will guess, too, with



what riotous joy the loving boy-cousin insisted on her changing kittens at once, and having Puss Missy for her very own. And how, on the other hand, he set to work himself, with a resolute heart, to make Puss Master so fond of him that purr he must, whether he would or no; and how that, now and then, by dint of delicate attentions, such as choice morsels of food and judicious rubbing under the ears, he worked the creature up to such a pitch of complacency, that the vibrations of his throat became, at any rate, visible to sight, and perceptible to touch.

Anyhow they were a very happy party; for after Puss Master took Puss Missy for friend, confidante, and adviser, he grew so loving and fond, that he could not help showing his feelings in a thousand pretty, pleasant ways: and the mother-cat herself relaxed by degrees; perhaps because she found her kittens were not taken away—partly perhaps, because Puss Missy's open-heartedness stole into her heart at last, with a sense of comfort—who knows? Certainly she left off scolding and lecturing, and would not only watch their gambols, but join in them at times herself. And if neither she nor her son ever purred quite so much, or so loudly as their neighbours, the reason, no doubt, was only that tiresome choking in the throat!

Why, the pale little girl herself complained of having felt something very like it, during the sad two years before her kind aunt made her happy again! It always used to come on when she wanted to say what she felt.

And perhaps there is always something that chokes in the throat when people do not purr when they are pleased.

Let us hope so!

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## Short Sermon.

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### The Equality of God's Ways.

BY ASHTON OXENDEN, M.A. RECTOR OF PLUCKLEY.

AUTHOR OF "PATHWAY OF SAFETY," ETC.

EZEK. xviii. 25.—*"Yet ye say, The way of the Lord is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel, Is not my way equal? Are not your ways unequal?"*



HE people of Israel were always rather disposed to murmur at the Lord's dealings with them. Though God treated them with great mercy and loving-kindness, yet they were not content; but, like spoilt children, they questioned their Heavenly Father's treatment.

In this chapter we have one of their *Complaints*, and also the *Appeal* which God makes to them.

I. Their *Complaint* was that God was unjust and partial in His dealings. "Ye say, The way of the Lord is not equal." And is not this the language of many now? Or, at least, is it not the *feeling* of their hearts, though they may not *say* as much? And I don't wonder at it: for we only know in part—we are utterly unable to fathom the depth of God's purposes—and therefore some of His ways do, at first sight, *seem* to our minds to be unequal and unjust.

For instance, as regards our *earthly* blessings, God appears to scatter them unequally among us.

One person is "rich, and increased with goods, and has need of nothing." Wealth falls into his lap, almost unasked for. He is born in a fine house; he is cradled in luxury; and as he grows up his every want is supplied.

Another man's lot is poverty. He must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. His life is one of labour and toil; and hard work has he to struggle through the world. And sometimes, when hunger and want stare him in the face, and he thinks of his richer neighbour, his heart is tempted with the thought, "The way of the Lord is not equal." "Why is He more bountiful to one than He is to another?"

We may easily find other cases. For instance, some enjoy health and strength, and the use of their reason. They have kind and loving friends about them, and a comfortable, happy home. Others are constantly suffering from some painful disease. What a difference between the two! Blessings are strewed thick along the path of *one*: trials and distresses mark the history of the *other*. Here, again, some would dare in their hearts to accuse God of partiality, and say, "The Lord's way is not equal."

But hitherto I have only spoken of those cases in which our *present* interests are concerned. But does not God sometimes deal with *our souls* in a way that at first sight *seems* to be unequal?

Look at any two countries,—our own land, for example, and Africa. Here, in England, we live under righteous laws; every man has his liberty. No one may wrong another without suffering for it. More than this,—we enjoy the vast blessings of the gospel; we have our churches, our ministers, our bibles, our schools. If we are poor, there is relief for us, so that we cannot starve. If we are sick, there is some one to visit us. If we are dying, there is some one to tell us of a Saviour's love and mercy. "Happy are the people that are in such a case; yea, blessed are the people whose God is the Lord!"

Now think of Africa. *Heathenism* reigns there. "Darkness covers the land; yea, gross darkness the people." You may travel there for hundreds and hundreds of miles, where no Bible has ever been seen—no gospel ever preached—no missionary's voice has ever sounded. And there, too, *Slavery* reigns. No one is safe. He may be seized any day, hurried to the slave-market, and carried far away from home and kindred.

Does the same God rule over *both* countries? Yes, He does; and the souls in *one* land are as dear to Him as *in the other*. For both Christ died. For both He has purchased a heavenly kingdom. And yet it *seems* as though He had favoured the one far more than the

other. And, in the foolishness of our hearts, we are half inclined to say, "The way of the Lord is not equal."

How is this? Shall we say in all these instances, that "The ways of the Lord are not equal?" No, dear brethren, if such a thought rises in our minds for a single moment, we must check it at once. It cannot be so. There cannot be unrighteousness with God. The Judge of all the earth cannot but do right.

II. And now see how God *Himself* appeals to us in the text: "Hear now, O house of Israel, Is not my way equal? Are not your ways unequal?"

Often, indeed, we meet with injustice from our *fellow-men*. They often wrong us. They are often unfair towards us. But we are sure that all *God's* acts are right. There is wisdom and justice in all *His* dealings. *His* ways are "equal."

We spoke just now about one being *poor*, and another *rich*. But I ask you, Do riches *always* bring happiness? Is there no sorrow with them? Are there no cares and anxieties that ever enter the dwellings and the hearts of the wealthy? Ah, it will be seen in the next world that God has held a pretty even balance, and measured out His favours with an equal hand.

Or, suppose affliction comes to you, and you are more tried and chastened than this or that person. Suppose your neighbour is very prosperous, and his course runs smoothly on—whilst all seems up-hill with *you*. Well, depend upon it, God is wise, and kind, and good. He has chosen your path for you. And one day you will see that He has chosen well; and you will acknowledge that your very trials have been the most blessed means of bringing you to heaven. Solomon says in the Book of Ecclesiastes, "In the day of prosperity be joyful; but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other."

So, too, is He not dealing just as kindly with the poor sufferer on his bed of agony, as he is with the strong and healthy? Here, again, "He hath set the one over against the other." Both have their gifts and blessings, only they come in a different way.

But what shall we say about one set of people having the opportunity of receiving the *gospel*, and the other having none? Surely, there is no greater blessing than this. And yet, God might have so ordered it, that *all* should be blest alike—that the light of His truth should shine upon one as well as another. Ah! brethren, this is too deep for us. And yet there is one thing that we *do* know, and this it is well to remember. I mean, that those who have lived in the midst of gospel light will have to give a far stricter account, than those on whom it has never shone. Christians in England, if they have not found and loved the Saviour, will be tenfold more guilty, and will be dealt with more severely, than the poor ignorant heathen in Africa; for to whom much is given, of them much will be required. Do not puzzle yourself by inquiring *why* God has sent the gospel here, and *why* He has withheld it there; but rather reflect, "If I have not received the gospel, if I have not welcomed the Saviour to my heart, then the gloomiest abode in hell will be my eternal portion!"

And now, I want to say a few words to you on one point, which



comes home to all of us. I suppose none of us can remember such a summer as the past one. I have felt for the farmer, and for the labourer too. It has been a very trying time for both. To see our potatoes looking healthy and vigorous, and then, when we come to dig them up, to find a large portion of them diseased and worthless! To see the crops of corn growing, but with scarcely any sun to ripen them! And when, at length, it was time to gather them in, to see them spoiling in the fields—the rain, day after day, making them more and more unfit for the garner! I know how trying this must have been to you. Perhaps, in an unguarded moment, you were half-disposed to question the wisdom and goodness of God. Some may have whispered in their hearts, “The way of the Lord is not equal.” And yet I must say this—and I say it with thankfulness—that I, at least, have not once heard, even at the worst time, one word of murmuring. The feeling seems to have been this, “The weather is at God’s disposal; we will patiently submit. It is in good hands; we may as well leave it there.”

Most congregations in this country put up their public petitions for fine weather. And though it came not at the time, yet do not suppose that our prayers were unheard. It was well for us to pray. And it was well for us, I doubt not, that God put our faith to the trial, and for a while withheld the blessing. When the rain fell in torrents, we longed to see it stop. But how do we know that one drop too much came down? How do we know that the ground did not need it; and that God, in fact, was blessing us, when He seemed to be punishing us?

If then the Lord appeals to us, as He did to His people Israel, “Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?” we will, one and all, reply, “Yes, Lord, *Thou* art in the right; *we* are often in the wrong. *Thou* comest to us with a bountiful supply; *we* come to Thee with a sparing hand. *Thou* art righteous; *we* are unrighteous. *Thou* seest the end from the beginning; *we* cannot look into the future. Yes, Lord, *Thy* way is equal; *our* ways are unequal.”

Have we not learnt a lesson, dear friends? Has not this discipline been good for us? We will put ourselves, in future, more entirely in God’s hands. Feeling that all our shrewdness and all our forethought are little worth, without His blessing, we will commit all our concerns to Him—our farms, our crops, our business, our gains, our earnings. Aye, and may I not add, we will trust our *souls* to Him, too? “Man doth not live by bread alone.” We want salvation—we want life for our souls. We want to *know*, and to *love*, and to *possess* Christ. We want to be rich for eternity. Then, come what will, our treasure is not here, but in heaven—we have a better and an enduring substance. And “although the fig-tree may not blossom, neither fruit be in the vine; the fields may yield no meat; the flock may be cut off from the fold, and there may be no herd in the stall; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation.”

THE  
PARISH MAGAZINE  
FOR FEBRUARY, 1861.

PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Depot, Blackwellgate.*

POPULAR ERRORS. No. 1.

**I**T is generally admitted that few causes have operated more injuriously to weaken the influence of the Church, among the masses, than the "Pew System" as adopted and enforced in a great majority of the Parish Churches of England. One may go into some of these houses of God and see pews labelled with their (supposed) owners' names; and one hears occasionally of pews being bought and sold by private contract, and of their even becoming articles of merchandise at a public auction. It is no wonder then that we may observe many sittings unoccupied in our olden churches, when absent persons claim them by imaginary titles and exclude from their occupation other parishioners who are wishful to attend Divine service. These abuses originate in the error of supposing that pews can be dealt with like ordinary goods and chattels;—that they may be given in perpetuity at the pleasure of a good-natured Churchwarden or sold by another of a less amiable turn. These are delusions; and it is well for all to know that the law has jealously guarded the rights of inhabitants.

The Churchwardens are the officers of the Bishop, in whom resides the general superintendence and authority of the Church; and it is one branch of their duties, acting for the Bishop, to seat the parishioners to the best of their judgment. They can take possession of any seat in the Church, appropriating it as they think proper; unless its legal ownership by another individual can be established. And as this duty of appropriation rests in their hands, a parishioner can demand of them a sitting in his Parish Church; and the Churchwardens are bound to provide him with one, if they are able, and if the parishioner be willing to occupy it himself. But, unfortunately, there are many hindrances in the way of a zealous Churchwarden's seating the people in a suitable manner. Some assert their exemption from the Warden's power because they have "bought" the seats; although there is no principle of law more clearly established than that the sale and purchase of seats are absolutely illegal and null. Others claim the ownership of pews by "prescription," as having been appropriated to particular dwellings of a parish, and occupied immemorially by the tenants of those dwellings. But this does not oust the power of the Churchwardens, unless legal proof be given of the tenants having occupied and repaired the pews "time out of mind." If the repairs have been once made at the expense of the vestry or of other persons the claim by prescription falls to the ground. A "Faculty" properly granted can alone confer on any particular person the right to a pew. And the only form in which a faculty can be properly given is in the case where it is granted to a man and his family, so long as they continue occupiers of a particular dwelling in the Parish. The Bishops have frequently been compelled to correct these popular errors by instructing their officers, the Churchwardens, to take possession of the seats and to extinguish the illusory claims of individuals. It is not more than three years

ago that the present Archbishop of York asserted the rights of the inhabitants of Hexham in respect to their Parish Church. These observations, however, have no reference to new Churches and Chapels erected under special Acts of Parliament, because by these the letting of a certain number of seats at a reasonable rent has been sanctioned; and, accordingly, in such Churches those only which are called "Free Seats" can be regarded as belonging to the people at large, and subject to the general law applicable to pews in an old Parish Church.

### CHURCH OF ENGLAND INSTITUTE.

**T**HE Committee in their anxiety to extend the usefulness of the Institute have completed their arrangements for the conducting of Elementary Classes in different branches of knowledge. These classes are open to members free of charge, and are designed for the benefit of young men who are engaged during the day in business, and are desirous to pursue their studies in the evenings. The following Classes have been already formed:—Arithmetic, Mr W. Salkeld; Geography and the use of the Globes, Mr. W. Thompson; Reading and Composition, Mr. R. L. Kirby. The Mathematical and Geographical Classes, under the charge of Messrs Jackson and King, will be continued as usual. Further particulars may be learnt on application to the Librarian at the Institute.

The Annual Conversazione in the Central Hall will be held during the present month, of which notice will be given; and it will be gratifying to hear that Mr. J. W. Marshall has kindly undertaken the musical arrangements. Members of the Institute will be admitted free and be allowed the privilege of purchasing one ticket only for the introduction of a friend.

### THE CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE AND NATIONAL SOCIETIES' DEPOT.

**A** MEETING of the respective subscribers of the Societies took place at the Church of England Institute, on Monday, January 14th, the Rev. J. D. Eade, Vicar of Aycliffe, and Rural Dean, being in the chair. From a statement of the sales since the establishment of the Depot in Blackwellgate, it appeared that the anticipations of its promoters had been fully realised, and that a considerable impetus had been given to the circulation of Bibles, Prayer Books, and religious literature generally. The increased facilities now offered for the supply of school materials had also been appreciated by managers and others interested in the cause of popular education. The sales had amounted to £140, of which, the greater portion had been for books, &c., on the lists of the Christian Knowledge Society. A proposal to the effect that Mr. Rhodes should be appointed as Salesman, was postponed for further consideration.

The usual annual Meeting of the Subscribers to the Christian Knowledge Society was likewise held under the presidency of the same chairman. The financial condition seemed satisfactory, there being a balance of £12 8s. 2d. in the Bank. Mr W. Thompson was appointed Treasurer in the place of the Rev. D. Piper, to whom a cordial vote of thanks was passed for his services in past years. A remittance of £6 to the Parent Society was ordered to be made; and the Chairman was requested to obtain the sanction of the Barrington Trustees to the appropriation of their grant of £6 to a reduction in the price of prayer books. A motion that the Society should defray one-half of the expenses of the Depot was deferred for the consideration of another meeting on the grounds of insufficiency of notice and information.

### SAINT JOHN.—DARLINGTON.

**S**PECIAL SERVICES.—The Season of Lent, which from the earliest ages has been regarded by the Church with peculiar feelings of solemnity, begins on Ash-Wednesday, February 13th. It is designed to prepare our minds by repentance and self-examination for an edifying commemoration of Good-Friday,—the day whereon the death and passion of our blessed Saviour purchased for us the forgiveness of our sins. A most suitable occasion is thus presented for the renewal of



## ORDER OF PRAYERS DURING LENT.

the week day Services in the Church of Saint John ; and the series will begin on the Evening of Ash-Wednesday with Prayer and Sermon. The hour chosen is a quarter past seven, as affording time for those engaged in work to take their Evening meal and to prepare themselves for divine worship. We know that some keep away from Church on a week-day evening from a disinclination to undergo the trouble of putting on their Sunday clothes ; as if they were necessary for one's appearing properly in the congregation. God looks at our hearts, and not at our backs ; and no man need be ashamed to come in his working clothes, or in any garb he likes. It is our prayer and hope that the Special Services which have been kindly undertaken by some of the neighbouring Clergy, may be well attended and may redound to the Glory of our divine Master and the everlasting happiness of the several congregations. During the Passion week—so called from being the week in which the Passion of our Lord is commemorated—the Services will be varied by the Litany on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and by the Evening prayer on Tuesday and Thursday. The following will be the

### ORDER OF SERVICES DURING LENT.

| DATE AND DAY.                              | PREACHER.                                                    | SUBJECT.                                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Wed. (Feb. 13), 7.15 p.m.                  | The Incumbent, Rev. W. H. Stephens.                          | The Corruption of the Human Heart.                                              |
| " (Feb. 20), 7.15 p.m.                     | The Rural Dean, Rev. J. D. Eade.                             | The Enduring blessedness of doing God's will.                                   |
| " (Feb. 27), 7.15 p.m.                     | Rev. G. G. Lynn, Vicar of Coniscliffe.                       | The Fewness of the Saved.                                                       |
| " (March 6), 7.15 p.m.                     | Rev. R. J. Simpson, Curate of Haughton.                      | Good Cheer amidst tribulation, the Christian's Victory.                         |
| " (March 13), 7.15 p.m.                    | Rev. H. S. Dudding, curate of Hurworth.                      | The best time for Repentance.                                                   |
| " (March 20), 7.15 p.m.                    | Rev. W. Eade, curate of Aycliffe.                            | Repentance.                                                                     |
| Monday before Easter (Mar. 25), 7.15 p.m.  | Rev. J. G. Pearson, Incumbent of St. Cuthbert's, Darlington. | "She hath done it for my Burial."                                               |
| Tuesday before Easter (Mar. 26), 7.15 p.m. | Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, Curate of Holy Trinity, Darlington. | The Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord ; and their consequences to Mankind. |
| Wed. before Easter (Mar. 27), 7.15 p.m.    | Rev. W. H. Elliott, Vicar of Sockburn.                       | The Merits of Jesus Christ, the alone cause of Man's Justification.             |
| Thurs. before Easter (Mar. 28), 7.15 p.m.  | Rev. T. J. Smith, Curate of St. Cuthbert, Darlington.        | By Christ's Stripes we are healed.                                              |
| GOOD FRIDAY.—Morning, 10.30 a.m.           | The Curate, Rev. E. Castley.                                 | "It is Finished."                                                               |
| Evening, 7.15 p.m.                         | The Incumbent, Rev. W. H. Stephens.                          | The purposes of Christ's Death and its lessons.                                 |

**THE CONFIRMATION.**—The Bishop of Durham has appointed Saturday, March 16th, for the celebration of this rite at St. Cuthbert's Church, Darlington. Persons living in the parish of St. John who have completed their fifteenth year and who are desirous to be confirmed are requested to leave their names immediately at the Parsonage ; the Rev. E. Castley's, Hume Terrace, Dodmire ; Mrs Stevenson's, Chapel Street ; Mrs Chamberlain's, Brunswick Street ; Mr Wallis', Freeman's Place, or at Mr John Lee's, Albert Hill. If the numbers will admit of the arrangement, the Incumbent and Curate propose to hold four or five classes for the instruction of candidates, each week, in different parts of the Parish—the St. John's Schools ; Chapel Street ; Freeman's Place, and the Chapel of Ease, Albert Hill, being proposed as the most convenient places for that purpose.

**GIFTS.**—The Rev. W. H. Stephens has the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten shillings from a lady, and ten shillings from Mr. W. Wooler, for the relief of the

## HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

necessitous poor. H. H. T. Esq., has forwarded 10s to the special fund of the Additional Curates' Society, and 7s 6d to the St. John's Schools, for which he is thanked by the respective treasurers.

**THE SCHOOLS.**—The ladies' Committee will be thankful to receive any kind of plain sewing, for which moderate prices only are charged. One-half of the profit is given to the workers; and the materials can be sent to the Parsonage, or to Miss Simonson, at the Schools between 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock, each day, **Saturdays** excepted.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.**—There continues to be a gradual increase in the number attending these Schools, and—which is of far more importance to the well-being of the Parish—the attention and good conduct of the children are visibly improving. In order to give vitality and strength to the work, the Clergy and Teachers intend to hold meetings on the first Monday of each Month: and the first meeting will take place in the Schools, on Monday Feb. 4th at half-past seven in the Evening.


### HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

|                              | MORNING.                                            | EVENING.                                                                              |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Feb. 3. Sexagesima.          | Psalm 27. St. Stephen's.<br>" 150. Wilkins.         | Psalm 24, part 1. Irish.<br>" 67. Doncaster.<br>Hymn 25. Old 100th.                   |
| Feb. 10. Quinquagesima.      | Psalm 95. Melcombe.<br>Hymn 190. St. Bernard's.     | Psalm 24, part 1. Irish.<br>Hymn 76. Innocents.<br>" 124. Tallis' Canon.              |
| Feb. 13. Ash Wednesday.      |                                                     | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 134. St. Ann's.                                                |
| Feb. 17. 1st Sunday in Lent. | Psalm 102. St. Ann's.<br>" 134. St. Mary's.         | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 6. Solemnity.<br>" 4. Rockingham.                              |
| Feb. 20. Wednesday.          |                                                     | Hymn 153. Vesper Hymn.<br>Psalm 86. St. James.                                        |
| Feb. 24. 2nd Sunday in Lent. | Hymn 122. Bedford.<br>Psalm 51, part I. All Saints. | Hymn 153. Vesper Hymn.<br>Psalm 51, part 2. St. Michael's.<br>Hymn 124. Tallis' Canon |
| Feb. 27. Wednesday.          |                                                     | Hymn 153. Vesper Hymn.<br>" 193. St. Michael's.                                       |

### THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|                                                  |                                                                                                                            |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Feb. 3. <b>SEXAGESIMA.</b>                       | Morn. Gen. 3—Mark 3. Even. Gen. 6—1 Cor. 15.                                                                               |
| 10 <b>QUINQUAGESIMA.</b>                         | Morn. Gen. 9 to v. 20—Mark 10. Even. Gen. 12—2 Cor. 6.                                                                     |
| 13 <b>ASH WEDNESDAY.</b>                         | Proper Psalms—Morn. 6, 32, 38. Lessons—Morn. Num. 11—Mark 13. Even. Proper Psalms—102, 130, 143. Lessons—Num. 12—2 Cor. 9. |
| 17 <b>1 SUNDAY IN LENT.</b>                      | Morn. Gen. 19 to v. 30—Luke 1 to v. 39. Even. Gen. 22—2 Cor. 13.                                                           |
| 20 <b>WEDNESDAY.</b>                             | Even. Num. 32—Gal. 3.                                                                                                      |
| 24 <b>2ND SUNDAY IN LENT.</b><br>[ST. MATTHIAS.] | Morn. Gen. 27—Luke 7. Even. Gen. 34. Eph. 1.                                                                               |
| 27 <b>WEDNESDAY.</b>                             | Even. Deut. 10—Eph. 4.                                                                                                     |

The Services in the Church on Wednesday Evenings during Lent will commence at 7.15.

 **CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.**—Divine Service at this chapel on Sundays the 3rd and 17th, at 6 p.m.

Baptisms and Churchings on the above-mentioned Sundays,—also on every Tuesday in the month, at 3 p.m.



"MAY GOD'S MERCY GO WITH YOU!" SAID ANDREAS.

## **The Story of a Gambler.\***

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked."

### **CHAPTER I.—THE GAMBLER'S CHILDHOOD.**

**T**HROUGH the midst of Central Saxony flows the river Saale, with many streams and brooks falling into it. On the banks of one of these lies the village of Wipperfurt, at the lower end of which stands the mill. It was about the close of the last century that the miller, Martin Rothermund, died. He had lost his wife two years before, at the birth

\* Translated for this Magazine from the German of Dr. F. Ahlfeldt, one of the most popular writers and preachers of Germany.



of their only child. A nervous fever had seized him in the prime of life. He had lived as most men live, and he died as most men die who have never thought about death. Death came to him like a thief in the night. Around his sick-bed stood many physicians, but the pastor, who with words of counsel and warning might have shaken his heart from its many years' sleep, was *not* there. Poor Martin clung to life as some poor wretch who has fallen into the stream clings to the thin willow branch that bends over the water. But the branch broke, and Martin Rothermund passed from among men to stand before the throne of his heavenly Judge.

In his last moments his journeyman, Andreas Lindenberg, who was about his own age, quietly entered the room, and standing behind the door, prayed in a low voice for his dying master,—"Lord, enter not into judgment with him; Lord, be merciful to his soul."

On the day of the funeral the mill stood still—the first time it had done so for many years, for in Saxony the mills clatter away, alike on week-day, Sunday, and holy day, though there is no exception made for the miller in the *Fourth Commandment*.

At the head of the funeral procession, which was attended by many rich cousins and relations, walked Andreas Lindenberg. He had brushed his coat so clean that no one could have guessed he was a miller. He carried in his arms the miller's infant son Karl, and would allow no one to relieve him of his charge. Karl's grandfather had taken Andreas, a poor orphan child, out of the streets, and shown him much love and kindness, and all the harshness of his son had not been able to quench the gratitude of this faithful servant. The blooming face of the child contrasted well with his black mourning dress. Life and death seemed to have met together. The child little thought what a sorrowful road it was going, but laughed back to the acquaintances who nodded and smiled at it.

The miller was lowered into his grave, and when each of the relatives had cast his three handfuls of earth upon the coffin, Andreas made the child cast in his three little handfuls. Then, when all stood up and offered their silent prayers, Andreas put the child's hands together, and prayed half aloud his "Our Father," and, "God give him a joyful resurrection." Then they filled up the grave, and there the miller rests till the morning of the resurrection.

We will leave him to rest, and ask what has become of his little son? Returned from the churchyard, the relatives assembled at the mill to consult about the boy. His mother's nephew, Diedrich Amsteg, said, "I will take the boy home with me. I have no children, and Andreas, in whom we have perfect confidence, can manage the mill till Karl comes of age. It must not be sold, for if Karl grows up he will take it. He must be a miller some day, for, both on his father and mother's side, he has millers' blood in his veins."

The whole family were satisfied with this proposal. They separated, and Amsteg took the boy with him at once. This cousin of little Karl's was one of those people who boast that no one can say anything against their character. He did nothing more dishonest in his trade than could be safely done without losing his reputation in the world's esteem.

In food and drink, in good clothing, in a thick woollen coat for

winter, and a warm bed for the night, Karl was well off, and wanted nothing. He had as much bodily care and attention as his parents could possibly have given him. The boy grew, and his cousin was proud of him. He was sent regularly to school, and in course of time became a fair scholar, and also knew something of his trade. But one thing was wanting,—the fear of the Lord was not in that house, the Word of the Lord was never read there. The miller kept to his mill-work in spite of the worst weather, but of his soul-work he seldom thought.

The passages of Scripture which the boy learned at school were as dead letters to him, for there was no one, with prayer and heart-love to the Lord Jesus, to water the seed that had been sown. From time to time when Karl went to his father's mill, or when Andreas came over to settle his own accounts, he would take the opportunity of a spare quarter of an hour to talk with the boy, and ask him in true love,—“Karl, do you pray diligently?” The boy stared at him and answered,—“O yes, Andreas ; we pray in school.” “But,” said the journeyman, “that is not enough. On Sunday there is no school, and then you do not pray. When you are older you will not go to school any more, and then you will pray no more. Prayer is as necessary to you as your daily bread.” Then he kneeled down and prayed before the child all the child-prayers which were in his heart.

Karl's cousin was a great gambler. Almost every evening, friends from the village came to play cards with him, and stayed far into the night. To lose or win was of little importance to Amsteg, for he never played high; nor was any improper language used, for Amsteg was a respectable man. Karl sat by and looked on, every evening, till his bedtime came.

Once at the blessed Christmas-tide, when Karl's cousin invited the boys' schoolfellows to his house, they played cards for nuts as their elders did for money. At twelve years old he would take his cousin's place if the miller was called away; and before he was confirmed, if a fourth was wanted at the card-table, he always filled that place. “Only play, my boy—what you lose I will pay for,” said Amsteg on such occasions; and once, when Karl had been lucky, his cousin praised him for a whole month to all his acquaintances.

In due time Karl's confirmation-day came, and that is a season which the Holy Spirit often blesses to young souls. But it was not so with Karl; for if while in church his heart seemed touched, and the good seed seemed ready to spring up, the icy wind which blew in the mill soon nipped and withered it again. The School and the Church may plant, but *Home* must water, or there will rarely be any increase.

As Karl had begun while a boy, so he continued as a youth. His cousin taught him his trade, but with it, alas ! he also taught him to gamble. What little impression the good Andreas had made soon wore off, and once when Karl was seen with a Bible in hand, his gambling companions scoffed at him and he threw it down.

## CHAPTER II.—THE GAMBLER'S TRAVELS.

It is the custom in Germany for all young men to travel for one or two years, before they settle down in life.

They engage themselves as workmen at different places on their way, and thus get money enough for their travelling expenses, which are but small. Sometimes they are obliged to resort to begging, and the "Handwerks-burschen" as they are called, with their dusty clothes and their knapsacks on their backs, are familiar figures to every Englishman who has travelled in Germany.

When Karl was twenty years of age he went to his cousin and said, "Cousin, I should like to travel—let me go and see other mills, countries, and nations, while youth lasts." His cousin gave his hearty consent, for he had stirred up this wish by stories of his own early adventures.

Karl's knapsack was soon packed, though it contained more than such lads usually started with. Besides what he put into Karl's purse, Amsteg put a dozen *silver helpers* into the lining of his waistcoat. His only farewell to him was this—"Learn your trade perfectly; write to us often; and come back safe and sound." No word of Gospel truth was spoken to him—no Bible was put into his hand.

The first night Karl reached his father's mill. Andreas told him the history of his own travels, and stories of God's care over other travelling journeymen. The next morning he carried Karl's knapsack for him some distance, and his last words on parting from him were, "Karl, when you see the water rushing down from above, pray to God that the stream of His grace may flow into your heart. When the water drives the mill-wheel, so that it spins round merrily, pray that His grace may so work in your heart; and when you see how the mill cleans the corn from the bran and chaff, pray that His grace may so cleanse your heart from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. May God's mercy go with you!" He shook hands with Karl, quite overcome by his feelings, and slowly returned to the mill.

Karl, more thoughtful than he had ever been before, pursued his way along the bank of the Saale. He felt himself alone, and a few vague thoughts rose to God; but his light-heartedness soon returned as he travelled from mill to mill, and became accustomed to strangers.

Wherever he got work the people liked him. God had given him a handsome face and winning manners. He was also diligent in his work; but he could scarcely restrain his love of gambling even for a few weeks; and companions were but too easily found for this sinful amusement. The consequence was, that his masters generally dismissed him at the end of three months, in such words as these: "Journeyman, you understand your business—you do well in other respects, but—you *gamble*—you neglect my mill and my customers. You must travel on."

Before he was out of Saxony, Karl fell in love with a good and pious girl, the daughter of a wealthy miller. Her father was well pleased with the handsome, clever, handy youth, who had, besides, a mill of his own at home, and did not oppose the attachment of the young pair. But here, alas! gambling broke off the engagement. When the girl learned his passion for gambling, she urged him in earnest, loving words, "Karl, *do* leave off play—a gambler cannot serve God as he ought—a gambler holds out little hope of a happy marriage." For a short time her persuasion restrained him. But again he resumed his play. Again she renewed her entreaties:



"Karl, how can you love me truly, if you cannot give up gambling for me?" At this he angrily exclaimed, "I will never be the slave of a wife. If I cannot have a little play, I will break off our engagement." Her father then spoke to him on the subject, and finding Karl persisted in his determination, ended the matter by saying—"Rather than my daughter should take a husband who has *two* wives—the cards and herself—she shall have none."

His reckoning was soon made, his bundle packed, and when the morning dawned Karl started. His heart was terribly oppressed as he went along the beautiful roads. It seemed to him as if Andreas, with his open countenance and his "The mercy of God go with thee," was ever near, and looking sadly at him; while that old *mole*, *Conscience*, was throwing up great black heaps in the cheerful, flowery, green meadows of his life. This same *old mole* was wont to disturb him whenever the weather was bad; and now it was often bad weather with Karl. He tried to shake off his enemy. At first this was not easy; but by degrees, and as he travelled on, his conscience grew more silent, till at last a deep death-stillness fell on his soul.

For eight years he travelled—visiting Saxony, Bohemia, Thuringia, and Bavaria—working as a miller, falling in love, and gambling.

At length he returned home, and was joyfully welcomed by his cousin, much wiser in the things of this world, but, alas! farther than ever from the way which leads to everlasting life.

### CHAPTER III.—THE GAMBLER MARRIED.

IN the year 1826 Karl came home and took possession of his mill; and Andreas, now grown old, was glad to be relieved of the burden. Karl soon brought a wife to the lonely mill. She was a miller's daughter, and a distant relation. The handsome, travelled young fellow, with his good address, soon won her heart; and Karl began his married life steadily and well.

Marriage is the last hope for some men; for he who does not change then, finds it hard to change at all.

The first few weeks passed most tranquilly. Karl was an excellent husband; his wife could twist him round her finger. The whole menagerie of wild beasts, which had formerly raged in Karl's life, were caught and caged, and the bolt drawn against them. But of what use was that? His changed conduct rested not in the power of God, which is mighty in the weak, but in his own human strength, which is weak in the strongest. If a married couple are ever so devoted to each other, but are without true faith in God, there is no security for their love. The first breath of trouble may cast them both down into indifference and discontent.

The honeymoon was scarcely over, when all the shut-up beasts began to scratch and knock at the door of their prison, becoming louder and more unruly. At the end of three months the *Bear* had gnawed a hole through the door. He put first his snout and then half his head out, and growled into the house,—“I praise myself for sitting still so long after the free life I have led. Nothing is so stupid as always staying at home.”

Another time the *Ape* looked out through the Bear's hole, and muttered,—“One can never have a game of cards now.” Karl would have been very friendly with the farmers round, if they would have played with him; but the richest man in the place having lately been ruined by gambling, they had set their face against cards, and replied to Karl's proposal,—“We do not play. Gambling brings no blessing with it.”

The other inhabitants were too poor to play with him. “He did not care,” he said, “to play for nuts and such trifles.” This timely check might have been a great blessing to him; but, on the contrary, it only led him to rail at those good men who refused to gamble.

The imprisoned beasts at length broke through all restraint. Gloom and ill-humour sat on Karl's countenance. No one could please him. His quiet home was an abomination to him. His poor wife was driven from corner to corner; and her entreaties only received rude answers. The frost had fallen in the May of her young life, and began to nip the buds!

Karl wished to go his own way, and was looking out for a pretence to quarrel with his wife, and then lay the blame on her. And he *went* his own way!

In a central spot, attracting all the idlers from several neighbouring villages, stood “the Dragon,” a public-house, which was the cause of sorrow and dread to many poor wives.

Thither Karl took his way, and when he entered he found a good many people, and the game going on at three different tables. Karl stood for some time among the lookers-on, till an old hand jumped up and offered him his place; whispering, as he passed one of his comrades, “*This goose of the mill has down on his back that is worth plucking, so we must hold him fast.*”

Karl at once took the seat; and this was the *beginning*. The *end* we shall see by and bye.

At first he went once a-week; then twice; then oftener.—And there he was to be found when his first little boy was born. For *him* Karl chose the sponsors from among his own relations; but for the second, among his gambling companions; and when the holy ceremony of baptism was over they sat down to their cards, and played far into the night.

Sorrow and mourning now dwelt in Karl's house. Andreas managed the business, but with a broken heart; only receiving rude answers from Karl to all his earnest entreaties; till at last he felt that nothing remained but to pray for his poor master. The wife suffered with quiet submission, for her troubles had led her to the Lord. She was meek and kind to her husband, as only those can be who are born again in Christ, and try to reflect His gentleness and deep humility. She was a Christian mother to her children, though their father cared so little about them; and hoping they might help to win him back to his home, his name was the first word she taught them to lisp.

One day Andreas came to her saying, “Madam, I can stand it no longer—I am going—I have saved up enough to clothe my old body for some time, and there will be enough left to bury me. I

will go and serve some other miller for my bread. *Here my heart is breaking.*"

"No, Andreas, you must not go," she replied: "all the village depends on you—you keep up our custom. You are my comfort and support, and with you the good Spirit would go out of the mill. His children may listen to you, though their father will not. For their sakes, Andreas, remain with us, and let us persevere in prayer for them together."

Andreas remained, and day by day both fervently prayed that God, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, would lead Karl back from the abyss before which he stood.

J. F. C.

(To be continued.)

## Tree-Giants.

### THE GIANT CACTUS.\*



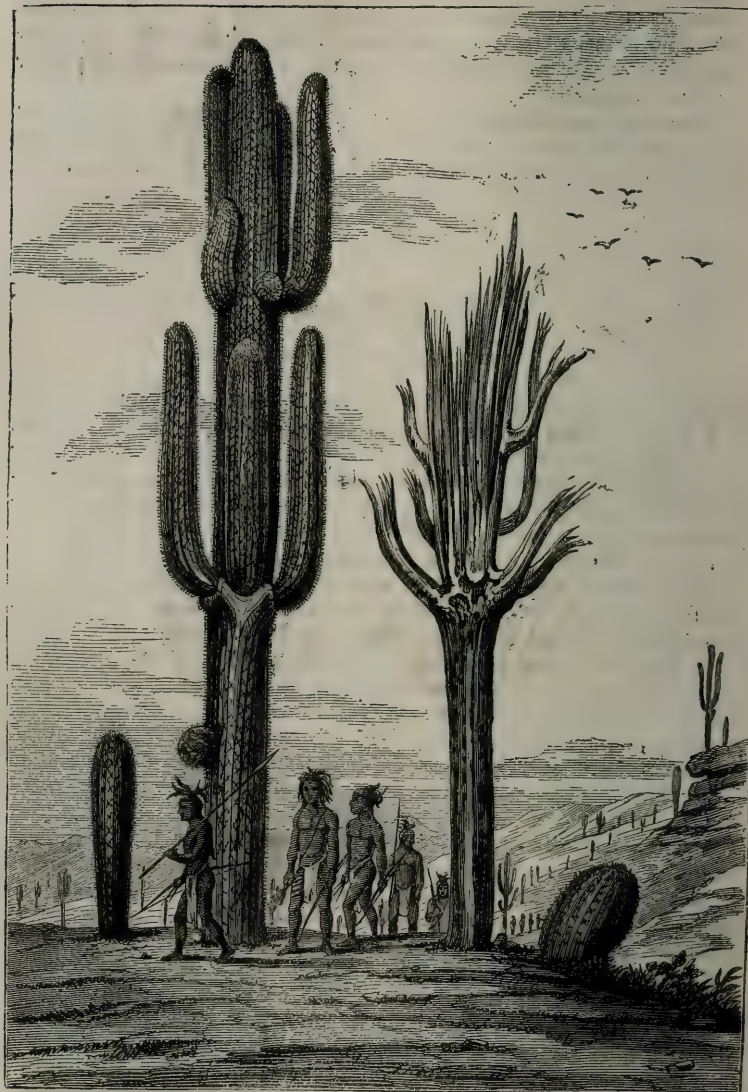
WE saw this day, for the first time, the Giant Cactus (*Cereus giganteus*), specimens of which stood at first rather widely apart, like straight pillars ranged along the sides of the valley, but afterwards more closely together, and in a different form—namely, that of gigantic candelabras of 36 feet high, which had taken root among stones and in clefts of the rocks, and rose in solitary state at various points.

This *Cereus giganteus*, the queen of the cactus tribe, is known in California and New Mexico under the name of Petahaya. The missionaries who visited the country between the Colorado and the Gila, more than a hundred years ago, speak of the fruit of the Petahaya, and of the natives of the country using it for food; and they also mention a remarkable tree that had branches, but no leaves, though it reached the height of sixty feet, and was of considerable girth. The wildest and most inhospitable regions appear to be the peculiar home of this plant, and its fleshy shoots will strike root, and grow to a surprising size, in chasms and heaps of stones, where the closest search can scarcely discover a particle of vegetable soil. Its form is various, and mostly dependent on its age: the first shape it assumes is that of an immense club standing upright in the ground, the top being double the circumference of the lower part. This form continues as long as the plant is only from two to six feet high, but as it grows taller the thickness becomes more equal, and when it attains the height of twenty-five feet it looks like a regular pillar; after this it begins to throw out its branches. These come out at first in a globular shape, but turn upward as they get longer, and then grow parallel to the trunk, and at a certain distance from it, so that a *Cereus* with many branches looks exactly like an immense candelabra, especially as the branches are mostly symmetrically arranged round the trunk, of which the diameter is not usually more

\* Extracted from Möllhausen's *Journey to the Pacific*, by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.



than a foot and a half, or in some rare instances a foot more. They vary much in height; the highest we saw at Bill Williams' Fork measured from thirty-six to forty feet, but south of the Gila they are



said to reach sixty; and when you see them rising from the extreme point of a rock, where a surface of a few inches square forms their sole support, you cannot help wondering that the first storm does not tear them from their airy elevation.

Inside the fleshy column, however, each plant has a circle of ribs, each from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, reaching to the summit, and of as close and firm a texture as the wood of the cactus usually is ; and these enable it to defy the storm. When the plant dies, the flesh falls off from the woody fibres, and leaves the skeleton of the giant standing, sometimes for years, before it too becomes the prey of corruption. The trunk of the *Cereus*, as well as its branches, is notched from the root to the tip, at regular distances, and the structure of the outer surface gives it a certain resemblance to an organ. The edges are closely set with tufts of grey prickles, at equal distances between which gleams out the bright green colour of the plant itself. In May or June, the tops of both branches and trunk are adorned with large white blossoms, which are replaced by fruit, of a pleasant taste, in July and August. When dried, this fruit is very like a fig, and is a favourite kind of food with the Indians, who also prepare a syrup from it by boiling it in earthen vessels.

If the smaller specimens of the Giant Cactus that we had seen in the morning excited our astonishment, the feeling was greatly increased when, on our further journey, we beheld this stately plant in all its magnificence. The absence of every other vegetation enabled us to distinguish these cactus columns from a great distance, as they stood in a strange, regular order, on the heights and slopes of the mountains, to which they gave a most peculiar, though certainly not a beautiful, appearance. Wonderful as each plant is, when regarded singly, as a grand specimen of vegetable life, these solemn, silent forms, which stand motionless even in a hurricane, give a somewhat dreary character to the landscape. Some look like petrified giants, stretching out their arms in speechless pain, and others stand like lonely sentinels, keeping their dreary watch on the edge of the precipices, and gazing into the abyss, or over into the pleasant valley of the Bill Williams' Fork, at the flocks of birds that do not venture to rest on the thorny arms of the Petahaya ; though the wasp and the woodpecker may be seen taking up their abode in the old wounds and scars of sickly or damaged specimens of this singular plant.

## The Pavement of London.



THE pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers nearly 3000 acres, two-thirds of which consist of what may be called mosaic work, done in the plain style, and the other third of smooth flagging. Such a series of works far transcends in quantity, as it does in quality, the Appian way, which was the wonder of ancient Rome, and which would cut but a poor figure as contrasted with one of our commonest streets. This ancient causeway was but fifteen feet wide in the main, and was filled with blocks of all shapes and sizes, jointed together, and planed on the surface—the length of its devious course, from south to north of Italy, was under 300 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5000, and exceed 2000 in length !

## **Found Unsought.**

BY PATRICK SCOTT, ESQ.



IN one of England's Edens for the poor,  
There grew a graceful village, out of ground  
Rough with wild furze, and broken into beauty.  
And mid the simple few who strolling trod  
Along the trimm'd luxuriance of its lanes,

Or drank the breezes from its hillock-heights,  
None were more simple or unclass'd by fame  
Than a young child, whose scanty years of life  
Had passed unblest by e'en the memory  
Of mother's love—she died ere he had learnt  
To prize her life at its full worth, nor knew he  
Her place of burial; yet he long'd to know.

He dwelt beneath his father's roof, though not  
Beneath his father's care. The villagers  
Looked on the boy as being parentless,  
With such a parent; so he throve, and grew  
Unto eight years of untaught innocence;  
Adopted largely by the general heart.

One day some wandering showmen in their course  
Passed through the village,—history hath not stoop'd  
To name the show, whether the travelling stage,  
That deals in tragic mimicry of woe,  
Or liveried dogs in melancholy dance,  
Or the shrewd crimes of ever-pleasing Punch.

But the child's mind, unversed in such delights,  
Was held in wonder, and he gazed and thought;  
And when the showmen left, he followed them:  
And on and on he went, till setting day  
Left him alone, and tired, and far from home.

A distant hamlet gleamed upon his sight,  
To which he bent his short and weary steps;  
But, ere he gain'd it, on his right hand spread  
The rural churchyard; and he turn'd aside,  
And on a tombstone sat, and sought for rest.

Not long it was ere Slumber caught him there,  
And held him fast in its parental arms;  
Soothing the body's troubles which the way  
Had cast upon it; and before his mind  
Bringing again the scenes of the past day  
In strangest combinations, till the sun  
Awoke the child. Uprising, his eye caught  
The graven letters on the tombstone, showing  
Who lay beneath: it was a name he knew;  
For he had slept upon his mother's grave!

There is a longer sleep—the sleep of life—  
But it will break at last; and, when the dream  
Hath fled from us, shall we wake to find  
A parent whom we sought in love, or one  
We never search'd for—an avenging God?



**T**HE Black Hellebore, or Christmas Rose, is one of the very few plants which bloom in the open air at this season, in spite of the keen winds and nipping frosts; and its large white blossoms, delicately tinged with purple, nestling amid dark olive-green leaves, are a charming and cheering sight in our otherwise flowerless gardens.

The Black Hellebore takes its name from the colour of the root, and is of the same family as the Aconite; and the native species known to country people, from the form of the leaf, as Bear's-foot. It is doubtful whether any of these is the Hellebore the ancients so



valued as being a supposed cure for madness, though all are considered to have some medicinal properties existing in the outer bark of the root. The well-known Aconite, which later in the year carpets our shrubberies with its golden blossoms, is employed in rheumatic affections; but, on account of its very poisonous nature, it is administered in very small quantities. The Christmas Rose is found growing wild in the woods of middle and southern Europe, and it is very common on the Apennines. It is easily cultivated, and in a moist bright soil, and in a shady place, it will flourish and bloom throughout the months of January and February.

R. B.

## Locusts.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



**F**REQUENT mention is made in the Bible of these very destructive insects, which commit great ravages on vegetation in those countries which are occasionally visited by them. Locusts are spoken of in Exod. x. 5, as "covering the face of the earth, that one cannot be able to see the earth;" as "darkening the sun and the moon" (Joel, ii. 10); and as "making a terrible noise in their flight" (Joel, ii. 5; Rev. ix. 9). There are many kinds

of locusts which occur in the Bible lands, some of which were allowed as food by the Mosaic law (Lev. xi. 22; Matt. iii. 4). Many people suppose that the locusts spoken of as the food of the Baptist in the wilderness of Judea were not the insect of that name, but the fruit of the locust plant (*Ceratonia siliqua*), "Johannis brot—St. John's bread," as the Monks of Palestine call the long sweet pods of this tree. There is no doubt, however, that from Lev. xi. 21, 22, as well as from the testimony of numerous travellers, the express words of many heathen authors, and the Greek noun used by St. Matthew and St. Mark, that various species of locusts are now, and have been from time immemorial, used as food. Dr. Kitto tasted locusts, and says they more resemble shrimps than anything else. Sparman, asserts that the Hottentots fatten on locusts. A heathen writer, Diodorus the Sicilian, tells us of a nation, the *Acridophagi*, who derived their name from eating locusts.

Locusts are eaten after having been salted or smoked, stewed or boiled; sometimes they are ground and powdered. It is probable that the Baptist merely dried them in the sun and then ate them. The woodcut represents a species which is now commonly sold as food in the markets of Bagdad. One species (*Edipoda migratoria*) is an occasional visitor to this country. In 1748 great damage was done in Shropshire and Staffordshire by a flight of these insects, which devoured the blossoms of the apple-trees and the leaves of oak-trees, and left them as bare as at Christmas. This species is sometimes found in the Bible lands, but the *Acridium peregrinum* is perhaps the locust of the Egyptian plague; it is as destructive as the species named above.

Locusts, unlike most insects, continue to feed during the whole period of their existence, from the very egg. The first stage of an insect's life is the *larva*, such as the caterpillar of butterflies; the second is the *pupa*, or *chrysalis*, in which the young animal is in most instances nearly dormant and motionless, and takes no food; but

the *pupa* of the order of insects, to which the locust belongs, continues eating as voraciously as ever. Hence locusts are most terrible consumers of every green thing: indeed they will even, with their strong jaws, gnaw the wood-work of houses. "They climb up upon the houses, they enter in the windows like a thief" (Joel, ii. 9). Let the reader peruse carefully the first and second chapters of the prophet Joel, which describe, as some commentators think, the approach of the Assyrian army upon Judah, under the image of a plague of locusts. Can any description be more graphic or beautiful?

It is a kind arrangement of Providence that a bird, which the Arabs call *smurmur*, devours immense quantities of these locusts, and on this account it is held sacred at Aleppo. From Dr. Kitto's description of this bird it appears to be the "rose-coloured pastor," (the *Pastor roseus* of ornithologists); a very pretty bird, with a flesh-coloured body, black wings, head, and tail, about the size of the common starling, and belonging to the same family of birds.

## Short Sermon.

### The Commination on Ash-Wednesday.

BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

DEUT. xxvii. 26.—*And all the people shall say, Amen.*



HERE are many grand scenes in the story of God's chosen Israel, though these scenes are often just hinted at in a few verses, or even a few words, of Holy Writ.

It was a scene of terror which took place at the base of that bleak, but majestic, mountain of Sinai, which, with its shivered peaks and beetling crags, seems to speak, even to our age, of the storms that then passed over it. For then, the thousands of Israel, separated for a season from the other nations of the world—amid the barren sands of the Arabian Desert—listened to the living voice of the Living God, as it pealed over the awe-struck assembly, and proclaimed the principles of eternal and unchangeable morality.

Not one Hebrew of the Hebrews, who heard that voice, could for a moment doubt that Jehovah was most holy, that His people should be holy too, and that vengeance would surely overtake the man who wilfully broke laws so solemnly set forth.

It was to impress this still more deeply on the minds of the children of Israel that the grand ceremonial was ordered which is implied in the text, and described in the chapter in which it stands.

Now the people have passed through the terrors of Sinai—now



they have entered on that good land which God had sworn to their fathers to give them. They had been warriors and wanderers, but now they are to enjoy peaceable habitations and quiet resting-places—each tribe and family in that portion of land which had fallen to them by lot.

But before they separate, each to their homes, they are commanded to observe one great act of religious worship—a special and peculiar service. The twelve tribes were to be gathered together, each, no doubt, under its own banner; and they were to occupy the two adjoining hill-sides of Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim; six tribes on each. In the valley between, clustering round the ark, and standing so that all might hear, the Levites were commanded to take their station, and to proclaim, with a loud voice, the leading maxims of the Moral Law.

At first they turned themselves to the vast host that thronged the ascent of Mount Gerizim, and whose unnumbered voices swelled the full burst of sound with which the blessing was confirmed: then, in like manner, they turned towards Mount Ebal, and pronounced the curse, and received from the tribes that lined its slopes the same deep and loud “Amen.”

This, as the Jewish comment tells us, they did alternately: first addressing those on Mount Gerizim, and saying, “Blessed be the man that maketh not a graven image.” And when the last echoes of their response had died away upon the hills, then turning to the hosts on Mount Ebal, with the converse declaration, “Cursed be the man that maketh any graven image:” and so on with the other sentences contained in the verses that follow.

It is difficult to conceive any ceremony more simply, and yet solemnly grand, than this. If the united utterance of the Lord’s Prayer, by those who thronged St. Paul’s Cathedral at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, produced a thrilling effect, what must this have been? A nation gathered on the sloping sides of two adjacent mountains—the dome of heaven alone above them—the sombre grandeur of the everlasting hills around them—the white-robed ministers of heaven affirming, with clear and ringing cadence, the God-given maxims of morality; while, ever and anon, the swell of the mighty “Amen” rolled heavenward, like the solemn roar of ocean’s multitudinous waves, breaking on some far-echoing strand.

But we have no reason to suppose that the lessons which this remarkable ceremony suggests were meant solely for the Jewish people: they were a pupil-nation, a scholar-people, and their story is recorded for the teaching and the warning of every other nation under heaven. They were especially a type of the Christian Church, which, like Israel, contains a peculiar people, who live under the immediate guardianship of heaven, and are destined, after a period of conflict and trial, to enter on the eternal rest of the Canaan of the Blest. To the voice of the Great King, delivered by His ministers, they too must listen; and as each divine commandment falls upon the ear, they too must be ready, with heart and voice, to testify their humble acquiescence.

This they must do at all times, but in the appointed order of our

Church there is a season and a day set apart for this special purpose. The season is Lent, the day is that commonly called Ash-Wednesday, on which "A Commination, or denouncing of God's Anger and Judgments against Sinners," as given in our Prayer-book, is ordered to be used, and seems to be the Christian counterpart of the Jewish ceremony which is described in the text.

In this service of our Church the very verses which go before the text are recited. To them there is annexed a malediction from the prophet Jeremiah against those who trust in man so as to depart from God; and then the sanction of the New Testament is added to that of the Old: "Cursed are the unmerciful, fornicators and adulterers, covetous persons, idolaters, slanderers, drunkards, and extortioners;" and to each of these awful sentences the Rubric enjoins that "the people shall answer and say Amen."

From what has been said, it appears that this Commination Service is most strictly scriptural, and is well fitted to promote serious and anxious searching of heart. Nevertheless, many have misunderstood it and objected to it, and that generally on two grounds, to which it may be useful to advert.

The *first* of these common objections is, that it is a breach of charity thus to call down curses on our neighbours by saying "Amen" to these sentences which denounce various sins.

The answer to this objection is, that the plan of answering "Amen" cannot be wrong *in itself*, since God Himself at first enjoined it; and although some points in these curses referred specially to the Jews, yet the moral design is still of weight, as furthering the honour of God's law, and promoting true piety amongst men.

Nay, more than this: the saying "Amen" does not at all imply any *wishing*, but is merely an *affirming* and *declaring* the truth of what God has revealed. The word "Amen" has been used in almost every language, and in almost every age, as an expression of solemn agreement with what has gone before; and so it is often in the Gospel rendered by the words, "Verily, verily." Some have thought that the word is one of the names of Deity, carrying within it an allusion to His omniscience; and so our Lord, who is "the Truth," styles Himself "the Amen, the faithful and true Witness;" and indeed, whenever it occurs in Scripture, the word declares the certainty—*God being witness* of the sentiment to which it is prefixed or appended—therefore "Amen," as used of old in the text and as used in the Commination Service, is no more than a repeated assertion that "he whom God blesseth is blessed, and he whom God curseth is cursed." And in this there is no breach of charity. Rather, there is the truest charity in saying "Amen" to these threatenings; since, like the "woes" pronounced by our Saviour and recorded in St. Matthew (xxiii. 13-30), they are "not the procurers of evil, but compassionate predictions to prevent it."

The *second* common objection to the service is, that however fitting under the old Mosaic dispensation, these curses are at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, by which we are no longer under the curse, for "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." (Gal. iii. 13.)

Our answer to this objection is this:—While we fully and thank-

fully admit that the curse is removed from all true and sincere Christians who "walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise;" and indeed this blessed fact is most strongly stated in the Commination Service; yet, alas! we all know too well, and see too plainly, that there are in every parish, in every congregation, many who in deed, if not in word, neglect the commands of Almighty God—many sickly members, who, instead of being grafted into the True Vine, are as branches that hang on it loosely by the ties of a feeble and almost nominal religion.

Now "the Law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ," and its curses rest on all those who abide at a distance from Him. The fact that the Gospel-day has dawned, instead of making such curses of none effect, weights them with fuller wrath, arms them with sharper terrors—to be wreaked on all those who will not "flee for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel."

And it seems to be the very aim of the Church in this Service to persuade those who are ungodly and careless of this their exceeding danger. Her desire seems to be to make such persons sorry for sin, so that they may rejoice in the salvation of Christ, urging them to a real and deep contrition from the remembrance of God's wrath against all impenitent sinners, whether their guilt be open or secret; and then encouraging them, when awakened to a sense of their danger, with assurances of God's readiness to receive all true penitents, and to bestow on them pardon and peace in this life, and endless happiness in the next.

Thus they are greatly mistaken who object to the Commination Service, as if contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. It is for those only who heartily accept it that the Gospel has made the law of none effect. Christ has truly taken its fearful terrors from it for those that trust in Him; but for those who do not, its thunders roll and its lightnings flash as fiercely as they did at first on Sinai. In the words of Luther, "Afflicted and broken spirits must be comforted by Christ; but hard-hearted Pharisees, unto whom the grace of God is preached in vain, must be terrified by the law."

Let us, then, study well beforehand in our closet this most impressive service of our Prayer-book; and let us strive to benefit by its public use in our Parish Church on Ash-Wednesday.

With all sorrow for the sinner while we hate the sin—with searching into our own heart and life rather than with thought of our neighbour's wrong-doing, let us say our "Amen" to these denunciations of God's judgments, and let us strive so to trust in Jesus, Who bore the curse of the law, and so to walk in the footprints of His holy life, that hereafter we may be of the number of those who no more on earth give their feeble but sincere "Amen" to the voice of the Law, the mere shadow of the Divine Light and Purity, but may swell that great voice of much people in heaven, who sing the ceaseless anthem,— "Alleluia, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God, for true and righteous are His judgments." "Amen, Alleluia." "Praise our God all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great." "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." (Rev. xix.)



# THE PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, 1861.

PARISH MAGAZINE.—*Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Depôt, Blackwellgate.*

## ST. CUTHBERT.—DARLINGTON.

ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY.—Appeals were made on Sunday Feb. 24th in furtherance of the cause undertaken by this excellent handmaid of the Church of England; its advocates being the Rev. R. Hopper Williams in the morning, and the Rev. J. G. Pearson, Incumbent, in the evening. When we record the fact that as many as 26 additional clergy are labouring in this Diocese through the instrumentality of the Society, the parishioners will be gratified to hear that the collections exceeded the average of those generally made, having amounted to £12 8s 5d.

## HOLY TRINITY.—DARLINGTON.

### THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE JEWS.

THE annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of Christianity amongst the Jews was held in the Boys' National School Room, on Tuesday evening the 19th of February. The attendance was good and truly sympathetic as the collection afterwards proved.

The Rev. R. Wolseley, the deputation, in a clear and eloquent speech described the present peculiar state of the Jewish mind,—the difficulties of obtaining an acknowledgment of its convictions, and the means of grace adapted by the Missionaries of the Society to persuade and overcome.

It is worthy of mention that Mr. Wolseley during his late tour, as the representative of this excellent association, though deeply suffering from bereavement, (the death of one of his children), proceeded energetically with his Divine Master's command and work.

The Rev. Mr. Minton (the chairman) made some appropriate remarks upon the necessity of self-denial, and in enforcing the point that our strongest social tendencies ought to give way to the requirements of the advancing kingdom of Christ, quoted the Saviour's remark, "He that loveth Father or Mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

The Rev. Mr. Charlesworth (the curate of Trinity) hoped that the Incumbent's words would circulate beneficially through the whole Diocese.

The collection amounted to £9.

## SAINT JOHN.—DARLINGTON.

SERMONS were preached on Sunday, February 24th, on behalf of the expenses incidental to the celebration of Divine Service in the Church. by the Rev. E. Castley in the morning, and by the Rev. R. Hopper Williamson in the evening. The congregation at the evening service was unusually large, from the circumstance of the great respect with which Mr Williamson is regarded by the inhabitants of Darlington, and especially by his olden Parishioners of Trinity. The collections amounted to £7 9s 1d.

THE LENTEN SERVICES.

| DATE AND DAY.                              | PREACHER.                                                    | SUBJECT.                                                                       |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Wed. (March 6), 7.15 p.m.                  | Rev. R. J. Simpson, Curate of Haughton.                      | Good Cheer amidst tribulation, the Christian's Victory.                        |
| " (March 13), 7.15 p.m.                    | Rev. H. S. Dudding, Curate of Hurworth.                      | The best time for Repentance.                                                  |
| " (March 20), 7.15 p.m.                    | Rev. W. Eade, Curate of Aycliffe.                            | Repentance.                                                                    |
| Monday before Easter (Mar. 25), 7.15 p.m.  | Rev. J. G. Pearson, Incumbent of St. Cuthbert, Darlington.   | "She hath done it for my Burial."                                              |
| Tuesday before Easter (Mar. 26), 7.15 p.m. | Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, Curate of Holy Trinity, Darlington. | The Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord; and their consequences to Mankind. |
| Wed. before Easter (March 27), 7.15 p.m.   | Rev. W. H. Elliott, Vicar of Sockburn.                       | The Merits of Jesus Christ, the alone cause of Man's Justification.            |
| Thurs. before Easter (Mar. 28), 7.15 p.m.  | Rev. T. J. Smith, Curate of St. Cuthbert, Darlington.        | By Christ's "Stripes we are healed."                                           |
| GOOD FRIDAY.—Morning, 10.30 a.m.           | The Curate, Rev. E. Castley.                                 | "It is Finished."                                                              |
| Evening, 7.15 p.m.                         | The Incumbent, Rev. W. H. Stephens.                          | The purposes of Christ's Death and its lessons.                                |

We are thankful to our Divine Master for the excellent congregations which have attended the preceding Services on the Wednesday Evenings of Lent. They have far exceeded our anticipations and have fully repaid our brother Clergy for the voluntary labour they have undergone in complying with the Incumbent's request to undertake these Special Services. And having begun the good work so well, we trust that the congregation will persevere to the end, even gathering more and more the strength of numbers. The Sermon on Ash Wednesday was preached by the Rev. W. H. G. Stephens, from Ps. LI. 10 "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." It was a prayer of David's, implying the corruption of the human heart, and before it can be offered by any one with the understanding and with sincerity of heart there must be a conviction of his own inward depravity. But in what does this corruption and depravity consist? In reply to the inquiry the Preacher observed that great mischief had been done to this Scriptural Doctrine by the exaggerated views and language uttered in some pulpits. When man is described, as he has sometimes been, as utterly destitute of a good quality, the description is felt by the conscience to be erroneous; and the charge failing to convince the hearer has often raised a spirit of indignation in the breast. There is no occasion of denying the existence and excellence of natural virtue. Instances beyond mention occur in profane history where the purest patriotism, the most faithful friendships, the most heroic self-sacrifice, the purest truthfulness have abounded; and amongst ourselves we occasionally observe the presence of many social virtues and excellencies in persons who are not actuated by religious principles. One such the Saviour "beholding, loved." In fact we may concede to many men the possession of some good qualities and yet maintain strictly and truthfully that their hearts are corrupt and depraved. For the corruption exists rather in our relations to God than to man; not but that every one would discharge his duty to his neighbour more loyally if his affections were set, as they should be, on the Supreme Being. A careful analysis of the texts would confirm this view of the doctrine "The carnal mind is at enmity against God"—we are accused of "departing from the living God"—"of not liking to retain God in our thoughts"—and "of loving the Creature more than the Creator." When the charge against man is placed in this light, however faithfully he may discharge the

duties of life as regards his fellow creatures, his conscience must notwithstanding plead guilty. We must all confess that God is not honored and loved as He ought to be. In this respect we must acknowledge that "there is no (saving) health in us." The preacher concluded by enlarging upon the sadness of the circumstance that men possessed of immortal Souls could live from day to day without right feelings towards God, with little thankfulness to Him, with little or no disposition to pray to Him or even to think of Him: such disloyalty being the worse for its voluntarism and wilfulness. He earnestly commended the prayer of the text to his hearers.

On Wednesday Evening, February 20th, a very impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. J. D. Eade, M.A., Vicar of Aycliffe, from 1st John, II. 17. "The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." The preacher was listened to with great attention by a numerous congregation, as he spoke of the instability of all human things, and the vanity of all worldly objects of desire; and warned his hearers against placing too much reliance on things which, in their nature, are not calculated to confer any great degree of happiness on the soul of man, and which in a short time they will be called upon to leave for ever. All the pleasures, and honours, and vanities of the world will soon vanish away, and leave those, who have lusted after them, and idolized them, poor and naked indeed, when they come to stand before the judgment seat of Christ. The preacher expatiated at some length on the blessedness of him—and him *only* "whose delight is in the law of the Lord," and whose constant endeavour it is to frame his life according to the revealed will of God. While fear, and dismay, and anguish, are the inseparable companions of guilt, the sure possession of him who doeth God's will is bliss present, bliss to come—an eternity of bliss. Many of his hearers, we doubt not, will remember to their profit, the earnest exhortation to a life of piety and practical holiness with which the sermon was concluded.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th, the Rev. G. G. Lynn, M.A. Vicar of Coniscliffe, preached an able sermon from Matthew xx. 16. "For many be called, but few chosen." He eloquently confuted the foolish notion with which sinners are apt to satisfy themselves, viz., that they are no worse than those around them, and that it is incredible that God should at last suffer such a *multitude* of His creatures to be punished. But the ways of the multitude are no sure criterion of what is right. Would it have been safe in the days of Noah to continue to live in sin, to take the *multitude* as our example, when the world was teeming with inhabitants, and one family alone was rescued from destruction? Would it have been safe to do so in the days of Lot—among the wicked inhabitants of the cities of the Plain, when fire and brimstone came down from heaven, and brought down the wrath of God upon every living soul that dwelt there? No, although they were very *many*, God overwhelmed them in a common destruction. Is it safe then for us now to indulge a hope that God will not punish us if we live in sin, simply because we have *numbers* on our side? Is it safe to do so in the very teeth of our Lord's declaration, that "many are called but few chosen:" that "straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life:" that "wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat?" The preacher pointed out the great dangers of neglecting the high and holy privileges to which we as Christians are called, and earnestly exhorted all to "give diligence to make their calling and election sure"—to "work out their salvation with fear and trembling." Reader, are *you* endeavouring to do so?

THE CONFIRMATION will be held in St. Cuthbert's Church, on Saturday March 16th, at 11:30 a.m. The classes formed for the preparation of candidates in St. John's Parish will continue to meet at the Church, the Schools, Mrs. Stevenson's, Chapel Street, and at Mrs. Chamberlain's, Brunswick Street.

THE SCHOOLS.—The Treasurer has received a grant of £5 from the Flounders' Trustees; and Messrs. W. and J. Wooler have made the considerate gift of a waggon load of coals.



HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH.

|                              | MORNING.                                     | EVENING.                                                        |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Mar. 3. 3rd Sund. in Lent.   | Hymn 111. Irish.<br>" 5. Dundee.             | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 157. Rockingham.<br>" 135. St. Ann.      |
| Mar. 6. Wednesday.           |                                              | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 88. Innocents.                           |
| Mar. 10. 4th Sund. in Lent.  | Hymn 180. Nayland.<br>Psalm 130. All Saints. | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>Psalm 25. Doncaster.<br>Hymn 107. Bedford. |
| Mar. 13. Wednesday.          |                                              | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 61. Melcombe.                            |
| Mar. 17. 5th Sund. in Lent.  | Psalm 42. St. Magnus.<br>Hymn 110. Wareham.  | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 200. Innocents.<br>" 122. St. Paul.      |
| Mar. 20. Wednesday.          |                                              | Hymn 152. Vesper.<br>" 149.                                     |
| Mar. 24. Sund. bef. Easter.  | Psalm 102. St. James.<br>Hymn 207. Angels'.  | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 91. Rockingham.<br>" 184. Carlisle.      |
| Mar. 25. Mon. bef. Easter.   |                                              | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 201. Emperor.                            |
| Mar. 26. Tues. bef. Easter.  |                                              | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 190. St. Bernard.                        |
| Mar. 27. Wed. bef. Easter.   |                                              | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 121. Old Hundredth.                      |
| Mar. 28. Thurs. bef. Easter. |                                              | Hymn 153. Vesper.<br>" 133. Bedford.                            |
| Mar. 29. Good Friday.        | Hymn 73. Calvary.<br>" 199. Melcombe.        | Hymn 73. Calvary.<br>" 121. Wareham.<br>" 119. Doncaster.       |
| Mar. 31. Easter Day.         | Hymn 86. Easter Hymn.<br>" 191. St. Michael. | Hymn 86. Easter H:<br>" 169. Haddam.<br>" 180. Nayland.         |

THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|         |                         |                                                                                                                          |                 |
|---------|-------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| March 3 | SUNDAY IN LENT.         | Morn. Gen. 39—Luke 14.<br>Phil. 2.                                                                                       | Even. Gen. 42—  |
| 6       | WEDNESDAY.              | Even. Deut. 27—Col. 1.                                                                                                   |                 |
| 10      | 4 SUNDAY IN LENT.       | Morn. Gen. 43—Luke 21.<br>1 Th. 1.                                                                                       | Even. Gen. 45—  |
| 13      | WEDNESDAY.              | Even. Joshua 7—1 Th. 4.                                                                                                  |                 |
| 16      | CONFIRMATION.           |                                                                                                                          |                 |
| 17      | 5 SUNDAY IN LENT.       | Morn. Exod. 3—John 4.<br>2 Th. 3.                                                                                        | Even. Exod. 5—  |
| 20      | WEDNESDAY.              | Even. Judges 9—1 Tim. 4.                                                                                                 |                 |
| 24      | SUND. NEXT BEF. EASTER. | Morn. Exod. 9—Matt. 26.<br>Heb. 5 to verse 11.                                                                           | Even. Exod. 10— |
| 25      | MONDAY BEF. EASTER.     | Even. Eccles. 3—2 Tim. 3.                                                                                                |                 |
| 26      | TUESDAY BEF. EASTER.    | Even. Judges 19—2 Tim. 4.                                                                                                |                 |
| 27      | WEDNES. BEF. EASTER.    | Even. Hosea 14—Titus 1.                                                                                                  |                 |
| 28      | THURSDAY BEF. EASTER.   | Even. Jer. 31—Titus 2, 3.                                                                                                |                 |
| 29      | GOOD FRIDAY.            | Morn. Gen. 22 to v. 20—John 18.<br>53—1 Peter 2. Proper Psalms—Morn.<br>22, 40, 54. Even.—69, 88.                        | Even. Is.       |
| 31      | EASTER DAY.             | Morn. Exod. 12—Rom. 6. Even. Exod. 14—<br>Acts 2, begin. v. 22. Proper Psalms—<br>Morn. 2, 57, 111. Even. 113, 114, 118. |                 |

The Services in the Church on Wednesday Evenings and in Passion Week will begin at 7.15.

CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.—The Sunday School at the Chapel is opened at 2.30 p.m. every Sunday; and Divine Service commences at 6 p.m.

BAPTISMS and CHURCHINGS at the Evening Service on Sundays; also on every Tuesday in the Month at 3 p.m.



"WE MUST GO OUT AND LOOK FOR MY HUSBAND," SAID SOPHY.

## The Story of a Gambler.

### CHAPTER IV.—GOD'S AWAKENING VOICE.



AS the bells were ringing for church one beautiful Sunday morning in May, Karl started for "the Dragon." The tones of the bells came floating behind him as though to call him back.

The little bell—the first in the chime, seemed to be saying, "Whither are you going?" the middle one, "Turn back, turn back;" and, lastly, the great bell, "Wrath and punishment!" But let him go his way. To-day he will not be able to escape his sermon.

It needed to be hardened in sin to begin play that lovely Sabbath morning. Yet, in spite of sabbath bells, of May breezes, and the song of birds, the gamblers buried themselves in their game. Karl was rejoicing over the good luck that he had, when a loud knock was heard at the door, and a tall man, in the uniform of a major, entered. There was a deep scar across his face, and his right sleeve hung empty at his side. His face had an expression of manly earnest-

ness, and on his breast were two decorations. "Landlord," said he, "I find I must wait awhile for my carriage; I will, therefore, take a seat among your guests." The gamblers paused—Karl had gathered up the cards for the next deal, but laid them down again, when the major thus addressed them: "Probably I may find among you more than one old comrade of the field, who has been to the wars?" Several answered to this question, and a conversation ensued about the great campaign of 1814. After awhile the major gave the conversation a more serious turn. He spoke of God's great mercy in the campaign, which should leave a serious impression for the rest of his life on every one who had passed through those eventful times.

"But in truth, old comrades," continued he, "it is to me quite incomprehensible, and makes me heartily sorry, that you can thus murder our beloved Sabbath by playing cards. Even when in the army, it deeply grieved me that so many officers rushed from the card-table into the battle-field, where God's angel of death was continually passing through their ranks: and in reality, He is no further from *you* at this moment. Just hand me over the cards. I understand something about dealing, and I will, in a few words, tell you their *meaning*." Karl gave him the cards. The major threw the seven acorns on the table.\* "See," said he, "this acorn is an offspring of the oak in which that ruined rebel, Absalom, remained hanging. Alas! how many ruined, rebel sons, have since then hung with body and soul from the branches of this accursed oak!" Then he took a card with a green leaf, and said, "Because the olive-branch was a type of Him Who leads the sinner's heart to the peace of God, the devil has invented other leaves to cause that One to be forgotten." He next took up a card with bells on it. "These," said he, "are the bells on the fool's cap, which the devil puts upon the head of card-players, for whilst he makes them believe *they* will win, he wins from *them* their time of grace, and ruins their souls." Then he took up the ace, and continued: "This is the master of your body and soul. Do you not know him? not know him whom you serve! Think on this wicked one—repent—and leave his service before it is too late." Lastly, he took up a red card. "These red hearts are the bleeding hearts of your wives and children, whose daily bread you are gambling away, and neglecting your sacred duties of husbands and fathers."

While he was thus dealing out at one table the cards vanished from the others. Shame or anger was expressed on every face, but no one dared to say a word in opposition to this determined man. It was long before his carriage came, but the cards did not re-appear, and the major continued affectionately to warn and exhort them till his carriage drove up. He shook hands with them all as he took leave, and they all followed him to the door, each wishing him a prosperous journey.

On returning into the room they exclaimed, "Who could that be?" but no one could tell. One hardened old gambler tried to rally them again to the tables, but he could not succeed. Others said,

\* In Germany the cards have different marks on them from those in England; and, therefore, the major's speech is not easy for English card-players to understand. It seems best, however, to give a literal translation.



"It was all true that he said ;" and there was no more gambling that day. Karl returned home earlier than usual, quiet and friendly: the branch on which the wicked Absalom had hung, and the bleeding hearts of his wife and children, could not be driven from his thoughts.

Better days now dawned on the mill. Through the whole summer he remained at home, was loving and fatherly to his wife and children, and diligently attended to his calling. Andreas felt as though the good old days were coming back to the mill. The roses again bloomed on his wife's cheek, and the children for the first time knew that they had a father. Oh that this improvement had lasted !

On the evening before Good Friday in the following year, as he was sitting with his family, his old companions—the sponsors of his second child—came in. They reproached him for being always at home. They told him they had made up their minds to remain and have a game with him, and for this purpose had brought the cards with them. So he cleared the table, and his poor wife went away into the kitchen to weep in secret.

More and more frequently the gamblers came, and they invited Karl so pressingly to visit them in return, that at last he complied. To "the Dragon" he never went again. This den had become to him, and to many of his companions, a place in which fiery coals seemed to burn. The spirit of the one-armed major haunted it. They did not feel comfortable there. But here and there with his friends, and at other public-houses, Karl went to play. In a year's time his life was just what it had been before ! "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through the dry places seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out ; and when he is come he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh unto himself seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

But the Shepherd of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. One more call was yet given to bring back poor Karl into His holy way.

One day in the following winter Karl had gone out late at night, in piercing cold. His way was by the side of a deep hollow, and on his return, as it was pitch dark, he made a false step and fell headlong into a pit. He was not much hurt, only stunned, and on recovering his senses he sought on every side for a way out, but the sides of the pit were so steep that he gave it up in despair. Then, what thoughts rushed into his mind ! "That accursed gambling !" cried he in his misery. "Oh, what joy or blessing does it bring ? and yet I am running after it ! I might now have been happy at home, instead of lying here in this pit ; and no one sees or hears me ! Two hours more and I shall be frozen to death, wife and children will be widow and orphans ! When such an accident happens to a man in his lawful calling he knows he dies in the path of duty, but I am dying in the service of my evil pleasures. Alas ! unchristian, unnatural man that I am !" He shouted, in the hope of making himself heard by some passer-by, but he was only answered by the howling wind. In despair of all human help, he at length cried, like Jonah, to the Great Helper above, vowing most solemnly that he would never play again

if He would deliver him this time from the jaws of death. And as he prayed the keen winds blew the clouds away, and the friendly crescent moon shone down into the pit. By her light he discovered a small crevice at some height from the ground. To this by the help of his stick he climbed, and squeezing himself into it he clambered with much difficulty to the top. Thus, by God's great mercy, he safely regained his home. So again there came a lovely spot in the desert of Karl's life, and yet within two years the gambling fiend had taken possession of him again.

I will not lead you again, good reader, through the enticing and evil ways by which the prince of this world conducted Karl. I will only say that his gentle wife continued with much patience to bear with him. When he returned to his old habits she determined always to sit up for him at night. Through all those dreary hours she would sit spinning and knitting, reading and praying, while her tears fell fast upon the work she was about. At Karl's knock she opened the door, and was as kind to him as becomes a Christian wife to be. He would frequently say to her, "Sophy, why are you still up?" She would answer, "Karl, I stayed up to let you in directly when you knocked; and, besides, you might want something." He avoided meeting her eye, and would hurry away to bed.

She clung to the hope that, through God's mercy, her love and forbearance might prevail; and so far she succeeded, that he always returned by eleven o'clock.

One night, however, eleven, and even twelve o'clock struck, and he did not come. It was pitch dark, and the cold wind heaped up the crisp snow in the window-sill. The poor wife sat in the window, listening and waiting. It struck one—a terrible dread fell upon her. She could bear it no longer. She called up the faithful Andreas, saying, "We must go out and look for my husband. He may be lost in a snow-drift." Andreas was soon ready, staff and lantern in hand. They loosed the great dog, and took him with them; for Andreas said, "He will help to seek his master, and will show us the road home." Thus they ascended the hill together; love and fidelity gave strength and perseverance, and made Andreas' old bones young again. The roads could not be traced, but after toiling for half an hour across the meadows the dog gave a spring, and ran joyfully forward. Before them stood a man covered with snow, leaning on his stick, and looking like a stone sign-post. "Karl, is it you?" said his wife. "It is I." "Why are you staying here so long?" "I don't know," he feebly answered. He seemed lamed and wounded. Each took him by an arm, and dragged him to the village. On the way he spoke not a word. On reaching his home they put him to bed, gave him some hot tea, and he fell asleep.

The next morning he was pretty well recovered, and the first words he spoke to his wife were, "Sophy, last night you were as an angel of God to me. At ten o'clock I left my friends, and reached the top of the hill safely; but there, losing my way, I wandered about three hours in the storm and snow. I was completely exhausted. My consciousness seemed leaving me, and probably in a few minutes more I should have sunk down never to rise again, if you had not reached me at that moment. Sophy, if I ever forget what you have

done for me this night, may God forget me. I will never touch a card again."

"Do not be so confident in your vows, Karl," warned Sophy; "rather pray that God may give you strength to do so."

"Yes, that too," said Karl; "but still, I am firmly determined I never will touch a card again." He immediately renounced his gambling companions; no entreaties of theirs could move him; and he remained quietly at home.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE GAMBLER'S END.

How gladly would I have finished my story with the last chapter! But the end must be told, however painful it may be. And who knows to what it may profit?

This happy state of affairs at the mill lasted full *eight* years. Karl's two eldest sons grew old enough to help their father in the mill. Andreas was permitted to enjoy a rest after his long years of service, and departed to his heavenly home, leaving his blessing upon the whole family.

Karl's prosperity increased. His cousin and guardian was dead, and he inherited his property. His wife gave thanks to her God on every remembrance of the expedition she had made on that terrible night. One thing only troubled her. Since Karl had overcome the enemy, and for a length of years had stood proof against temptation, he allowed himself to think that his own strength had done it. He would say to other gamblers, "Look at me; any one has strength enough, if they make the determination, to tear themselves from play."

We shall soon see how true it is that a "haughty spirit goeth before a fall." God will not give His honour to another. When these eight years were passed, it happened that a large property in the neighbourhood was to be sold in lots. Karl was one of the purchasers; and such transactions being usually accompanied by drinking and gambling, Karl was constantly thrown in the way of temptation. For some time he contented himself with only looking on, and resolutely refused every entreaty to play. But when at last he was invited to do so, by one whom he considered a *great man*, he could no longer withstand. From that time he began to play again, but only occasionally, and with no great eagerness.

When his poor wife heard of it, and reminded him of the day of his deliverance and of his vows, he replied, "That was quite a different thing. I am too old to feel such mad thirst for it now; besides, just playing for honour can never be forbidden. Therefore I shall continue to play at present. I can leave off whenever I choose. You shall see I shall not be walking over the country in the winter nights." This, indeed, proved quite true, but not in the sense in which Karl now said it.

In the autumn his late companions dispersed, but he had a cousin in the neighbourhood who had a gambling-party once a-week. Thither Karl went almost weekly, but always returned home in good time. Nevertheless, his conscience was uneasy. The excuses he made for himself did not satisfy it. It continually reproached him



with his conduct to his wife—still more with reference to God, who had twice given him the most solemn warning, and yet in vain.

One clear November day, after his dinner, Karl went off to his cousin's. From two till six o'clock he played cards, and about seven set out to go home. As soon as he got into the open fields he saw a thick autumn fog coming up, but already he could see dimly gleaming through it the lights of the village, as he descended the hill. At the bottom the road divided, one way led through a cherry-orchard into the village, the other to a gravel-pit. In this pit, for the last four weeks, workmen had been blasting, and it was now not less than forty-five feet deep. Had Karl only gone by daylight, he would have been warned by the sign-post. The lights in the village were too flickering and unsteady through the fog for him to make out from which houses they came, and thus all his way-marks failed him. However, he strode boldly on—took the wrong road—and suddenly dashed with one deadly stride down into the gravel-pit! In the cottage close by they heard the fall, but they thought it was probably a piece of earth which had been loosened by the blasting, and which had now fallen down.

His wife waited for him, but thought little of his present delay in comparison of former times. At nine o'clock she once more looked out at the sky. It was clear again, and beautifully spangled with stars. So, feeling more easy, she retired to rest. Little did she suspect that her poor husband was already sleeping the sleep of death.

When she woke up early the next morning, she was alarmed and surprised to find he had never come home. She quickly despatched a messenger to his cousin, but before he could return, the blasters, when they went to their work in the pit, had found poor Karl's body. There he lay, in the midst of the large loose stones, on his back, with open mouth, a gaping wound in his breast, and a pool of blood by his side. Thus had death suddenly snatched him away, as from the very gaming-table. What an awful end! May God preserve every one of us from such. Rightly do we pray in the beautiful Litany of our Church—"From sudden death, good Lord deliver us!"

I will tell you nothing of the grief of his wife and children. Five years have passed since his death. His sons are pious, honest fellows, and in them their mother reaps an abundant harvest from the seed she sowed in tears, but deep traces of sorrow are engraven on her face, and she continues to wear her mourning dress.

Good reader! never forget the lessons which this tale is intended to teach—that terrible is the power of gambling over him that has once fallen into it; and also, that no one who has once yielded to it may think himself, at any time of his life, so secure that he may venture into temptation. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

J. F. C.





ENNYSON tells us, that in the "Wreath of March" blossom the "Crocus, Anemone, and Violet," all of which are welcome heralds of Spring; and the Violet is especially dear to us, on account of its fragrance, as well as its modest beauty.

There are many varieties of this plant, the well-known Pansy, or Heart's-case, being the most conspicuous from its showy blossoms.

The Heathens revered the Violet as the flower of Jupiter, from the fabled story that he caused it at the first to spring up as food for a young damsel, whom he had turned into a cow!

Syrup of Violets is much used by the English in medicine, and in the manufacture of confectionery; and it is still more largely used by



the Turks and Persians, in whose favourite beverage, sherbet, it forms an important ingredient. Dr. Salmon maintains that it is extremely "profitable for Quinsies;" and Charas, who wrote in 1670 on the medicinal properties of vipers, says that "the juyce of floures of violets may be compounded with oyl of scorpions into boluses, that shall have great vertue." Poets are true lovers of this little flower. Homer decorates the enchanted Isle of Calypso with "glowing violets;" and Wordsworth sweetly sings,—

"A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye,  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky."

R. B.

## **The General Thaw.**

BY MRS. A. GATTY,

AUTHOR OF "PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED," ETC.

"Ah! when shall all men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?"—TENNYSON.



ICE, Snow, and Water,—only think of such near neighbours—blood-relations, so to speak, from the Creation—squabbling about their rights and dignities, and which was best of the three; instead of living pleasantly together, giving and taking in turn, as the case might be.

But so it was, and the facts were these. It was a very, very hard winter that year, and the ice on the mill-dam grew so thick and strong, and was, besides, so remarkably smooth and fine, that it forgot its origin, and fancied itself a crystal floor.

Only think what nonsense! But there is no nonsense people will not be ready to believe, when they once begin to meditate upon their own perfections.

And so, fancying himself a crystal floor, the Ice got to look down upon the Water which flowed underneath him, as an impertinent intruder; and considered it a piece of great familiarity, on the part of the Snow, to come dropping upon him from the sky.

In fact, his head was so full of his own importance in the world, that it seemed to him, everybody else ought to be full of it too, and keep at a respectful distance, and admire him. And he made some very unpleasant remarks to this effect.

For instance, "I should be much obliged to you," observed he one day to the water which ran into the dam from a stream, "if you would have the goodness to turn yourself in some other direction, when you find yourself coming near me. Over the fields to the right hand, or to the left; or into the ditches, if you please; anywhere, in fact, but just under me. You fidget me to death with your everlasting trickling and movement. Pray amuse yourself in some other way, than by disturbing people in such a position as mine. I dare say you have no notion of how disagreeable you make yourself to others: you are so used to your own ways, yourself. But the truth is, I can bear it no longer, and you must carry your restlessness somewhere else—it distracts my attention from my friends!"

Now the "friends" he spoke of were the skaters and sliders, who did nothing but praise his beauty as they darted along on his surface, making beautiful figures as they went.

"But *I* wish," answered the Water, as it kept running in, "that you would not talk nonsense, but leave me a little more elbow-room, instead of pressing so close upon me, that I get thinner and thinner every day. If you don't, I shall certainly break out if I can, and be at the top myself. I've no notion of being kept down by my neighbours, however grand and polished they may be. Just take care of yourself, and look out. If the springs on the moors should get loose, and the streams fill and come in here with a rush, I should lift you up like nothing, and silly enough you would look.



"*If!*" shouted the Ice, in a mocking tone.

"If? well, if!" echoed the Water in a rage. "Stiff and strong as you are, it only wants a thaw in the hills to send a torrent your way, and the whole thing's done. But what do you know about thaws, and hills, and torrents, and the force of pent-up water, fixed in one place as you are, and never getting any information? . . . ."

"Now if you were to ask my advice . . . . who know so much more than you do . . . . and could give you a hint or two . . . . upon yielding gracefully to necessity . . . . it would be greatly to your advantage . . . . But . . . ."

But the *but* died away, and was lost; for, even while the Water was talking, some of it was freezing; and as it froze, its voice got thinner and thinner, till at last it could not be heard at all!

Meantime, the Ice got thicker and thicker, and more conceited every minute. "And," said he, "it cannot be worth my while to trouble myself with what is happening underneath me! There the Water is, and there he must remain, let him brag and chatter as he will; he at the bottom, and I at the top. And here come my friends to do me honour, I declare!"

And come they did; and in such numbers, that the mill-dam Ice had never felt half so grand before.

It was really the prettiest sight in the world! Here, were beautiful ladies in chairs, pushed along from behind by gay young men. There, other young men were skating or sliding; while, in a separate corner, children were sliding and shouting, tumbling down, laughing, and getting up again, as happy as any of the others.

Really the Ice, on whom this pretty scene took place, must be excused for feeling a little vain. It seemed him as if it was all done in compliment to himself; for, you see, he had never been at school to learn any better, and find out how insignificant everybody is to his neighbour. And presently the day closed in, and the company went away home. And then, as night drew on, the wind veered to the south, and a drizzle of snow began to fall. It was very light at first—mere snow-dust, in fact, and in the darkness the Ice knew nothing of what was happening, for feel it he could not. But by degrees the drizzle turned into flakes, which dropped with graceful delay through the air, and said to themselves as they did so, "How we *shall* be admired by the world when it awakes! It isn't every day in the year it's so beautifully drest. It's only now and then it has visitors from the skies. Do let us cover it well over, so that it may find itself white altogether for once!"

Which they did; and when the morning came not a bit of the mill-dam Ice was to be seen. Indeed, he might have gone on all day, fancying it was night (for everything was dark to him, as he lay underneath in the shade of the snow-fall), but that one or two luckless urchins, who wanted to slide, came and kicked some of it away with their feet.

And then he found out the truth. There he was, covered up with a great white sheet, and couldn't see out! His beauty, his friends, his glories, where were they now? He thought of yesterday, and his heart almost broke! Oh! who had dared to send these miserable Snow-flakes to disfigure him thus? Never was insolence like this! The trickling of the water below was a trifle, a mere nothing by comparison!

The Snow-flakes were amazed. "We come of ourselves, nobody sent us," murmured they, as they still kept falling gently from the sky, and dropping like eider-down on the ice; "and we have the right to come where we please. Who can hinder us, I wonder? The clouds are too heavy to carry us all, so some of us come down. My sisters and I were nearest, so here we are. We don't understand your rudeness. You ought to be flattered that we choose to come,—we, who are used to be carried about by the breezes, and live in the clouds!"

"If the winds and the skies are so fond of you, let them come and take you away," cried the Ice. "I ask one only thing—Begone! Begone with your mincing conceit and your beauty, you are not worthy that I should hold you up."

"You braggart! we should like to hide you and cover you up for ever," muttered the Snow-flakes. "And we don't intend to go for your pleasure and whim. Here we are, and here we shall stay, let you squall and bawl as you will. We at the top, and you at the bottom, and there you may remain!"

And such seemed likely to be the case; but by and bye, when all the clouds had passed over, and no more snow was falling, and the sun had begun to shine, a party of skaters and sliders came and stood on the bank of the dam.

And said they one to another,—first, "What a pity!" and then, "But the snow is not very thick;" and then, "It surely might be shovelled away if we had but two or three men with shovels and brooms." So they sent for two or three men with shovels and brooms, and these swept and shovelled, and shovelled and swept, till a great space of the ice was left clear, and the snow was laid in heaps on the sides.

It was a very hard case for the Snow! Such a poor, soft, delicate thing to be so ill-used,—it was really cruel work! Pushed, and flung, and dirtied, and shovelled about till she was ready to melt with self-pity.

But there is no helping one's fate, so she lay along the sides of the mill-dam, grumbling and groaning—the only satisfaction she could get.

Well, before the day was over, the skaters had asked each other, as they passed and repassed, "Was there not a softness on the ice?"—"Was not the snow less crisp?" But all was perfectly safe, so people did not stop to talk then: only, as they went home, they agreed that a thaw was coming.

The truth was, that one or two springs in the hills had got loose from a few hours' thaw; and a strong stream, though not a torrent, was pouring into the dam. And presently there was a cry for room.

"More room! more room! make much more room! You stiff-necked Ice, do you hear?"

And now the contest began.—"I shall not give way an inch, you noisy vagabond Water!"

—"If you don't, I shall wash you away."

—"You shall wash the world away first. I shall maintain my position."

—"We shall see about that in a minute."

And so they went on, while the Snow-heaps whimpered at the sides, "What a coarse-minded couple they are! What it is to be low-born and vile! *We* are quite unfit to be here!"

Meantime, the water poured in, and kept swelling more and more; till at last there was a heaving upward—in spite of all he could do—of the crystal floor; and by and bye a sharp crack rang along its surface, from one end to the other.

He could not maintain his position after all!

And now came another and another crack, all along the sides, as the lift-up came; and at one corner in oozed the water itself. It had no chance of bragging, however; for as fast as it touched the surface it froze, and was turned to ice.

So this was all the Water could do then, for the thaw in the hills had stopped. But the Ice never rallied again, because of those horrible cracks. He was laughed at on every side—he, who had boasted so much! For the Water below and the Snow above, who were ready enough to teaze each other at other times, were willing to join together now in spiting a common foe. Such is the way of the world!

And when a real general thaw came in the air, and all over the country, as it soon did, and the sliders and skaters withdrew—oh, dear, those were dismal days for the poor deserted Ice!—"My friends forsake me," cried he, "and my foes rejoice! Those cracks have broken my heart! I believe it is melting away."

And it was; but the Snow-flakes were the first to disappear, and then the Ice became wet outside. And he said, "The water has squeezed through, I declare! This comes of keeping bad company; but, anyhow, the Snow-flakes are gone, and that's civil at least. *They* did what they were asked, and that's something."

Now the Water had not squeezed through, and the Snow-flakes had not been civil; but the cleverest people make mistakes sometimes.

And presently the Water below found the pressure upon him not quite so great. There was a little more room to move in. So said he, "Dear me! this is good. My friend the Ice is giving way. 'Better late than never,' we'll say. He's coming to reason at last."

But the Ice was not coming to reason—he was only melting away. And as he got thinner and thinner, he struggled less and less with the Water; and said he, "We shall all live to be friends and neighbours at last, I believe."

But they lived to be far more than that, for one day they found themselves brothers! For when the ice got so thin that the water poured over the sides, it broke into a thousand fragments, and went rolling and tumbling about, dissolving away every minute. And the snow-heaps which had stuck on the sides fell in too, and they all rolled about together, ice and snow and water in one. And they wept, and rolled, and tumbled, and tumbled, and rolled, and wept; and, cried they, "What have we been doing? What folly have we been talking? Scolding, and thwarting, and boasting, when, my friends—my dear, dear friends—we are all of us brothers together!"

It was a long and happy embrace: it is going on still! But, oh! what a pity they did not find the truth out sooner! Let those who are brothers by nature think of this, and not wait for *The General Thaw*—Death.



## The Coney.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



THE English word "Coney," though now not in common use, is another name for the "rabbit." The Hebrew noun (*Shâphan*) denotes an animal which "burrows" or "hides" itself; and this is, no doubt, the reason why our translators have supposed that the well-known little animal, the rabbit, was intended. It is

a question, however, whether the rabbit occurs in the Bible lands,—at any rate, scholars and naturalists are all pretty well agreed that the animal depicted in the subjoined woodcut—the Syrian daman, or hyrax (*Hyrax Syriacus*)—is the Coney of the Bible.

The Jewish law allowed only those beasts which "chew the cud and divide the hoof," such as cows, sheep, deer, &c., to be used for food; so that, as the hyrax did not divide the hoof, it was considered unclean by the Levitical law. The hyrax is said in the Bible (Lev. xi. 5) to "chew the cud," which, however, it does not do; but as God's word was not meant to teach us science, but religion, and since it speaks in accordance with the opinions which the people of early time maintained—for had it spoken otherwise it would not have been understood by those for whom the Word was first delivered—we must not be surprised at this. The hyrax, like the hare (which in Scripture is also said to "chew the cud") and the rabbit, has the habit of moving its lips and mouth as if it really did chew the cud. From noticing this the poet Cowper wrote of one of his pet hares, "that it chewed the cud till evening:" and the traveller Bruce, who kept a living specimen of the hyrax, made the same mistake and said that it chewed the cud.

The other passages where the hyrax is mentioned are the following: Ps. civ. 18, "the rocks are a refuge for the conies;" and Prov. xxx. 26, where the conies are said to be "exceeding wise,"—"being but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." This is strictly true of the little animal of which we are speaking. Dr. Wilson says: "While we were exploring the rocks I was delighted to point attention to a family or two of the *Wubar* (for so the Arabs call the coney) engaged in their gambols in the heights above us. I was much amused with the liveliness of their motions, and the quickness of their retreat within the clefts of the rock when they apprehended danger." How beautifully does this account harmonise with what the Psalmist says of these animals! Dr. Wilson obtained a specimen, of which he has given a drawing; and the woodcut at the head of this paper is a copy of it. The hyrax is in outward appearance not very unlike a rabbit, but it has no tail, and is of a dark brown colour. Strange, however, as it may seem, the hyrax, so far as its internal structure is concerned, is not allied to the hare and rabbit, but to the huge rhinoceros. It feeds on fruit, grain, roots, &c., and is about sixteen inches in length,

## Short Sermon.

### The Vineyard of the Lord.

BY THE VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF WESTMORELAND.

ISA. V. 5, 6.—“*And now go to; I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard. I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down: and I will lay it waste: it shall not be pruned nor digged; but there shall come up briars and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they ruin no rain upon it.*”



THAT is meant by this vineyard is explained by the Prophet himself in the following verse, which declares that it is the people of Israel, on whom God had bestowed such pains. First of all, He chose him for His peculiar people, as a man might choose a piece of ground out of the common waste for his vineyard. In the next place, He bestowed all possible pains upon his spiritual education, as a man would bestow all pains upon the cultivation of his vineyard. No one could mention any one thing which He had not done for him. But Israel, like a barren vineyard, did not repay the expense and labour spent upon him: but as a barren vineyard might bring forth wild grapes, which are too harsh and sour for use, so instead of the good and holiness which the Lord had a right to expect from him, Israel yielded the fruits of evil and wickedness. These were, as we see from that which follows, covetousness, drunkenness, riotous and luxurious living, unbelief, wilful blindness of heart, unrighteous perversion of justice and truth, and rebellion against the Most High. Therefore He threatens him with destruction; as a man would unfence and destroy a vineyard which brought him nothing but noxious weeds. The text contains the sentence which He thus pronounces upon it. The sentence deeply concerns all bodies of men that have received from God the light of His truth—both churches and nations—both which Israel was in one: and therefore it also concerns all members of such bodies, because the bodies depend, of course, on their members for good and for bad; and therefore every member has to answer for the conduct of the body. Thus we may bring the lesson home to our own selves; which I propose doing, after having set before you some examples of the manner in which God has made good His threats, and executed His sentence, in past days and in the old times before us.

What became of Israel? That which is threatened in the text came upon him, because he would not repent; and as a stone of his Temple is not at this day left one upon another, neither is there a member of his Church in existence in this world. Jews there are; but they have neither Temple nor Church.

Again: where are we to look for the Church of Antioch, the

mother of the Gentile Churches, which, under the special bidding of the Holy Spirit, sent forth Paul and Barnabas on their mission, and where the brethren were first named Christians? where for that of Ephesus, over which St. Paul himself looked with watchful care for three years; and St. John afterwards to the end of his life? where for the Churches of Tyre, of Cæsarea, of Colosse, of Galatia, and of a number more; the mere list of which would fill pages? The threat of the text has been fulfilled in them all. They were as vineyards which brought forth wild grapes in return for all the pains bestowed upon them. And, therefore, they are not: the Lord has taken away their hedge, and broken down their wall, and they are become one with the waste of heathenism around them.

And then, as to members of Churches, what became of one of the first twelve in the Church of God under Christ—Judas? What became of the companion of St. Paul, Demas? What became of the Samaritan convert, Simon? They brought forth, out of the rich cultivation which they had received, the wild grapes of an unconverted heart, and their place was found no more in the Church of God.

Such are a few examples of the manner in which the threat of the text has been fulfilled. They are sufficient to assure us that it will be fulfilled still, and to warn all to take heed to themselves that they stand in the faith and fall not: that they bring forth fruit in due season to answer the pains which the Lord has taken with them. And not only this prophet of the Lord, in this text, but the Lord Himself in His parable of the vineyard, tells all what is expected of them, and what He will do with such as do not answer to His expectations. Let us, then, first of all, consider the condition of all that call themselves Christians under this figure of the vineyard. And next, let us consider the fruit which we are expected to render. And, lastly, as concerning ourselves, and as concerning others, let us weigh the danger of not being ready with it in the day and hour when the Lord shall come to demand it from us.

(1.) Surely no pains have been spared on the part of the Lord. What could He have done for us which He has not done already? What cultivation of our souls and spirits, hearts and minds, has He neglected? Has He not revealed to us all the word of His Gospel, in which is the warning, “to come out of the waste of the sinful state of this world,” the call “to follow Christ for a Saviour from sin,” the threats of “everlasting fire upon all that neglect and refuse this warning,” the promises of “everlasting glory to all that accept the call, and believe in Christ, and, forsaking sin with true repentance, conform themselves to His image, being strengthened with might, and enabled so to do through the help of the Holy Spirit, which is given abundantly to all that ask for it in the name of Christ, and in His service use it?” Who amongst us knows not well that he is in possession of every means of being saved if he will; of every means of daily spiritual improvement, if he will use them? Who does not feel and experience the goodness of God towards him in things of this world and of the world to come, in the moment that he turns to serious consideration on the things which belong to his everlasting peace? He finds the Godhead at work upon him with



all care and diligence, that he may be fruitful of all holy thoughts and good works; he sees the Father drawing him nigh unto Christ, Christ washing him from sin in His most precious blood, the Holy Ghost renewing the spirit of his mind, purifying his heart, enlightening his understanding, and awakening his conscience. And still, the more that he finds God has done for him, so much the more he feels that He has done much more still than he can be aware of, and day after day some mercy is felt and discovered which he thought not of or knew not of before; and he receives notice and means of some preparation for heavenly glory of which he had hitherto lived in ignorance. He finds, indeed, that God has freed him from sin, the world, and the devil; that He has gathered the stones of a hard, unbelieving heart out of him; that He has planted him with the choicest fruit of His Holy Spirit; that He has built in him the tower of a spirit of watchfulness from which he may see the robber — the devil — coming, and be ready for him; that He has digged in him a vine-press to yield him drink of heavenly joy and gladness. All this hath God done for every one of us that will be saved. And now, what could He have done more? Such, then, is the condition of the Christian, according as he is represented under the figure of a vineyard; such is the cultivation for which he has to answer, and bring forth fruit accordingly.

(2.) And who can mistake what that fruit can be? “Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?” as our Lord says. (Matt. vii. 16.) The fruit is the fruit of the Vine, which is Christ, whom God hath “made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.” (1 Cor. i. 30.) The fruit is the fruit of the Spirit, which is stated by St. Paul to be “love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.” He that shows these in his life, is bringing forth the fruit for which God is looking. And God is looking continually, as a careful gardener will look, at His fruit-trees, to see how they are bearing. He is most anxious after good fruit; and when He has taken such unspeakable pains, He has surely a right to be high in His expectations. We do the same towards one another. When a father has given a son, at great expense, a good education, does he not look for his making his way with profit and credit? And is God, the Father Almighty of all, the only father who is not to be indulged in so just and reasonable an expectation? Is He to be put off with the most reckless waste of all His means, with the most painful disappointment of all His hopes, and not to complain of such unthankful return for all His care and expense? Is He not to punish those who, like the barren sea-sand, receive His sunshine and His showers, and yet bring forth no fruit?

(3.) On the contrary, the text affirms how full of danger this state of unfruitfulness is. It declares that God will undo all that He has done for them. As, in the case of the unfruitful vineyard, He took away the hedge with which He had fenced it out against the trespass of the beast of the field, and therefore it was eaten up; so will He take away from the unfaithful professor of the faith of His dear Son, the unfruitful member of His Church, all the means of defence against the devil, and of deliverance from temptation which had been put into his power, and will leave him with his

heart to be laid waste and eaten up by all the wild passions and wicked affections which are abroad in this sinful world. And as He broke down the wall which separated the vineyard from the common waste, and kept off the foot of the public, which otherwise would have trodden it down, and so laid it waste; so He breaks down, in his case, the wall of His Church, which keeps off the trampling foot of the profane world, and lays him open to all its assaults, to all its temptations, to be wasted and destroyed by them. As He would no more be at the trouble and expense of digging and pruning the unfruitful vineyard, so He will give up all further concern in him. He will withdraw His neglected and abused means of grace; and as the vineyard was left to the briers and thorns, so is he left to all the wildness of the sins of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the judgments upon them. And as He commanded the clouds that they should rain no rain upon the unfruitful vineyard, so He allows not His Holy Spirit to rain with His refreshing streams of living water upon his heart; but gives it up to be bound and hardened by the heats of ungodly passions and worldly affections.

What a terrible hour, indeed, is that for the sinner when God has thus given him up and forsaken him! But while there is life there is hope! Let, therefore, the sinner return from his ways, and seek the Lord while yet He may be found. Then His anger will be turned away, and His hand will be stretched out no longer to strike, but to heal; no longer to put away, but to receive with welcome. Then He will restore him as at first, and will watch over him with unsleeping care, and bring him up for a fruitful tree of His glorious and everlasting vineyard.

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## **The Last Page of an Album.**

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY.

“Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss.”—*Eccles. vii. 36.*



KEEP the last page for ever in thy sight,  
In the gay morning think upon the night;  
In all thy ways consider where they tend,  
In every scheme ask what will be its end;  
In fairest flowers, remember they must fade,  
In brightest skies, that clouds may overshadow;  
In thoughts indulged, think well on after-thought,  
And count the cost before the goods are bought;  
In grasping joy, forget not it must pall;  
In using life, life's after-life recall;  
Nor trust to death for ending toil and pain,  
For though thou diest, thou must rise again.

# THE PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL, 1861.

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PARISH MAGAZINE.—*Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Dépôt, Blackwellgate.*

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## ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY.

**I**T is to be earnestly hoped that a Society like this, which is unostentatiously, but effectually doing great service in the cause of Christ, will not be crippled in its future operations from insufficiency of funds. Many of our societies, according to statements made by their respective secretaries, have failed this year to reach their average income; and though Churchmen cannot but regret the diminution, in any quarter, of funds necessary to maintain the ground now occupied; yet, a society, through whose instrumentality so many additional labourers are working in Christ's vineyard, has an especial claim upon the liberality of our brethren. The Additional Curates' Committee have just opened a special appeal, stating their inability to maintain the existing 420 grants, at the outlay of £24,630, unless some great efforts are made to supply the necessary funds. Surely, this appeal, with great spiritual destitution growing and increasing as it manifestly is, ought not to be made in vain. The local secretary, the Rev. W. H. G. Stephens, will be thankful to receive any donations, however small.

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## CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS' UNION.

**T**HE quarterly meeting of the Church Sunday-school Teachers was held in St. Cothbert's school-room, on Friday evening, March 22nd. There was a numerous attendance. After they had partaken of an excellent tea, the Rev. J. G. Pearson, chairman, opened the proceedings by reading a chapter from the Bible, and then in an appropriate speech pointed out the great importance of a religious education, and impressed upon the teachers the necessity of studying the best means of conveying instruction to the minds of the young. Mr Wilkinson, of the St. John's Schools, was then introduced, who gave a practical illustration of his idea of the manner in which knowledge should be imparted, by giving a Scripture lesson to a class of boys from his own school. The simplicity of his method, his remarks, and illustrations, could not fail to leave on the minds of his class a vivid impression of the incidents mentioned in the lesson. After some interesting remarks from the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth and Mr Kirby on the importance of *preparing* lessons before the teacher attempts to impart them to the children, the Blessing was pronounced by the chairman, and the meeting separated.

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## ST. JOHN, DARLINGTON.

**T**HE Annual Vestry Meeting was held on Easter Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock; and the attendance was rather better than in former years. The Incumbent, after reading a part of the 14th ch. to the Romans, briefly stated that they were assembled for the purpose of appointing Churchwardens and of examining the parish accounts for the past year, remarking for the information of those present who were strangers to the practice, that



the Churchwardens of St. John were always called upon, this day, to give an account of their stewardship, before their re-election or the election of other qualified gentlemen was taken into consideration.

Mr. R. THOMPSON, as Senior Churchwarden, read the statement of accounts for the past year, from which it appeared that notwithstanding they had taken office with a deficit of £10, and some extraordinary outlays had caused their disbursements to be higher than usual, yet the balance against the parish now amounted to only eight shillings. There were a few arrears still to be collected, which would be sufficient to meet the deficiency and any trifling bills not yet delivered. The total disbursements during the year had amounted to £62 14s 5d, which had been met by £43 4s 6d rate, and £19 1s 10d from collections in church and other sources.

The vouchers for the several items of the total expenditure were produced; and after the accounts had been passed by the meeting, a cordial vote of thanks was given to the Churchwardens for their services during the past year.

The CHAIRMAN informed the vestry that £11 8s had been the amount of their share from the Charities, which had been paid into the Bank, to the credit of the Wardens and himself, by the Churchwardens of St. Cuthbert. In answer to an enquiry as to what the Committee had done for the last two years in reference to the Buck's Close and other Charities, the Chairman replied that, so far as he knew, nothing had been done nor any meeting of the Committee summoned. A strong opinion was expressed by nearly every member of the vestry present that some steps should be taken to increase the income of the Charities, which could be done, if it were earnestly taken in hand.

The re-election of Mr Child, proposed by Mr Elgie, was seconded by Mr. W. Wooler and cordially supported by all, on the ground that when they had a good servant they could not do better than keep him.

The amounts of the Chapel of Ease were not submitted, owing to the unavoidable absence of the Treasurer.

## THE LENTEN SERVICES

CONTINUED to be well attended to their termination on Good Friday evening. Such services as these, independently of the spiritual benefit derived by their frequenters, are useful as affording one criterion of the faithful in a parish. Without pressure and the appliances of excitement to attract a congregation, it was gratifying to observe so many of our people availing themselves of these means of grace. The voluntary attendance of the children was a most encouraging feature. On Wednesday evening, March 6th, the Rev. R. J. Simpson preached from John xvi., 33v.,—"In the world ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer, I have over-come the world." The Christian Church regarded as an actually existing institution, is perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon the world has ever seen. In its origin and successful progress is found a marvellous fulfilment of prophecy, and thus giving a most powerful aid to faith. The preacher traced its course throughout a series of discouragements, and bloody persecutions, hoping against hope, overcoming by suffering, and joyful in tribulation. Unaided by philosophy—unsupported by the sword—yet it prevailed. He then went on to apply the principle conveyed in our Lord's words to individual cases—bidding men look to Jesus as the *Finisher*, no less than the author of our faith, and to be ready to sacrifice self for His sake. In the thought that he has conquered for us, we have enough to cheer the faintest heart! Why then parley with temptations if this thought possessed us? What treason to cultivate a friendship where He has proclaimed an enmity? The individual Christian no less than the Christian Church is peace *within*, but war *without*—calm amidst the storms of a troublesome world until the temptation being over and the struggle past, angels ministering to the visitor shall prepare the

triumph of the redeemed "The tribulation endured and past, and the world overcome." The text taken by the Rev. H. S. Dudding, on Saturday, March 13th, was Matt. xi. 22, and in reference to which he pointed out that this life short and transient as it is was the one ordained by God as the scene of our probation and preparation for eternity. It was to be feared that by too many the time was insured and the great work of their salvation totally neglected. In the forbearance and patience thus displayed by not calling them away, and thus giving opportunities for repentance, God has been most merciful. The teacher urged the duty and safety of immediate repentance and expatiated at length upon the dangers of delay and the greater difficulties in the way of repentance the longer it was delayed. Neither the young should neglect the "one thing needful" on account of their youth—nor the toiling Artizan on the plea of his daily occupations. Neither were secure against, it may be, an immediate summons to their judge. The preacher concluded with an exhortation to a right use of the means vouchsafed by God to gain admission into his Heavenly kingdom.

The Rev. W. EADE on the evening of March 20th took for his text Matt. ix. 13, and seized the opportunity of treating upon the doctrine of repentance—its necessity, the benefits and promises attached to it, and its place in the economy of human redemption. Several appropriate illustrations in support of the views advanced and derived from Scripture were given, and the sermon was concluded with an appeal to those who were present to profit by the solemn season which they were then celebrating.

On Monday, March 25th, being Passion week, the sermon was preached by the Rev. J. G. Pearson, who took for his text Matt. xxvi. 12, "She did it for my burial." On Tuesday evening, the Rev. F. G. Charlesworth adopted as the subject for the meditation of his hearers "The resurrection and ascension of our Lord; and their consequences to mankind," enlarging upon the fact that the Bible was all-satisfying to the soul of man in its hunger and thirst after righteousness. There were some remnants of parental likeness in the soul, but so scant as to make an external Divine revelation necessary since the fall. In the communications made by God to man, his spiritual needs have been mercifully administered to, and especially by the knowledge of immortal life having been brought to light by Him, who is the resurrection and the life.

On Wednesday evening, the Rev. W. H. Elliot preached from Job xxv. 4. "How then can man be justified with God?" The preacher observed that the doctrine of the justification of man had been misunderstood by many—some insisting too strongly on simple *faith*, some on *works*, and some on sacraments, as *the means* of our justification before God. He showed that faith, and works, and the sacraments had each their proper office in the economy of redemption. When therefore we speak of justification by faith only, it is not meant that justifying faith either is or can be without its fruits, but that it is ever pregnant and adorned with love, and hope, and holiness. But then this faith is not the *cause* of our justification. For "we are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or deservings." The answer to the question in the text then may be thus briefly given.—The meritorious cause of our justification is Christ's atonement; the instrument by which we are brought into a state of justification is baptism; the means whereby that state is maintained is faith, and the criterion by which our final state will be determined, shall be works. The preacher, in an impressive application of the subject, exhorted his hearers to walk worthy of the vocation with which they had been called—to cultivate faith and charity, and every Christian grace, and to seek after that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

The Rev. J. J. Smith, in preaching from Isaiah 63ch., 5v., "By whose stripes we are healed," remarked that the diseases of the soul were far more baneful than those of the body, and that the Prophet's description of Israel was but a figurative description of the moral condition of man: "The whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint, from the sole of the foot even to the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores,

they have not been closed neither bound up, nor mollified with ointment." While the body, he said, turns to decay, loses sensation and action, the soul ever retains the faculty of thought or feeling; and if the sickness of the soul be not remedied, it falls under the second death, "the tortures of the lake of fire." When they attained to this truth, their duty was plain and obvious. They should not rest till they had fully comprehended the answer to the Prophet's question. "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of my people recovered?" The text answered the question. It not only implied the universal sickness of mankind, but it gives an insight into the *means* whereby the sickly soul may be saved. "By his stripes we are healed." The blood of the divine victim is efficacious in itself, but the balm must be applied ere the healthy process can really begin. The lame and the halt were gathered round the pool of Bethesda, but they only who stepped in regained their strength; they only who looked up to the brazen serpent were healed; and they only who look up to Christ on the cross in sincere faith can receive everlasting life.

The concluding sermons were preached on Good Friday, that in the morning by the Rev. E. Castley, John xix, 30, "It is finished," and that in the evening by the Rev. W. H. Stephens, from Romans v., 8. "On the purposes of Christ's death and its lessons."

THE SCHOOL.—At a meeting of the managers on Tuesday evening, April 2nd, Mrs. Harrison was unanimously appointed sewing mistress, in the place of Miss Simonson who had resigned.

THE CHOIR.—The organist will be glad to see any parishioner, who is an attendant at the Church, on the Wednesday evenings of the practice. Facilities will thus be given for the older members of the congregation to learn the hymn tunes and chants, and to join in the choral parts of the service.

#### HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL.

|                                 | MORNING.                                             | EVENING.                                                      |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| Apr. 7. 1st Sund. aft. Easter.  | Hymn 81. Angels'.<br>" 8. Bedford.                   | Hymn 81. Angels'.<br>" 120. Melcombe.<br>" 143. Talles Canon. |
| Apr. 14. 2nd Sund. aft. Easter. | Psaln 23. pt. 1. Martyrdom.<br>Hymn 136. Rockingham. | Hymn 81. Angels'.<br>" 147. Fincham.<br>" 151. St. Augustine. |
| Apr. 21. 3rd Sund. aft. Easter. | Psaln 122. St. Ann's.<br>Hymn 54. Old Hundred.       | Hymn 81. Angels'.<br>" 11. Keble.<br>" 142. St. Mary's.       |
| Apr. 28. 4th Sund. aft. Easter. | Psaln 100. Old Hundred.<br>Hymn 50. London.          | Hymn 81. Angels'.<br>" 114. Prague.<br>" 136. Rockingham.     |
| Chants.                         | Venite—Higgins.<br>Jubilate—Bacon.                   | Cantate—Aldrich.<br>Deus Misereatur—Hayes.                    |

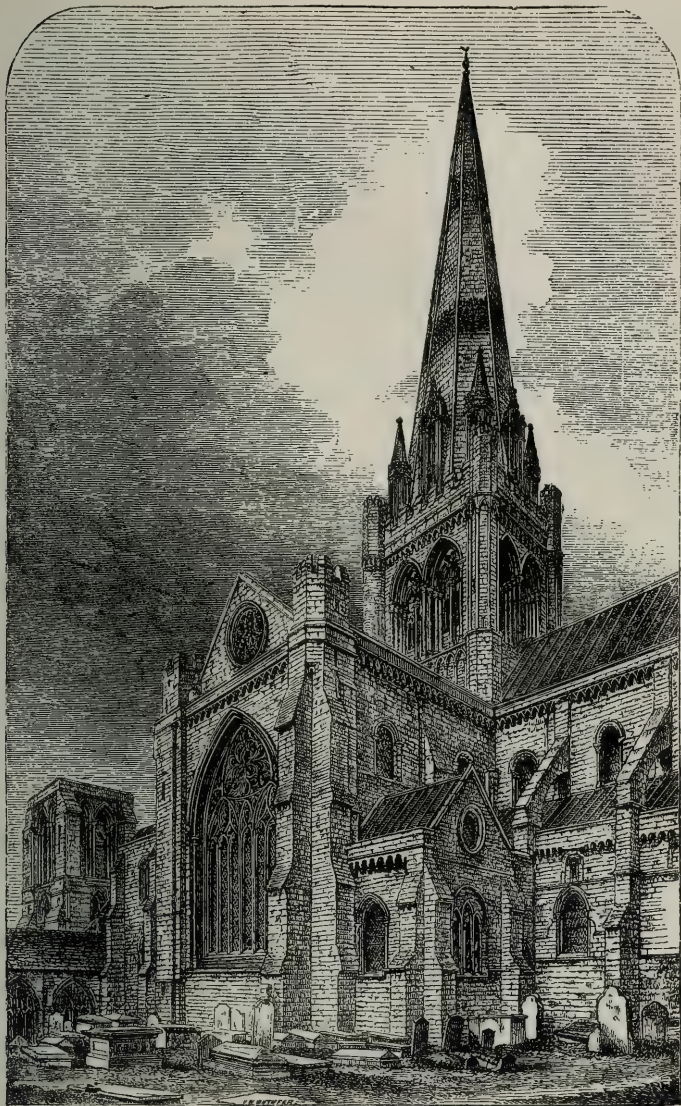
#### THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|         |                        |                                           |                |
|---------|------------------------|-------------------------------------------|----------------|
| April 7 | 1 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. | Morn. Num. 16—Acts 4.<br>Heb. 9.          | Even. Num. 22— |
| 14      | 2 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. | Morn. Num. 23, 24—Acts 11.<br>25—James 3. | Even. Num.     |
| 21      | 3 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. | Morn. Deut. 4—Acts 18.<br>1 Peter 5.      | Even. Deut. 5— |
| 28      | 4 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. | Morn. Deut. 6—Acts 25.<br>1 John 4.       | Even. Deut. 7— |

BAPTISMS and CHURCHINGS at the Church on Wednesday and Friday mornings at half-past ten; and on Sunday afternoons at three o'clock.

CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL, is opened for Divine Service every Sunday evening at six o'clock. Baptisms and Churchings on those evenings, and also on Tuesday afternoons at three o'clock.





## **The Spire of Chichester Cathedral,**

**WHICH FELL ON FEBRUARY 21, 1861.**



**H**IEF among the glories of England stand her Cathedral Churches, the work of God-loving men in days when love to God was stronger, and when men were less chary of giving time and money for His service than they have been of late.

In those days these cathedrals, beside which our own efforts at church-building are as dwarfs beside giants, were founded and adorned with goodly stones and gifts. Of them a poet has written:—

“The old grey minsters, how they rear their heads  
Amid the green vales of our native land,  
Telling of bygone years and things that were :  
Those glorious piles, that seem to mock at Time,  
To God’s most holy service dedicate :  
Enriched with sculptures rare and effigies,  
That with clasped hands seem ever mutely praying :  
And with their solemn bells that send afar  
The tidings of great joy, and bid us leave  
The turmoil and the strife of busy life,  
And worship, as we should, the living God !”

But we can no more say of the “glorious pile” of Chichester that it “seems to mock at Time,” for its magnificent central tower and spire, which are depicted above,\* now lie, a mass of 6000 tons of ruin, in the centre of the church.

When a man dies we recall his age and his life-story, and now that Chichester spire is no more we turn to the records of its erection and of the changes it has undergone. And those records carry us back far across the centuries. It was in the time of William the Conqueror that his relation, the Earl of Arundel, gave to Stigand, the first Bishop of Chichester, certain lands on which to build a cathedral. This Bishop, however, was too poor to do the work, and it was not till the reign of Henry I. that Randulphus, who was then Bishop, erected a cathedral at Chichester, about the end of the eleventh century. A great fire occurred in A.D. 1114, which partly destroyed it; and, strangely enough, another fire occurred in A.D. 1186, which did much damage; but it was again restored in A.D. 1199 by Bishop Seffrid, and completed A.D. 1214. The exact time when each part was added is not known, but it may be conjectured that the tower-arches were over 700 years old, the tower itself 650 years old, and the spire 450 years old.

The Cathedral of Chichester suffered much from the fanatical army of Cromwell during the Civil War. In A.D. 1643 Sir William Waller besieged the city, and we are told that the soldiers “brake down the organ in the cathedral and smashed the pipes with their poleaxes,” crying in scoff, “Harke, how the organs goe!” And after the thanksgiving sermon also in the cathedral, they “ran up and down with their swords drawn, defacing the monuments of the dead, and hacking the seats and stalls.” The northern tower was so much injured during the siege that it fell a few years after.

In A.D. 1721 the spire was struck by lightning, and several large stones were hurled from it with great force. It is supposed that it was after the alarm caused by this event that Sir Christopher Wren, who must then have been in the eighty-ninth year of his age, rebuilt the upper part of the spire, and had placed in it a mas-

\* We are indebted for the woodcut to the kindness of Mr. Murray. It is a specimen of the 114 admirable engravings which illustrate his recently published *Handbook to the Cathedrals of England: Southern division*. 2 vols. London, 1861.

sive pendulum, which was fastened to the finial, in order to counteract the force of the wind.

This beautiful spire rose 271 feet from the ground, and has been for many generations a conspicuous land-mark on the coast of Sussex. But, though fair to the eye, the spire has long been in a weak and dangerous state, from the crumbling away of the core of the lower piers on which it stood, and which were not originally built to sustain so great a weight. For the last eighteen months workmen have been engaged, under the direction of able architects and engineers, in strengthening the piers and arches of the tower.

On the 14th of February more serious cracks and fissures were discovered in the masonry; and on the 19th the architect made another examination, and gave his opinion that the piers were so rotten that they must be entirely rebuilt—the tower and spire being supported on wooden buttresses till the rebuilding was effected—and a force of sixty masons and bricklayers was immediately set to work.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 20th, a terrific gale set in, making the spire rock to and fro, grinding the stone-work to pieces in some places, so that, wherever there was a crack, constant streams of dust issued from the walls. Still, amid it all, the workmen toiled on bravely, and did not leave the building till half-past three o'clock on the Thursday morning. When they returned at half-past six, after less than three hours' absence, it was found that the braces and shores showed many signs of yielding under the enormous strain that was put upon them. The force of men was increased, and various plans were tried to strengthen the parts that were strained; but at twelve o'clock the case appeared hopeless. At a quarter past one o'clock the workmen were cleared out of the cathedral, and the noble spire left to its fate. And in a quarter of an hour afterwards the spire first inclined slightly to the south-west, and then sank down into the centre of the building. It did not *topple* over, as might have been expected from the strong wind that was blowing at the time, but it sank out of sight, like a ship quietly but rapidly foundering at sea. The fall was accompanied with only little noise; a slight shock was felt by those in the houses in the neighbourhood; and an immense cloud of dust rose, and was wafted off to the north-east.

The spire, in its fall, carried with it about twenty feet in length of the end of the nave, and the same of the transepts and choir. The organ, which stands near the spot where the spire fell, was not damaged at all.

It is cause of deep thankfulness to God that the spire did not fall over on any of the adjoining houses, or even fall, in the way in which it did, during divine service, or before the great body of workmen, who were employed but a few minutes before, had left the building, otherwise there must have been a fearful loss of life.

Within a few days of this sad event a large public meeting was held at Chichester, and those present resolved to spare no effort to rebuild the tower and spire of the Cathedral; and that the Queen and Prince Consort should be requested to "bestow their royal favour on the object in view." The cost of the rebuilding is, of



course, not yet known; but it has been supposed that it will be about 150,000*l*. The effort that will be needed to restore Chichester spire to its former beauty will surely make Churchmen more sensible of the vastness of the heritage which our ancestors left us in our old grey minsters, and will make those who have the guardianship of them more vigilant in arresting any symptoms of decay.

## **The Choir-Master's Child.**

AN EASTER TALE.

"A little child shall lead them."



T was a fine, bright Easter-day, — a real spring day, and the neat little church at St. Orme's, a small town on the sea-coast, was well filled for morning service.

At the end of one of the oaken benches in the chancel, occupied by the singers, sat Mr. Roberts, the leader of the choir, a good-looking middle-aged man, and between his knees stood a lovely child of four years old, with dark hazel eyes, and long bright curls falling on his shoulders.

The prayers were just over, the congregation had resumed their seats, the choir were turning over the leaves of their music-books, and the child stood motionless as a statue while the first verse of the Easter hymn was being read out: another moment, and all rose at once to sing the triumphant words, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah." The long bright rays of the morning sun, streaming through the stained glass of the east window, played in rainbow colours on the white cloth which covered the communion-table, and shed their glory full on the golden hair of the little boy as, with glowing face and uplifted eyes, he stood listening to the last, long "Hallelujah," which, swelling louder than all the rest, seemed to fill the whole building and to make the walls ring and echo with the joyful sound of praise. The burst of music died away, but the bright sun went shining on with ever-increasing brightness, till the usual morning service was ended and the congregation broke up, — all except those comparatively few who remained to partake of the Holy Communion. The choir-master, alas! was not one of these; he always, as a matter of course, went away. True, the solemn and earnest appeal made just now from the pulpit by Mr. Vaughan, on this subject, had made him feel very uncomfortable, but he was accustomed to shake off that sort of feeling, and the sermon being over and the prayer for the Church militant read, he took his little boy by the hand and left the church among the crowd.

But it was not time for dinner yet, and it would be dull work sitting at home waiting for it; so Mr. Roberts resolved to take Johnny a short walk into the country, as he often did on a Sunday.

They crossed the railway bridge, which divided the snug little town from the pasture-land behind it, and were soon in the long green fields, which stretched away before them, bounded only by the distant hills, as bright and blue to-day as the azure sky above them.

"Father," said Johnny, after trotting along for some time in silence, "Father, I like that hymn that says 'Hallelujah, hallelujah!'"

"Yes, it's a nice tune," was the reply; "and we brought it out well this morning."

The child looked thoughtful for a moment, and then continued: "They sing 'Hallelujah' in heaven, don't they, father?"

A look of surprise passed over the father's face, and he answered, "I can't say, indeed, Johnny, what they do there."

"Yes, but they do, I know," said the little boy; "they do sing it there. I think it says so in the Bible, for once I heard Mr. Vaughan read it when he was in the pulpit."

"Well," said his father carelessly, "if the Bible says so, I suppose they do."

"Father," said Johnny, simply, raising his dark eyes to Mr. Roberts' face, "shall *you* sing 'Hallelujah' there?"

Mr. Roberts made no reply; he suddenly dropped his walking-stick, and stooped to pick it up again; then pointing with it to a white patch under the hedge, he exclaimed, "Why, look Johnny, if there isn't violets out already!"

"Oh, let's get some," said the child, running eagerly towards the hedge; "let's take some home to put in my little cup!"

"Stop, my little man," said his father, "I'll get them for you: you can't reach them yourself."

And Johnny stood patiently on the bank, while his father, striding across the ditch, gathered a quantity of the sweet-scented violets, placing them by twos and threes in his little hands, till he had as large a bunch as he could grasp, which with great delight he carried home to show to his mother.

Mr. Roberts had succeeded in diverting his little boy's thoughts, but he could not so easily divert his own. That startling question of Johnny's, "Father, shall *you* sing 'Hallelujah' there?" had touched him with a strange misgiving, and had waked up a train of thought which had long slept within him. It had carried his fancy backward over a space of thirty years, to a day when he was only about twice Johnny's age—the day when he was first taken to the cathedral, where he was afterwards trained as a chorister.

He remembered now, as if it had been only yesterday, how his heart had swelled with emotion and his eyes filled with tears, while listening to the Hallelujah Chorus, and how he had wondered to himself, with the simplicity of eight years old, whether the singing in heaven *could* be more beautiful than that.

But how early had he lost those tender, child-like feelings! Growing more familiar with sacred music, and discovering his own talent for the performance of it, personal vanity soon took the place of religious awe; and in his own home he saw no encouragement given to anything like devotional feelings. How to get money, and when it was got how to keep it, was the chief lesson impressed upon him by his parents, who were little tradespeople struggling to rise in the world: and it was a lesson which certainly had not been thrown away upon Mr. Roberts. Placed behind a counter in his native town, he had risen rapidly from the shabby little apprentice to the dapper foreman, and it was now many years since he had come to settle in

St. Orme's, where he kept a bookseller's shop, and carried on a good business, while his tidy wife and pretty children had that comfortable, well-dressed look, which belongs to the family of a well-to-do man.

He was also looked upon as rather an important person in the little town, from the fact of his being the trainer of the church choir—an office which he filled with credit to himself, though he had not undertaken it from the highest motive. It was his love for music, not his love for God, that took him so regularly to church: the harmony of the chants and hymn tunes had charms for his musical ear, but the sacred words sung to them found no echo in his heart; and as for the prayers he scarcely heard them, for his mind was generally full of some worldly scheme while they were being read; and this Easter morning he had only been made aware that they were finished by seeing the congregation rise from their knees. Sunday after Sunday he heard from Mr. Vaughan the most solemn warnings and affectionate appeals; week after week he saw in him a bright pattern of a man whose practice agreed with his preaching; but neither precept nor example had power to loosen the ever-tightening hold which this present world had gained on the heart of the choir-master.

How was it, then, that that simple question of Johnny's had caused him to feel such unusual emotion? Was it that he felt humbled in the presence of his own child? Was it that he saw, for the first time, the great gulf that lay between that child's untarnished purity and his own habitual worldliness? Be it what it might, he could not forget those searching words, so innocently uttered. They were haunting him as he trod leisurely homewards along the soft, green turf; they were ringing in his ears as he leant over the white rails of the bridge to listen to the voice of the cuckoo; they kept coming back to him as he sat reading his newspaper in the afternoon; they were with him still when he went to church again in the evening; they saddened all that long, bright, Easter day.

Month after month slipped by in the usual way; summer and autumn came and passed away; then there was a pleasant Christmas at St. Orme's, with plenty of work for the choir: but that snug, cheery bit of the winter was soon over; the new year set in wet and stormy; sickness of all kinds was going about, and in the month of February—that uncomfortable month, when the days get longer without getting warmer—Mr. Roberts's little family fell ill of whooping-cough. Then came a tedious time for poor Mrs. Roberts—three small patients all on her hands at once: but she comforted herself by saying that the illness was not a dangerous one, and it would have come harder if anxiety had been added to all her other trouble.

It was while things were going on in this way that Mr. Roberts was very busy in his shop one morning, unpacking his new monthly parcel. He had just sold newspapers to two or three early customers, and was standing alone behind his counter, when he heard his wife and the doctor coming down from seeing the children, who had had a bad night, and were not yet risen. The doctor, in a low, mysterious voice, was saying something which Mr. Roberts could not catch; but he heard his wife reply, in a tone of great distress,—“Oh! Mr. Walters, you don't mean to tell me *that!*”

“It's something about Johnny!” said Mr. Roberts to himself,



with a sudden start of alarm ; for our fears always fly first to those who are dearest to us ; and if there was any one whom the worldly, selfish man loved with an *unworldly, unselfish* love, it was Johnny, his eldest child, and only son. Dropping a packet of envelopes from his hand, he stepped quickly and softly to the half-closed door leading into the house, and listened breathlessly while the doctor went on in a louder tone,—

“ Indeed, Mrs. Roberts, it is my duty to tell you so ; the complaint has taken a bad turn with him, as it will sometimes with a delicate child. I’m truly sorry for you, but you must make up your mind to lose him. He may live some weeks yet, but there is no hope of his recovery.”

At the sound of those words Mr. Roberts stood like one paralysed ; feeling at once that they confirmed his own fears, and yet that he could hardly understand their meaning. He heard his wife sobbing in the kitchen long after the doctor was gone, but he made no attempt to go to her. He only felt a sort of vague wish that he too could cry like her ; but his heart seemed like a piece of cold lead within him, and no tears came to his relief. With pale face and absent manner he went through the daily routine of the shop ; and when at dinner-time Mrs. Roberts began gently to break to him the doctor’s opinion, he only answered sadly,—“ Yes, my dear, I heard what he said.”

Yes, he had heard the words ; but to believe them and realise them, to feel, and think, and know that Johnny was dying, was a much harder thing to do ; and the poor father never fully did that until more than a month after, when he followed the little white funeral away from his darkened home. Wrapped in a thick mist of grief, he could not see that day the bright light that was in the cloud ; yet it was not the less there, shining down upon him even before he had strength to behold it.

A day or two after, when he re-opened his shop, and began to return to his everyday life, he was surprised to find how flat and uninteresting all his former occupations had become. Experiments in the way of business, plans, and schemes for making money, which only a month or two ago had filled his heart and head, seemed to have lost their power to satisfy him.

The solemn voice of an awakened conscience had spoken to him over the open grave of his child ; it had told him there was a higher, holier life to be led, if he would meet that child again without shame ; and now, through the long busy days, amid plans, and cares, and duties, a little pale face seemed to be always watching him, a little hand to beckon him away. Where Johnny was gone, there he felt he *must* follow, however dark and difficult the path. Dark and difficult he was sure to find it at the outset ; but his first step, at least, was a safe one, when he prayed for light to guide him, and steadfastly resolved to follow the guidance already within his reach.

His Sunday newspaper was exchanged for his Bible, or for some of the books lent him by Mr. Vaughan, in whom he found a kind and judicious friend, and to whose sermons he now listened with the eagerness of one who is receiving directions for an important journey.

Meanwhile the winter had passed away ; the bright glow at the

close of every afternoon told that a warm, early spring was at hand; the hedges were already tinged with a soft, light green; the lambs were bleating in the pasture behind the town. But the choir-master no longer took his Sunday stroll in the meadows beyond the bridge; his now solitary walk was always over the wide common that skirted the sea-shore, where the stillness was only broken by the booming of the waves, as they dashed high upon the beach. There, on the bright spring evenings, he would sit on one of the green hillocks, watching the red sun as it slowly dropped into the sea, and trying to picture to himself what his lost child was doing in that land where "the sun shall no more go down."

Easter-day fell late that year; but near the end of April it dawned brightly over the quiet little town of St. Orme's. It shone on the broad blue sea, on the white spire of the church, and on the little new-made grave which lay just outside the porch.

The choir-master was early in his accustomed place in the chancel that morning, and, with a strong effort to command his feelings, he led the triumphant Easter hymn, though more than once his voice had nearly failed him, as, amid the swelling echo of each loud "Hallelujah," memory brought distinctly to his ear the soft tones of a little childish voice, saying, "Father, shall *you* sing 'Hallelujah' there?"

That question found an answer in his heart to-day—a humble trust, a sincere resolve, that every song of praise he was yet to sing on earth might be but the preparation for his entrance into that heavenly choir which his innocent child had so early joined.

The sermon ended, the greater part of the congregation left the church, but the choir-master remained quietly in his seat until the door was closed and all was still again. Then, kneeling before the communion-table, he partook for the first time of that sure source of strength and hope and peace; and as he left the church he could look with calm resignation on the little grave, feeling that, though he could no more behold the face of his darling Johnny upon earth, yet was he nearer to him in spirit than on last Easter-day.

M. M.

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## **Honest Labour.**



ALL honest labour, be it the merest handwork, brainless and mechanical drudgery, dignifies human life. Better it is to break stones or turn a mangle than do nothing. Good roads and clean linen are products of human industry, which we need not be ashamed of having a hand in creating. Let us do the best we can. If it be not permitted us to do the work of one kind, let us brace ourselves up for work of another; and to all of the great guild or brotherhood of workmen let us hold out a hand—a hand of assistance, if need be; anyhow, a hand of fellowship. If the work be of much account in the world's eye, let us be thankful; if of little, let us be content. "All service ranks the same with God." Let us rejoice that we are permitted to serve, whether at the council board of the nation, at the head of a regiment of horse, or only behind a counter.—*Cornhill Magazine.*



HE Wood Sorrel decks most of our lanes with its delicate green leaves and graceful blossoms during April and May. In the Alpine districts it often continues in bloom until August. It has been found in Lapland, where it is much used as a vegetable. Linnæus tells us that in Norway it takes the place of our primrose, and is the first flower of spring.

The Wood Sorrel is believed by many people to be the true shamrock of Ireland, and why the white clover should have been substituted for it is not clear, unless from the fact that it is a more



common plant, while its triune leaf answered equally as an emblem of the Holy Trinity.


The powder called essential salts of lemon, used for extracting ink-stains and iron-mould from linen, is made from Wood Sorrel. Some herbalists, especially in Russia, prescribe this acid juice diluted with water for those sick of a fever. Gerarde says, "Apothecaries call it Alleluya, and Cuckowes' Meat, either because the cuckowe feedeth thereon, or by reason, when it springeth forth, the cuckowe singeth most, at which time also Alleluya was wont to be sung in churches" (at Easter). This plant is still known in France, Italy, and Spain, by the name "Alleluya," and in the north of Lancashire it is called by the country people "Cuckoos' Bread. Like the white clover it is remarkable for the drooping of its leaves at close of day, and before the approach of rain.

"Shrinking from the chilly night  
They droop and close, but with fair morning light  
Rise on their stems, all open and upright."



## Dusty Papers.

BY W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A.

“USTY Papers!” What an uncommonly dry, choky, unpleasant title! What can there be to be said about “dusty papers?” A good deal, I think, of some sort or other. At least, “dusty papers” had a good deal to say to me a few days ago, and I will try to say some of it over again to you. The fact is, I spent four hours the other day in clearing out, and looking over, a great quantity of these “dusty papers.” Very dusty they were, for they had reposed on their shelves undisturbed, I don’t know how many years, and the job before me looked at first as uninviting as the title of this paper. But, like many other unwelcome tasks, my task grew pleasant and interesting,—ay, and very touching too,—as it went on. Nothing takes you so thoroughly out of the present, and places you so thoroughly in the midst of the past, as getting among the old forgotten records, and interests, and details, of the every-day life of years long gone by. Ah! those poor old “dusty papers” had their last office to do, before they were carried off in baskets to be burnt. They had a magic power about them to bring back, with all the reality of the living present, old times so different from these!—old faces I may not see again on earth,—old scenes that seem to belong to another life and not to this,—old thoughts, and feelings, and joys, and sorrows, and hopes, and fears, and interests, and employments, till I could almost fancy I was dreaming a strange dream about somebody else, so little did all that old old past, which the “dusty papers” conjured up, seem to belong to me. Heaps of old school and college exercises and examination papers, Latin and Greek verses, themes, note-books, mathematical problems, &c. Dear me! I must have been a far better scholar then than I am now. As for the Greek verses, why I can scarcely construe them now, much less make them; and the mathematical papers are hopelessly beyond my present calculating powers.

I suppose you think I did as you would have done,—moralised over the vanity of a classical education, and thought what a waste of precious time and labour all this stuff was, of which I could not remember a twentieth part, and what I could remember was of no use to me now? You are quite mistaken. I did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I said to myself something like this:—‘I know I’ve got a very bad memory, and almost all my old learning has slipped away and gone. But still I am certain all this old learning was not thrown away. For, it is not so much what you learn, as *the learning it* which educates you. If you are to shoot men, you must practise at a target. Here is my old target, all over holes. I don’t use it now, because I’ve something else to shoot at, but it did its work in training me. It isn’t the Latin words and the Greek words a boy learns at school, and the rules of grammar, and the laws of language, which are to be of use to him in after life; but it is the habit of thinking of what he is about, and noting little differences and distinctions, and choosing the right word for the right place, and expressing easily and clearly what he wants to express. And nothing forms such habits better, than the sort of work some cry down so much.”

These were the thoughts, my old school and college work, so long forgotten, put into my head, when I dragged it to light once again. And I am inclined to think some people, who talk very wisely about the absurdity of teaching children anything they will not want in after life, might do well to take a hint from my "dusty papers." Depend upon it, whatever makes a lad think most, is the best for him to learn, whatever he is going to be when he grows up.

But I found something else besides these old school and college papers. There was a little packet, and in it a little letter. Ah me! how strange, and sad, and dreamlike that little letter made me feel! It was printed with a pencil in large letters, and must have been one of the first, as well as one of the last, the little hand that wrote it ever wrote. It came to me from a little sister, who was at the sea for her health. I was a boy then myself. It did not say much, to be sure. It spoke of shells and pebbles,—little else. But I seemed, when I read it, to hear the far-off echoing of the dreamy waves surging up the beach, and to see the dim shadows of that little form:—well! nobody else will feel it, and I am very foolish to write it; but I can't help going on dreaming the strange old dream. We have grown up, and have children of our own now, and we don't very often think of that little form we once loved and watched. But *she*—ah! what and where is she now? The little hand that traced those pencil lines was soon at rest. But *she*—oh! is not *she* transplanted in her purity and innocence from this cold bleak world, to bloom in the bright gardens of Paradise?"

I must hurry on. There was a little drawing—nothing of any worth—which brought up another little sister—very little then, and no doubt thought a marvel of genius when the little Oriental temple was produced. And there were some scraps of verses, which I well remember thinking very grand when I wrote them. I believe I thought them in no way inferior to Sir Walter Scott. What rubbish they are! And there was a most elaborate "*Memoria Technica*,"—a scheme for remembering everything, only far harder itself to remember than the things it was to help one to remember. I believed in it utterly once. All this sort of thing has its use, and teaches one in the best way—that is, by experience—what plans are worth trying and what are not.

But I really must not plague you with any more of my "dusty papers," else I could dream on a long while, telling you about the old letters from friends who are no more, the quaint likenesses cut out in black paper, the dried tulip leaves, the first bar of an air I thought I was going to compose when a boy, the profiles scribbled in notebooks of many old school-fellows, calling up the class as it sat in the old school, and the happy days—nay, I won't draw comparisons. If there is a boisterous sort of school-boy happiness, there is also a calm, quiet happiness of middle life, and I thank God for both. Oh! such heaps of curious, old, ill-sorted, long-forgotten, worn-out, useless, interesting rubbish! I don't think my four hours' work was thrown quite away. I should be sorry to have ordered the old "dusty papers" to be swept away and burnt without looking them over as I did. For I think all the sermons and books in the world could not have preached to me so loudly or so powerfully, on the quick-speeding of Time, and the rapid nearing of the End, as those poor, old, useless "Dusty Papers."

## The Bear.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



REQUENT allusion is made in the Bible to the bear ; one species of which, of old, frequented the snowy summits of Lebanon. This is the Syrian bear (*Ursus Syriacus*), which is still, at long intervals, met with in Lebanon and Hermon.

"A bear robbed of her whelps" was, in ancient times, almost a proverbial expression to denote extreme ferocity : for instance, in 2 Sam. xvii. 8, we read that Hushai, in his advice to the rebellious Absalom, compares David and his mighty men to "a bear robbed of her whelps in the field." In Prov. xvii. 12, a similar expression occurs, "Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man rather than a fool in his folly." So, in Hos. xiii. 8, God says of vain-glorious and idolatrous Ephraim, "I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart." It was, no doubt, this species of bear which David slew as the animal



was seizing a lamb out of the flock (1 Sam. xvii. 34, 35), and the same which destroyed the forty-and-two children, who were so wicked as to insult God's prophet, Elisha, as he went up from Jericho to Bethel (2 Kings, ii. 24).

The colour of the Syrian bear varies according to its age. When it is young it is of a greyish-brown colour ; but it becomes lighter as it grows older, and when it has reached its full age it is nearly white. The Syrian bear, like all other bears, lives both on vegetable and animal food, though he is more of a *vegetarian* than his numerous relations.

Mr. Wood (from whose *Illustrated Natural History* the above woodcut is copied) gives an interesting account of a tame Syrian bear which was kept at Oxford, and was known by the name of "Tig." This bear used to walk about the College in a cap and gown, and was very affectionate to all who showed him kindness. Two fine specimens of the Syrian bear were living a few years ago in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.



## Short Sermon.

### The Sure Foundation.

BY W. WELDON CHAMPNEYS, M.A.

CANON OF ST. PAUL'S AND VICAR OF ST. PANCRAS, LONDON.

1 COR. XV. 17.—*If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.*



THOUGH we did not see the foundations of our Parish Church laid, we are quite sure that the architect who erected its superstructure dug deep, and made the foundations broad, deep, and large, and that He made those parts of the foundation broadest, deepest, and largest, which were to carry the greatest weight.

The vast superstructure of our Christian faith rests, like a building, on foundations; and on no one part of these foundations does a greater portion of the weight rest than on the fact which we commemorate at Easter-tide, "The Resurrection." If that fact has not taken place, "our faith is vain," Christianity is a deceit, our hopes for eternity a delusion—those who have died in hope of a joyful resurrection are lost—we are yet unpardoned—sin still lies upon us, and we are subject to all its tremendous consequences. If this great main buttress of our faith have no foundation, or a bad one, our whole Christian faith falls.

Let us, then, take a light and go down into the vaults, and examine the ground, and see on what this great buttress rests; let us "try the foundation, of what sort it is:" in plain words, let us see on what evidence this great central fact of the Resurrection stands and rests. That Christ really died is perfectly certain. Six hours He hung upon the cross, but those six hours of intense anguish were not in themselves sufficient to have destroyed life. Though during that time raging fever burnt in His veins, "dried up His strength like a potsherd," and made "His tongue cleave to the roof of His mouth;" still life was strong within Him at the end of six hours! The crucified criminal has been known to live three days, and both the malefactors crucified with Christ were alive at the end of six hours and more.

When Christ died He died not by pain, but by His own act and will. "No man," said He, "taketh my life from me; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." And the words in which the evangelists speak of Christ's dying are striking: St. Mark and St. Luke say, "He expired;" St. John, "He yielded up His spirit;" but St. Matthew's language is still more striking, "He dismissed His spirit." His strong cry before He died showed that life was still strong within Him, and that, having suffered by His own will *all* that was due to God's justice as the penalty of man's sin, He by

His own voluntary act surrendered up His life into His Father's hands, and "dismissed His spirit"—John's own words, "laid down His life of himself." He died like the Prince of Life.

That He was truly dead the Roman soldiers and centurion, who presided at the execution, were entirely satisfied. When the soldiers came to break the legs of the crucified men, they went to the cross on either side of Christ, and with an iron bar battered the bones of the poor blaspheming thief, and of the other sufferer, on whose once hardened heart Christ's almighty Spirit had so powerfully wrought.

They then came to Christ's cross. They looked up—his hand was sunk upon his breast—his eyes glazed—the peculiar whiteness of death (which the palest whiteness of disease can never imitate) was over the whole body—the chest heaved not—no gurgling breath was heard in the throat. He was clearly dead, and no better judges of the fact of death could be found than Roman soldiers. They, therefore, did not break His legs—but a soldier, in mere wantonness, and little knowing that he was furnishing important evidence, raised his long spear and thrust it deep into the side and through the very heart of the corpse. So that, had the smallest spark of life remained, this would have extinguished it.

And when those two members of the great Jewish council, who had refused to join in the condemnation of Christ, Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus, had obtained leave to bury the corpse of Jesus, Pilate would not give them leave till the centurion had satisfied him that Christ was really dead.

Thus, then, of Christ's death there is abundant proof. His bitter enemies would never have left Him while life was in Him; and they never once said, "that Christ did not really die." They acknowledged it, when they requested Pilate to secure the tomb till the third day,—“Sir, that Deceiver said, while He was yet alive.”

And now let us remark, in as few words as possible, the evidence which God's good providence has caused to meet and brought together in the circumstances of His burial.

Joseph happened to have a garden close to Calvary. In that garden he had caused a tomb to be cut out of the solid rock. The tomb stood by itself. No corpse had ever been laid in it before. In that new and insulated tomb did Joseph, Nicodemus, and their servants, hastily lay the corpse of their and our dear Lord.

When they had so laid it, they rolled a great stone to the door of the vault, and departed.

After they had left, came Christ's indefatigable and malicious enemies, the Chief Priests and Pharisees. The measured tramp of the Roman guard is heard—the word to halt—the soldiers draw up near the tomb. We may be quite sure that such men would never secure the tomb till they were satisfied that the corpse, which they wished to make sure of, was there. Having satisfied themselves, therefore, that the body of their murdered victim was there, they proceeded to seal the stone; so arranging the seal, that the stone could not be moved without breaking the seal, and so proving that the stone had been moved. Then, having posted the guard, and given strict charge to the soldiers to keep it safe, they left.

And so passed Friday night. The sun rose over the hills of

Moab, and broke upon that guilty but beautiful city. The sabbath lambs were offered in the Temple. The priests, as they went into the holy place, saw the thick veil hanging in two pieces, torn from the top to the bottom. The sunset came; and the last slanting rays of the sun, as it sunk over the western hills, glanced on the steel caps and armour and spear-heads of the Roman guard, as they paced up and down in front of the lonely tomb.

The moon rose, and the sleeping city was silvered with her light. The sounds of life died away. The steps of the passing traveller ceased. But the tramp of the wakeful sentinel could still be heard in Joseph's garden, and the cold moonbeam glittered on his armour, as he moved to and fro.

All was silent within that guarded tomb. The spirit, "free among the dead," had descended into hell (the place of the departed spirits), and one happy soul, we know, "a brand plucked from the burning," posting, as it seemed, to hell in the morning, and at night in Paradise, was by His side. And the cold corpse, wrapped in its winding grave-clothes, lay motionless within.

The night is far spent. The weary guards are looking for the day; the priests on the Temple towers are watching for the dim, grey, hazy streak over the hills of Moab, the advanced guard of the still distant day-star.

What is this sudden, brilliant, glorious light, that is blazing round, and lights up the garden and mournful Calvary, and the snowy mass of marble buildings on Mount Moriah, and makes every home, and roof, and tower, bright with its glory?

It is the angel of the Lord, the messenger of God's high court of judgment, sent to discharge the Surety, to declare the debt paid, and the debtors free.

The guards can as well look lightning in the face as behold that countenance of insufferable light. The purest snow that ever clothed the highest tops of Lebanon is dark to the dazzling whiteness of that angel's raiment. He touches the massive stone, and it rolls away—he sits upon it—the iron Romans tremble as they behold—their stout knees knock together—cold sweat covers their bodies, and they drop helpless, and almost lifeless, on the ground.

And when at last life and some little courage return, and they take heart to look up, and then rise, and then find strength to run away, the tomb is empty—the body of Jesus gone.

What account do they give of the matter?

"His disciples came and stole Him while we slept!" Were you asleep, Romans? How, then, did you know who took the corpse, and how it was taken? Did you sleep with your eyes open? Why did you not, then, prevent them? "The legs of the lame are not equal," and liars betray themselves.

But is the body of Jesus removed? That the tomb is empty, Mary Magdalene saw; and Peter and John, running to the tomb and going in, found it to be so.

They saw that whoever removed the body had done so deliberately, for while the long coils of the winding linen rollers were thrown in a snowy heap on one side, the napkin, which had been tied round the corpse's head, was folded, and laid in a place by itself.



That Jesus was risen Mary knew; she heard the well-known, much-loved voice—"Mary!" It was her own dear Lord.

That Jesus was risen the women knew: they clung to His knees: they heard His well-known voice—"All hail!"

That Jesus was risen now the broken-hearted Peter knew, who had received from Him a message of special remembrance.

That Jesus was risen the two disciples knew, as they saw the stranger, whose conversation had made their hearts burn so, with a look and manner all His own, break the bread, and then vanish.

That Jesus was risen the ten knew, as they saluted the returning Cleopas and his fellow-traveller from Emmaus with the joyful news, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon:" and as, without sound of opening door or parting wall, they saw Him stand in the midst, the red nail-marks in His hands and feet, the deep spear-gash in His side, as they heard His own sweet, loving voice, uttering the welcome of His loving heart, "Peace be with you."

What a foundation is here! what a mass of substantial evidence have we here! It is concrete for this great central buttress to rest on—a solid, immovable mass of strong and simple truth.

Jesus died—of that fact there can be no doubt. The same body that died on the cross was laid in Joseph's tomb. The same body that was laid in the tomb (the only one ever laid there) was gone: this the Roman guards distinctly proved. That Jesus, the very person who died upon the cross, rose from the tomb, His own faithful Mary, His own penitent Peter, and all His apostles, knew. They saw His form with the marks of the wounds—heard His voice speaking—ate and drank with Him more than once.

We have no doubt as to the foundation—it is sure as God can make it. We have no doubt of the fact resting on this foundation,—“Now is Christ risen from the dead.”

And what is one, and the first, blessed consequence of His resurrection?—"We are not in our sins." Our sins were laid on Him; He bare them in His body to the tree; He paid for them there.

Is justice satisfied? Is sin paid for? Yes; the Surety is discharged, and discharged because He has paid all:—"He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

Christian! penitent believer! rejoice in thy risen Lord! Rejoice that, as surely as thy sins were laid on Christ as He hung upon the cross, so surely were they declared to be cancelled when He rose from the tomb. He "gave Himself a ransom for all," therefore for thee. He "tasted death for every man," therefore for thee. He is "the Saviour of all men," therefore of thee, if thou wilt only trust Him. His Spirit shall make thee dead to sin. His grace shall make thee risen unto righteousness. Thou shalt experience daily the virtue of His cross—crucifying the world unto thee, and thee unto the world, with thine affections and lusts. Thou shalt experience daily the power of His resurrection, raising thee to a new life—the life of one expecting his summons to the skies; and when thou, like thy Lord, hast passed thy few days on earth, thou shalt follow Him to that glory which He died to purchase for His people, and lives to share with them.

# THE PARISH MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1861.

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☞ We much regret at being compelled to defer till next month the notice of the Additional Curates' Annual Meeting and the details of its Darlington Deanery operations during the past year.

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## POPULAR ERRORS. No. II.

**I**T is sometimes stated that a clergyman is not justified in refusing to read the burial service on the consignment to its grave of the body of one unbaptised, whether infant or adult. And taking for granted that the refusal to officiate is a capricious exercise of clerical authority, most unwarrantable language is often uttered about his intolerance and want of Christian feeling. Now, if any one will refer to the Service for the Burial of the Dead, he will observe in the first rubric a peremptory prohibition against its use in the case of persons who have committed suicide and of those who have died excommunicate or unbaptised. No discretion whatever is left to the minister by the laws of the Church of England; and those laws, it must be remembered, have the same authority and have received the same sanction as any ordinary Act of Parliament. Those persons, accordingly, who censure a clergyman for declining to officiate, censure him, in effect, for doing nothing more nor less than obeying the law of the land and fulfilling the oath which he took before the Bishop, at the time of his ordination. So if the case be viewed in a proper light instead of censure, the clergyman deserves approval for his obedience and respect to the law. It would be highly dangerous to the religious liberties of the people if individual clergymen were to take upon themselves the power to alter the laws of the church, as in this instance they are urged to do by some, and are even found fault with by others for not doing. What confusion and tyranny would speedily spring up in the 13,000 parishes of England, were individual peculiarities and predilections of clergymen allowed to supersede the constitution of the Church, in matters of discipline? It would be an assumption of responsibility which no clergyman is qualified to undertake; but if undertaken, would subject the congregation to the uncontrolled power of their officiating minister. Clergymen, in the exercise of many of their duties, are like judges and magistrates: they are not entrusted with the power of making laws, but simply of carrying into execution those already imposed by a higher authority. Whilst a clergyman confines himself within the limits of his office, not going beyond them either to please or displease an interested parishioner, it is a breach of truth and justice to attack him personally.

The reason why the clergy are forbidden to read the service at the interment of an unbaptised person is that none are considered by the Church Universal to be in covenant with Christ or members of His body, before baptism. And as every part of the service presupposes the deceased to have been baptised and by that solemn rite admitted into the family of Christ, it would be profane and idle to use the service in the case of those who were notoriously unbaptised and "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel." The church pronounces no opinion respecting the future condition of such persons: she only—and with reason—reserves her solemn Offices for those who shewed their desire to avail themselves of them, by complying with her conditional direction to be baptised. It has sometimes happened through the neglect of parents that a child has died unbaptised, some slighting that means of grace and others deferring it for a more convenient season. The clergy are not fairly chargeable with the consequences

of that neglect ; and if the sensibilities of relatives are wounded by the absence of a religious service at the time of burial, let the blame be laid at the right door. At the same time, discretion and good feeling invariably characterise the clergy in this branch of their duties. They do not demand certificates of baptism, or ask questions in reference to it from the friends of the deceased, assuming that their services would not have been required, if the preliminary and well-known condition of Christian Baptism had been omitted. They take their stand in vindicating the laws of the Church, however, when public scandal would arise from their infraction, as for instance, when parents have derided the rite of baptism or when the neglect of parents has been officially brought under the clergyman's notice.

### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND INSTITUTE.

**T**HE committee have made many valuable additions to the library by an extensive purchase of standard works in theological literature ; and if the committee will but persevere in their laudable desire to establish a good Divinity Library in connection with their institution, it is impossible to foresee the strength and activity which the Church may receive by thus giving her clergy and reading members access to the soundest and most learned writers of her Communion. One-half of the wretched party spirit occasionally exhibited to the scandal of Christianity may be traced to the neglect shewn even by some of our own clergy to the great defenders of our faith. Amongst the works which we have the highest satisfaction of announcing that the library of the Institute has been enriched by are Hooker's, the early writings of Bishop Hooper, Fulke's Defence, the Remains of Archbishop Grindal, Works of Bishop Ridley and of Archbishop Cranmer, the Remains of Bishop Latimer and the Works of Bishops Coverdale and Jewel ; the Zurich Letters, referring to the latter half of the 16th Century ; Shuttleworth's Paraphrastic Translations ; Newton and Keith on the Prophecies ; Waterlands Works. 11 vols. ; Strype's Memorial and Lives, comprising 14 vols. ; Burnet's History of his own Times, Wells' Historical Geography, with Barrow's and South's Works. Besides these, there are some others interesting and reliable in their way, but of a less valuable character. When an Institute thus collects at considerable expense these stores of rare genius and learning, it is to be hoped that Churchmen will not relax their efforts to support the attempt which is being made to establish a thoroughly good Theological Library in Darlington. It is the pride of the Church of England that in every department of Divinity, her writers hold the foremost place ; and a sad day it will be for her and for the cause of Christianity generally, if men of learning shun the Ministerial Office—a calamity which one of her ablest Bishops fears to be impending from the conjuncture of many and various causes. That those causes may be arrested, and the consecration of man's intellect to the highest objects be continued, should be the prayer of every devout Churchman to his Divine Head and Guide.

**DIOCESAN SOCIETIES.**—A meeting of these Societies was held at Durham on Thursday, April 25th, at which the Venerable Archdeacon Bland presided. Several grants were made towards the building and reseating of Churches, some of them being conditional upon the future sufficiency of funds. There was an unanimous feeling that this society—to whose instrumentality Church extension owed much of its success—presented a strong claim upon the gratitude of the diocese ; and hopes were expressed that parochial collections would be generally made in support of its funds. In the School Society, it appeared that £130 were available for distribution, of which £40 were voted to the Male and Female Training Schools at Durham, and £20 for providing books and apparatus in parochial schools. To meet the applications for aid in building, £60 were set apart, and of the £10 devoted to the annual support of schools £5 were given to St. John's, Darlington, £3 to Hunwick, and £2 to



**Shildon.**—The report of the Diocesan Additional Curates' Society was deferred to the consideration of a special meeting to be held sometime in the summer, when convenient to the Bishop. Its pecuniary condition appears to be so hopeless, and its relation to the Parent Society is in such an unsatisfactory state, as to render necessary the summons of an extraordinary meeting.

**THE CENSUS.**—The population of Darlington has been increased by 5 719 since 1851, now amounting, by the Census just taken, to 16,752. The number of people living in the respective Parishes are—

|                |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |       |
|----------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|
| St. Cuthbert's | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 6,187 |
| St. John's     | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5,573 |
| Holy Trinity   | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4,992 |

Comparing the last with the preceding Census, the increase in St. Cuthbert's is 932, in St. John's 2,165, and in Holy Trinity 1,193. Had there been but 11 more people living in St. John's, its population would have reached exactly one-third of that comprised in the 5 Townships of Darlington, Blackwell, Oxen-le-field, Cockerton, and Archdeacon Newton. The excess of females over males in each of the other Parishes is about 300; but in St. John's an unusual circumstance occurs in the preponderance of males, by upwards of 120. All of us meet with troubles and difficulties in life, and certainly the Clergy of Darlington—their incomes remaining the same—will have their share of both, if the population during the next 10 years increases at the same rate as it has done during the last decennial term.

## ST. JOHN, DARLINGTON.

**EVENING COMMUNION.**—At the recent Confirmation, in his address to the candidates, the Bishop expressed his approval of Evening Communion; and the Clergy of St. John, understanding that the convenience of many of their parishioners will be greatly consulted by its adoption, intend, God willing, to celebrate the Lord's Supper at the Evening Service on Whit Sunday. Thenceforward, unless notice be given to the contrary, Morning Communion will be celebrated on the first Sunday and Evening Communion on the second Sunday of each month. A Special Preparation Service will be held in the evening of the last Friday of every month, beginning at a quarter past seven, at which, after the Litany, a lecture or sermon will be given in reference to this Sacrament. The first of these services will take place in the Church on Friday evening, May 31st.

A **BIBLE CLASS** has been opened on Wednesday evenings at Seven o'Clock in No. 5, Brunswick Street,—Mrs Chamberlain having kindly allowed the use of a room for that purpose.

A **COTTAGE LECTURE** is held, through her considerate offer, at Mrs Stevenson's, Chapel Street, every Thursday evening at Seven o'Clock.

**THE CHOIR.**—The weekly practice is at the Church at a quarter-past Seven on Thursday evenings, and the Organist will be glad to see any of the adult members of the congregation who may find it convenient to attend. Mr Robinson is preparing for publication a little manual of chanting for the use of the Church; and it will be printed at a price to place it within the reach of all.

**BAPTISMS AND CHURCHINGS AT THE CHURCH** on Wednesday and Friday mornings at half-past ten; and on Sunday afternoons at three o'clock.

**CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL,** is opened for Divine Service every Sunday evening at six o'clock. Baptisms and Churchings on those evenings, and also on Tuesday afternoons at three o'clock.

# THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

## CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

|                               | MORNING.                                               | EVENING.                                                                          |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| May 5. 5th Sund. aft. Easter. | Psalm 84. pt. 3. St. Stephen.<br>Hymn 116. Rockingham. | Hymn 81. Angels' Hymn.<br>" 129. Tallis.<br>" 34. St. Michael.                    |
| May 9. Ascension Day.         |                                                        | Hymn 70. Innocents'.<br>Psalm 24, pt. 2. St. James.<br>Hymn 100. Mount of Olives. |
| May 12. Sund. aft. Ascension. | Hymn 69. Ems.<br>Psalm 93. Melcombe.                   | Hymn 36. Bedford.<br>" 147. Fincham.<br>" 27. Luneberg.                           |
| May 19. Whitsunday.           | Hymn 163. Keble.<br>" 33. Cologne.                     | Hymn 32. Angels' Hymn.<br>" 40. Cologne.<br>" 92. Innocents'.                     |
| May 26. Trinity Sunday.       | Hymn 75. St. Athanasius.<br>" 47. Tallis Canon.        | Hymn 58. Luneberg.<br>" 187. Fincham.<br>" 181. Eignbrook.                        |
| Chants.                       | Venite—Higgins.<br>Jubilate—Bacon.                     | Cantate—Aldrich.<br>Deus Misereatur—Hayes.                                        |

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|                                            |                                                                                                                               |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| May 5/5 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.               | Morn. Deut. 8—Matt. 3. Even. Deut. 9—Rom. 4.                                                                                  |
| 9 ASCENSION DAY.                           | Morn. Deut. 10—Luke 24. Beg. v. 44. Even. 2 Kings 2—Eph. 4 to v. 17.<br>Proper Psalms. Morn. 8, 15, 21—Even. 24, 47, 108.     |
| 12 SUNDAY AFT. ASCENSION.                  | Morn. Deut. 12—Matt. 10. Even. Deut. 13—Rom. 11.                                                                              |
| 19 WHIT SUNDAY.                            | Morn. Deut. 16 to v. 18—Acts 10. Beg. v. 34. Even. Isaiah 11—Acts 19 to v. 21.<br>Proper Psalms. Morn. 48, 68—Even. 104, 145. |
| 26 TRINITY SUNDAY.                         | Morn. Gen. 1—Matt. 3. Even. Gen. 18—1 John 5.                                                                                 |
| 31 PREPARATION SERVICE FOR HOLY COMMUNION. | Even. Litany and Lecture.                                                                                                     |

The Athanasian Creed to be used on Whit Sunday and Trinity Sunday.

**AN EXEMPLAR.**—An exemplar for us all may be taken from the ranks of the Working Classes in the person of one "Tommy Brown," as he was always called. He was a well-known and useful philanthropist at Mossley, near Ashton-under-Lyne, and his recent burial in St. George's Church was made the occasion of a public demonstration of respect and affection. The body, we are told by the *Manchester Examiner*, was preceded by the members of the Shepherds' Lodge, and was followed by a large procession, consisting of several clergymen and others. He was born in the year 1829, and was another victim to that fatal pulmonary disease which carries off so many of our fellow countrymen. At about eleven years of age he commenced, and has since continued, to solicit subscriptions on behalf of the poor, walking many miles, after his work as a cotton spinner was over, in the evening, for that purpose, or for the still more gratifying one of relieving the distressed. The deceased for many years kept an accurate account of his receipts and disbursements, which was regularly audited; and it cannot but be worth recording in the "simple annals of the poor," what may be done by a persevering person who has learned the "luxury of doing good." On an examination of the books of the deceased for two years, ending January, 1861, it is found that he has collected no less a sum than £77 2s 10d, in amounts of not less than sixpence nor above five shillings, but he has disbursed in charity the sum of £90 14s 2d, the difference being smaller sums received by him, and one shilling per week which he contributed from his hard and scanty earnings. Since the above date he had received, according to his fast entry, £4 1s 8d, and paid £4 2s 4½d.—In another edition of "Exemplars poor and rich," the record of "Tommy Brown's" philanthropic career will not, we trust, be found wanting.



## **The Dragon-Fight.**

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.



WHY crowd the people forth that way ?  
And hark ! what mean these shouts, I pray ?  
These are no sounds of war's alarms, —  
I see no soldiers grasp their arms, —  
Is Rhodes \* on fire ? What can it be  
That old and young thus rush to see ?

\* Rhodes is an island near Turkey. It was the head-quarters of a band of noble soldiers, called the "Knights of St. John," who spent their lives in fighting to recover the Holy Land from the Turks, in the wars called the Crusades, in the time of our King Richard I. (A.D. 1191). These Knights were pledged to obey a Grand-Master, who held his camp and court at Rhodes.



Lo! where the shouting crowd divides,  
A Knight on coal-black charger rides:  
Behind they drag, in joyful state,  
The Dragon monster, that of late  
Has scourged the country far and near,  
The trembling peasant's deadly fear!  
"All hail!" they cry; "Deliverer! hail!  
Oh, may thy fortune never fail!  
Thine shall be the prayers of mothers,  
Heartfelt thanks of sons and brothers!  
Many a gallant knight and brave  
In those dread jaws has found a grave;  
Thou hast freed us from their might,  
Rhodes shall bless the valiant knight,"  
Yet,—strange, amid the joyful crowd  
I see no other knight look proud.  
How is it that a brother's fame  
They are unwilling to proclaim?

In yonder tower, whose donjon-keep  
The tideless ocean's\* billows sweep,  
The brethren sit in council deep.  
The Knight dismounts,—'tis silence all,—  
He paces through the entrance-hall:—  
Regardless of the honour due,  
The eager crowd his steps pursue:  
Up to the council-door they crush,  
And past the astonished marshals rush;  
But—silenced them 'twixt doubt and fear,—  
The stern demand, "What make you here?"  
The knight bent low, in reverence meek,  
Then craved the Master's leave to speak.  
The grave Grand Master waved his hand:—  
"I come to say,—this day the land  
Is from its scourge, the Dragon, free,  
The fame of conquest rests with me.  
Long have I sought this meed to gain,  
Since first upon the ravaged plain  
I saw my bravest brethren slain.  
At length a stratagem I planned,  
And begged to seek my native land.  
Thou gav'st me leave, most reverend sire:  
I sailed, and took one faithful squire,  
Whose enterprise and watchful care  
Much helped to bring my schemes to bear.  
Arrived on Britain's native shore,  
I chose three dogs, whose fangs the boar

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\* "Tideless ocean." A map will show that the Island of Rhodes is in the Mediterranean Sea, which has no tides, because it is a *midland sea* (as its name means), shut in between Europe and Africa, and only joined to the great ocean by the narrow straits of Gibraltar.

Had often rued with piercing smart.  
Next, I employed the painter's art,  
And sought to trace in colours true  
The Dragon's frightful form and hue.  
For weeks I could not bring my steed  
To pass it, save at utmost speed;  
No better with the dogs I sped,  
They looked in terror, howled and fled!  
But by degrees they bolder grew,  
And stopped to take a nearer view.  
Until, accustomed to the sight,  
I could persuade them to the fight.  
Thus when my term of leave expired,  
I had attained what I desired,  
And brought to Rhodes my well-trained band,  
In sanguine hopes to free the land.  
I came; alas! how changed the scene!  
How fearful had the havoc been!  
Ten of St. John's brave knights were dead,  
The courage of the rest had fled.  
Thyself, most reverend sire, hadst said,  
'Enough of Rhodes' best blood was shed.—  
No more,' so ran the mandate high,  
'The unequal strife should rashly try.'  
What could I do? I burned with shame,  
The reptile thus should soil our fame;  
My horse and dogs so well prepared,  
'Twas not so rash, I thought, — and dared!  
Ere I fulfilled my bold design  
I sought the long-neglected shrine,  
That overlooks the Dragon's lair,  
And poured my soul in fervent prayer.  
Just as my orisons were o'er,  
The Dragon, reeking yet with gore  
From his last victim, came to bask  
In the warm sun. Straight to my task  
I hastened. One, the boldest hound,  
Flew at his throat, but to the ground  
The reptile dashed him, ne'er to rise.  
Their comrade killed before their eyes,  
I feared the dogs would fly, but they  
Pounced like two lions on their prey,  
And, fastening on his throat, they hung  
Till from my trembling steed I sprung,  
And, sword in hand, advanced to aid  
The deadly onset they had made.  
Writhing with pain, the Dragon's tail  
Lashed round him like a monstrous flail;  
His frightful fangs and noisome breath  
Seemed both to threaten instant death.  
I watched as high his tail uprose,  
Leapt on his back between the blows,

Just where his head and neck divide,  
His scales, I thought, might bend aside—  
They bent—I used my utmost strength,  
And plunged my sword in, all its length.  
He fell:—I recollect no more,  
Until, beside a pool of gore,  
I found myself, my helm unbound,  
My faithful pages tending round.  
Close by me lay the Dragon dead.  
Such is my simple tale!" he said;  
And stood expectant.

Loud and long  
Peals of applause burst from the throng;  
Rose from the Brethren one warm cheer,  
Yet sudden hushed as if in fear,  
When with a look that joy repressed,  
The Master thus the Knight addressed:—  
"This was indeed most bravely done!  
So much the worse, my once-loved son!  
When first that holy cross you wore,  
Tell me to keep what law you swore?"  
The Knight looked down, turned deadly pale,  
His very utterance seemed to fail;  
Then to his cheeks gushed back the blood,  
The veins scarce held the tingling flood:  
"I swore complete obedience, sire,  
To all your reverence might require."  
"How hast thou kept that solemn vow?  
How speaks thy conscience to thee, now?  
Would thou hadst been the Dragon's prey,  
Than lived to conquer him this day!  
For now thou com'st with perjured hand  
To sow dissension in our band;  
And wilt, should we not punish thee,  
A serpent 'mid thy brethren be,  
Making thy deed's heroic light  
Throw shadows dark o'er wrong and right,  
And hiding rash hot-headedness  
Behind the veil of thy success!  
Of no command o'er self posscest,  
Lay down that buckler, sword, and vest!  
A disobedient son may wield  
No more St. John's most holy shield!"  
The unexpected sentence came  
Like lightning, blasting all his fame!  
Yet stood the Knight unmoved, alone—  
He seemed as if transformed to stone,  
Save that the heavings of his breast  
The conflict of his soul confest.  
The awful doom had startled all;  
How breathless was that crowded hall!



Then stifled murmurs, in the crowd,  
Encouraged each by each, waxed loud ;  
And gathering round, the Brethren crave  
Remission for a Knight so brave,  
“ Whose fault,” they urge, “ arose from zeal  
For Rhodes, and for their Order’s weal.”  
In vain they press their eager suit,  
The Master sits, unsoftened, mute.  
At length he turned him to the Knight,  
“ Do these or I decide aright ?”  
The urgent prayers, the uproar rude,  
Hushed at his voice ; a pause ensued,  
So deep, you might have heard the roar  
Of billows breaking on the shore—  
None heard it there, though every ear  
Was strained in agony to hear,  
Though caught had been the faintest word,  
A thunderbolt had burst unheard !  
With folded arms and head bent low,  
The Knight walked firmly up, though slow.  
His cross-embroidered vest he laid  
Before his chief, then drew his blade,  
And as he marked its blood-stained rust,  
He faintly uttered, “ Thou art just !”  
The Master stretched his hand, and felt—  
As the Knight kissed it when he knelt—  
One scalding tear-drop on it fall ;  
’Twas o’er ! He turned to leave the hall ;  
The Master watched him to the door,  
Still sternly cold the look he wore ;  
Then sudden changed his lofty mien,  
A tear upon his cheek was seen :—  
“ Come back,” he said, in accents mild,  
“ Once more St. John’s obedient child !  
That Cross is due reward of one  
Who Victory over self has won !”

S. F. D.

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## *The Best of Servants.*



If you wish to have a good servant—one that is faithful, honest, and attentive, and whom you will never quarrel with—one that will never bother you for wages, one that will never object to wear the clothes you have been wearing yourself, nor make a fuss over what meals you give him—one that will not grumble if you keep him up half the night—one to whom you could at any time give, with a clear conscience, the very best of characters—one that will never wish to leave you, but would rather remain with you all the days of your life, then you must be *your own servant* ; and that is best achieved by diligently learning how, on all occasions, to help yourself.

## The Leopard.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



THE Leopard, or, more properly, the variety of it known as the Panther, was in former days often to be seen in Palestine, as is evident from the fact that some places were called by the Hebrew name of this animal (*nâmêr*); as, for instance, Nimrah (Num. xxxii. 3 and 36), or Beth-Nimrah, “the

House of Leopards;” “the waters of Nimrim” (Isa. xv. 6). We read also in Canticles (iv. 8) of “the mountains of the leopards.” The leopard is still occasionally seen in Syria, but it is by no means common. Every one is familiar with the beautiful black spots, or rosettes, which adorn the glossy yellow skin of the leopard; it was from these spots that it was called in Hebrew *nâmêr*, “the spotted animal.” The leopard is one of the swiftest and most active of all the beasts of the field; and so the prophet Habakkuk (i. 8) compares the horses of the Chaldean army to these animals—“Their horses are swifter than leopards;” and Daniel (vii. 6), foretelling the rapidity of the victories of Alexander, speaks of “a leopard, which had upon the back of it four wings of a fowl”—a very apt emblem of extreme swiftness.

The leopard is also extremely cunning, and will lie in ambush close to a village, ready to spring upon any unwary passer-by. Jeremiah (v. 6) alludes to this lurking habit: “A leopard shall watch over their cities.” And so does Hosea (xiii. 7), “As a leopard by the way will I observe them.”

In that beautiful chapter of Isaiah (xi.) which foretells the peaceful rule of the Messiah, one proof given of the universal harmony is this, “that the leopard shall lie down with the kid;” while the Prophet Jeremiah employs the spots of the leopard to illustrate the abiding power of habitual sin, in those familiar words: “Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil” (Jer. xiii. 23).

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## “Going up to London.”

A WARNING TO VILLAGERS.



HILST attending to the wants of one poor woman, another, with a baby in her arms, came to my door. Her face seemed to be known to me, and yet I could not recall her to my recollection. “Don’t you remember me, ma’am? —I used to live with Mrs. Smith. I am Ann.” Then the

past came back to my mind: it was a maid who had for six years faithfully served an esteemed friend. I had known her well, and several of her family likewise, all respectable and respected maid-servants. Her dress now was miserable, and she looked ill, old, and weary. Her history was sad, but not uncommon: it may prove an useful warning to some, so I will tell it.

After the death of her good old mistress she married a steady, industrious young man in a village. They lived in a comfortable cottage, and had a good large garden. Part of the rent was paid by a quiet lodger; and by selling some of the produce of their garden, they made a fair profit out of that. In the front room they had a small stock of such articles as are usually found in a "village shop." They had, besides, the Post Office, by which they gained a little without much trouble. There could scarcely be a more prosperous home in humble life. Yet, after a few years, came the too-frequent desire for change; and some indiscreet neighbour told of the charms of London, the high wages, the abundant trade, the certainty of "getting on" there. Ann's husband was not very strong in health just then, and somebody thought it was too cold and damp for him in the country; it would be so much warmer and drier in London, and he might get plenty of work there as a carpenter, and good pay. Now all this was very bad advice, but it was followed. What was the result? The air of London was not so favourable to one who was accustomed to the purer atmosphere of the country. Instead of the space and the freedom of the cottage with its four rooms, and the pleasant garden, they were obliged to lodge in one small room on the third floor of a house, and for this they paid more rent than for the cottage and garden. Two of their children pined and died; the baby, born after they came to London, was weak and sickly. No work was to be had; who knew, or wanted to employ a stranger from a country village?—there were more men already than could find work. Before leaving their village home they sold all their furniture; for a small sum only, so that store was soon spent. For several months they were in the greatest poverty and distress. Poor Ann hardly knew how they had lived; she was willing to work, but knew no one who would employ her: there were so many women thereabouts who went out cleaning, she had no chance of obtaining even that hard work and small pay. Her husband had worn out his boots with walking, and had just gone a distance of at least three miles across London to seek for work, but it was very doubtful if he would obtain it.

This result of "coming to London" is so common and so sad, that it would be well if those who listen to foolish advice, and encourage a restless, unsettled disposition, would take warning by the true tale of "Poor Ann." Let them remember, that although there are nearly three millions of people living in the Great City, they are not all "masters," but a very large proportion are "working men;" and that amongst the vast crowd it is by no means easy for a stranger to make himself known and to obtain what he wishes.

E. T.



THE "merrie, merrie month of May" is come, and all creation seems to rejoice at her return. The air is redolent with fragrant odours, and fields and gardens are decked with varied flowers; not one of which is more welcome than the "Lily of the Valley," whose drooping bells, half-hidden between its folded leaves, must have led the poet to declare that

"The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly."



The ancients ascribed medicinal properties to this plant; and said that it was useful for "helping those poisoned by the biting of mad dogs and other venomous beasts;" but they ascribed still greater healing virtue to another of the same family, which is called *Solomon's Seal*, from some marks on the root which are like Hebrew characters; and which they supposed were stamped on it by the great herbalist, Solomon, as a sign of its wonderful power; and, certainly, its healing properties are very remarkable, if we believe quaint old Gerarde, who says, that when bruised, it takes away "blacke and blew spots gotten by fals, or women's wilfulness in *stumbling upon their hastie husbands' fists*, or such-like." The Lily of the Valley forms an extensive article of commerce in London. Market-gardeners take great quantities every day to Covent Garden, and sell them to the flower-girls, who make them into bunches, and retail them in the streets. In some parts of England the Lily of the Valley grows wild, in such profusion that the air is op-

pressive from the perfume. This is the case at Matlock, in Derbyshire; and one of the islands in Lake Windermere is called "Lily of the Valley Holme;" because, as Wordsworth says, it is

"Sown with Lilies of the Valley like a field."

R. B.

## Black and White; or, Advantages.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED,"  
ETC.

"I own I am shocked at the purchase of slaves,  
And fear those who buy them and sell them are knaves."—COWPER.



SOME months after Mr. Delafield had visited his friend the Curate, and told the story of the "Game without an end"\* to the night-school scholars, he came to the village again; but it was milder weather now, for the winter was nearly over, and the days were beginning to lengthen.

Mr. Delafield was not long with his friend before he inquired after both the night and Sunday schools; but the answer was not altogether satisfactory.

The night-school, indeed, had answered very well on the whole, during the dark winter months, when walking about late or other out-door amusements were impossible; for then both boys and girls were glad enough to come. And the falling off in numbers during the last two or three weeks, in consequence of the lighter evenings, was what always did happen, and he could not say much about it; though certainly he wished they liked learning a little more and running about a little less.

But the Sunday school!—really there was no end to the trouble of it. Not as to the teaching—that was all easy enough—but there was such difficulty in getting the children to come. They required so much looking up, and the parents so much visiting and coaxing, and begging of, that it took up half his time to keep the team together at all.

How they could be so indifferent to their own good he couldn't imagine; but there was always such a host of excuses for the children staying away, that it seemed as if the parents thought they were doing the teachers quite a favour by sending them to be taught; and had not the least idea how grateful they ought to be to the people, who Sunday after Sunday took the trouble of teaching them for nothing.

He had been to six houses that very morning, to ask after absent children—some of them great big boys, who were quite old enough to know the blessing of having such advantages as schooling and religious instruction, without being told.

Mr. Delafield was quite amused by the Curate's warmth; which a long parish round and six expostulatory calls, combined with the pleasant excitement of finding his friend arrived on his return, sufficiently accounted for, and he smiled as he inquired,—

"*Advantages?* do you really think it is an advantage?—a blessing, as you call it, to have advantages?"

The Curate looked up, amused in his turn. He was used to Mr. Delafield's jokes and love of an argument, however, so he made

\* See the volume of *The Parish Magazine* for 1860. London: Bell and Daldy, 126 Fleet Street. Price 1s. 6d. limp; 2s. cloth boards.

answer, that he didn't see how advantages—whatever they were—could be otherwise than a blessing to the people who had them.

"I know that is the common idea," observed Mr. Delafield, "but I am beginning to doubt the truth of it very much. In fact, I am beginning to suspect, that a man who has ten talents is much more likely to bury them in a napkin and make no use of them, than a man who has only one."

"Then the man with ten talents has one too little," rejoined the Curate; "and the most important one of all: I mean, the grace to be thankful for the others."

"True enough; but grace and talents by no means always, or generally, go together," suggested Mr. Delafield. "But, by the way, is your night-school reading-meeting over for the season?"

"Not quite," was the answer; and then Mr. Delafield said, that if his friend liked, he would give them another lecture or story some night himself. To which the Curate assented with delight.

"And the subject shall be *advantages*," continued Mr. Delafield.

"They will not understand your far-fetched arguments to prove that black is white," said the Curate, with a slight shake of the head.

"They will understand what I shall tell them," replied Mr. Delafield. "I shall tell them a story."

"A Ghost story?" asked the Curate.

"Not a bit of it; a quite true one," was the reply: "but this being settled, I shall tell you no more till the time comes."

And a few days after this conversation the time came, and the two once more found themselves together in the village schoolroom, sitting in front of forms full of young villagers; the little ones grinning and nudging each other at seeing Mr. Delafield again; the older ones observing him with grave interest and attention.

And presently he began, as follows:—

"Last time I was here, my lads, I told you a sort of Ghost story, only part of which was actually true, although the moral of it was so good, I must hope you have not forgotten it. But now I have got a true story for you, the whole of which you may believe.

"I have met with a very singular man since I saw you; a man born and bred in a condition of life much lower than your own: so low, indeed, that you will not understand it till I describe it to you.

"And yet this man has risen out of this condition, and become a good Christian, and well-educated; has written books, and edited a newspaper; and continues to exert himself in every possible way to do good to his fellow-creatures, and help them to rise, as he has done, 'out of darkness into light.'

"He sometimes leaves his own country and family for a time to come over to England, and lecture to people here upon the subjects he has most at heart, and he is always well received; and in the house where I met and talked to him, the Vicar of the parish was there also, listening to him with respect, and sympathy, and pleasure.

"Of course you wonder how all this has come about, and perhaps are inclined to think that my friend must, in spite of his low birth, have had great and uncommon advantages and opportunities.

"Perhaps, say you, he met, by a lucky accident, with some powerful friend, who took him by the hand and pushed him forward



in life; and perhaps also, he was sent to school, and when there turned out so sharp-witted, that he tucked in learning as fast as other boys do pudding, and liked it as well, too. In which case there is not much credit due to him, nor is he much of a pattern to anybody else.

"Now it is natural you should think something like this. The moment we see anybody better and wiser than ourselves, self-love at once tempts us to fancy he must have had much greater opportunities of becoming so than ourselves; and we console ourselves by thinking that, if we had been equally '*lucky*,' we should probably have been every bit as good and wise as he is!

"Well! you shall judge for yourselves how far you can account in this way for my friend's good character and success in life, for I will give you a sketch of his history; and I think you will find from it, that the secret of the matter lay in his making the most of very small advantages, and not in his having been blessed with very great ones.

"To begin with, he was born, not a free man in a free country, as you all are, but a despised Negro slave. Do you know what that is? I doubt it, although I dare say you have often heard nigger songs sung about the village, and perhaps sing some yourselves. In which case, however, you will be aware, that there is often a good deal of talk in them about '*Massa*.'

"Now this *massa*, or master, is the owner of these nigger slaves, just as the farmers of our own country are the masters or owners of their horses, cows, and pigs. They have been bought in a market for money, just as the farmers' cattle have been bought for money, and the master who has bought them may do what he likes with them ever after.

"Not only may he work them as hard as he pleases, but he may flog them as hard as he pleases too, and there is nobody to say him nay. And he may lodge them as he pleases, and give them as little food as he pleases, for nobody interferes with what he does.

"In this respect, therefore, Negro slaves are worse off than even our lowest beasts of burden; for, thank God, there is a law in England which prevents a man from ill-using even his ass to the point of bodily injury. But a slave-master may, and often does, beat his slaves, both men and women, till head and back are torn in gashes and streaming with blood; nay, in some cases, till merciful death puts an end to their sufferings: but still he remains unpunished, for no judge gives out verdict of condemnation against him, save the great Judge of all, who will one day surely avenge His own.

"If I speak strongly on this subject, it is because I feel strongly," observed Mr. Delafield, after a short pause, and then he continued:—

"My friend could show you his back marked with long stripes or wales, where many a time the cowskin whip of one of his '*massas*' lashed off long pieces of flesh, and that for such trifling offences as a saucy word, or not having done as much work as had been expected of him; and sometimes for no offence at all, but only because *massa* himself happened to be in a bad humour, and *must beat somebody*.

"I dare say you are beginning to wonder how it comes about that there are such things as slaves, and how it ever happened that men and women could be bought and sold in a market like cattle; and this I will explain.

"Niggers, or Negroes, came originally from Africa, and are, as I dare say you know, black-skinned: and when it was found out that people with black skins could do a much greater quantity of work in hot climates than those with white, it became a dreadful practice with several nations, who had land and property in the hot parts of America, to send ships to the coast of Africa, and to bring away cargoes of these poor black creatures to work for them.

"Sometimes this was done by force, but soon the chiefs of the savage African tribes, finding they could make a good business by selling black men to the strangers, did so without scruple. But as they did not generally like to part with their own subjects, they would go and fight with any tribe they thought weaker than themselves, and the men they took prisoners they sold to the American traders, who, in their turn, sold them to those who had land and plantations to be cultivated.

"And nobody rose up to say how wicked all this was, because everybody wished to have a *finger in the pie*; that is, to have a share of the profits of the horrible traffic.

"I wish I could tell you that such things were never done now. But I cannot. The practice still continues to a certain extent, though we English do all we can to prevent it, by sending ships of war to watch the coast and protect the natives from such cruelty; but we cannot stop it altogether. Moreover, the children born of slaves are slaves too, so that there is at this time an enormous slave population in the southern, or what are called the *slave states* of America. The northern ones, which border upon our colony of Canada, do not allow slavery, and are called the free states.

"Perhaps now you have some faint notion of the misery of being born a Negro slave. But this is not all, nor half. The one dreadful necessity of the wicked and unnatural relationship of master and slave is, that the slave *must be kept down both in body and soul*. Masters *dare* not, — that is the proper word, — they *dare* not let their slaves rise out of the condition of mere cattle. They *dare* not let them be religious, they *dare* not let them be moral, they *dare* not let them improve their minds.

"They *dare* not let them learn the truths of the Christian religion, which teaches that all men are equal in the sight of God. They *dare* not let them read the Bible, which tells that the bondmen of old among the Jews were, by God's express ordinance, released from servitude at the end of every seven years, and allowed to go free, so that such bondage was little more than an apprenticeship among us.

"They *dare* not, therefore, let them learn to read at all; and so strongly has this been felt, that teaching a slave to read was once, in some slave states, an offence punishable by death.

"Neither dare masters allow their slaves to lead moral, that is to say, *family* lives, as we do here; father, mother, and children all in one house, and bound to each other by ties of love and common interests, for such common interests, and the strength and combination which would be sure to follow upon them, would sap the foundations of slavery. Fathers, and mothers, and children, are therefore purposely separated, and often sold to different masters. My friend never

knew even the name of his father, and no slaves have a right to a family surname.

"It seems very dreadful—does it not?—that there should be people in the world who are thus deliberately and purposely kept degraded and debased by those above them? People who *may not* lead respectable and virtuous lives, if they wish it ever so: people who *may not* learn to read the Bible, for fear they should know and understand the blessed truths it contains: people who *may not* go to school: people who *may not* be taught to fear and love God and keep His commandments: but who, on the contrary, are forced to live in ignorance and vice, and die like the beasts of the field!

"Very dreadful, I am sure, you all think this; nay, very likely you can scarcely believe it to be true, it sounds so unlikely. And yet I can tell you of something quite as dreadful, and quite as unlikely, but which, nevertheless, we see around us every day, and take very little notice of. Can you guess what I mean, boys?"

But the boys could not guess, so Mr. Delafield had to go on.


"Well! that there should be people in the world who are encouraged and invited by those above them to do those very things which we think it so shocking the slaves are prevented from doing; who have all the blessings offered which the others are shut out from; that is, of rising out of ignorance into the light of Christian knowledge; of leading respectable and virtuous lives; of learning (as in this very room every Sunday) both to read and understand the Bible; of going to schools for the improvement of their minds; of going to church, where the fear and love of God are taught to all; but who—I speak it with sorrow—turn their backs upon all these advantages, and, of their own free will and choice, prefer to remain ignorant, immoral, and debased.

"You understand me now, surely," continued Mr. Delafield, after a pause; "and see that I want you to think a little of your responsibility, as Christians in a land where all that is good is brought to your very doors. I once heard that wicked old saying, 'The nearer the church the further from God,' repeated as a joke by a woman whose cottage faced the church gates, but who could never be persuaded to go in and worship. How it was with her at the last I do not know, for she left the place where I lived. This I do know, however, that she dropped down suddenly in the streets of the town she went to, and was taken up a corpse.

"Now I want you to see the wickedness of that old saying, which tempts people to make a joke of their responsibility to God. I want you to remember that we shall be judged hereafter by a juster law than we are apt to think of. Not so much, in fact, by what we *are*, as by what we have had *the opportunity of being*."

(*To be continued.*)

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" F there is one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly, zealously, and truly cultivated."—*Dr. Arnold.*



## Short Sermon.

### Our Ascended Lord.

BY THE VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF BUCKINGHAM.

MARK, xvi. 19.—*So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.*



HIS is the simple account given to us by one of the Evangelists of our Lord's ascension. The Ascension of Christ is one of the articles of our Creed; and yet it is to be feared that this event does not occupy by any means so prominent a place in our thoughts as it deserves. We think much of Christmas Day, of Good Friday, and of Easter Day; and it was evidently the design of our Church that as much importance should be attached to Ascension Day. For we find in the Prayer-book that proper psalms and lessons are appointed for that day, and that there is also a proper preface for the Ascension provided in the administration of the Holy Communion. So that Ascension Day, or Holy Thursday, as it is called, stands out prominently in our calendar as a day to be much observed. Let us pray for the time when the ten thousand churches in our land may be opened on this day, and when devout congregations shall be found in every place, meeting together to rejoice in the ascension of our great High Priest, following Him in heart and mind, and striving with Him continually to dwell.

The Ascension of our Lord was foreshadowed in the Old Testament, both by type and by prophecy. It was typified in the taking up of Elijah to heaven. There came a chariot of fire and horses of fire; and as the prophet was carried upwards, he preached in those early ages of One who, in the fulness of time, should go up in the human nature into heaven. Again, this event was typified by the entrance of the Jewish high priest within the vail once every year; which, the Apostle teaches us, was a figure of the entrance of Christ once for all into the holy place, that is, heaven, having obtained eternal redemption for us. Then, further, the Ascension was predicted. "Thou hast ascended on high," says the Psalmist; and again, "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet."

At length the event itself took place, as thus foreshadowed and foretold. Forty days had passed since the Redeemer rose from the grave. During that time He had shown Himself alive by many infallible proofs, and had thus established for ever the certainty of His resurrection. But His work was now finished on earth. The atonement had been made for sin; and His resurrection was the proof that the atonement was accepted by the Father. He had appointed Apostles, with power to ordain others. He had given directions concerning the government of His Church; He had appointed sacraments as pledges of His love, and effectual signs of His grace,

which should show forth His death till His coming again. What more, then, was wanting? He had led captivity captive—Sin, Satan, and Death, were laid under His feet. It was time, therefore, for the heavens to receive Him again, until the great restitution of all things. Accordingly, on the fortieth day after His resurrection, He led His disciples out of Jerusalem towards Bethany, a little village two miles distant, situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives; and there, on the brow of the mountain, while in the act of blessing them, He was parted from them and carried up into heaven. With regard to the *fact* of our Lord's ascension, the Scripture testimony is clear. With regard to the *manner* of the ascension the Scripture says nothing; and so we must be silent. Whether, as in the case of Elijah, a chariot and horses of fire received the Son of God, and conveyed Him triumphantly through that trackless space which separates this sinful world from heaven; or, whether, by His own Almighty power, and without any visible assistance, He was borne upwards, we know not. It is enough for us to know that He, the GOD-MAN, went up; His risen body was actually uplifted to heaven; He was seen to rise in human form, in order that thus we may still think of Him, and pray to Him.

But in what way are we affected by this wonderful event?

Now, first, let us remember that Christ has gone up into heaven as our *Forerunner*. So the Apostle teaches us, where he says,—“Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.” The great truth upon which we should try to fix our thoughts at this season is this, that the Son of God has gone up into heaven with a human body, and thus has made it a possible thing that the human nature can enter into the inmost sanctuary of heaven. Oh, with what feelings of amazement, reverence, and gratitude, should we entertain the thought that a body, spiritual indeed, but yet a body—that our very human nature has been lifted up by the power of the indwelling Godhead into the very presence of God in heaven! The human nature is now at the right hand of God, and this, too, with an express view to our exaltation. He, the GOD-MAN, has gone up as our *Forerunner*. There is a bond of union, the very closest, existing between Him, who is at God's right hand, and the very meanest of His faithful disciples. There are invisible cords of attraction by which saint after saint, whether living or departed, is held to Him; and shall at the last great day be drawn upwards, to be with Him, who has thus scaled the skies that He might prepare a place for us. Christ has gone to heaven as our *Forerunner*.

Then, further, Christ has ascended as our *High Priest*. “Seeing then, that we have a great High Priest,” says the Apostle, “that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.” Under the Jewish law the high priest went once every year into the holy place, with “the blood of the sin-offering of atonements;” and by this he typified the entrance of the great High Priest, once for all, into heaven itself with His own blood. Hence we find that our Lord is described as having gone up into heaven with the marks of His crucifixion. In one of the sublime visions of St. John we read, that he beheld in the midst of the throne “a

Lamb as it had been slain." There is a marked emphasis throughout the vision laid upon the fact of the Lamb having been slain. In the new song which the elders address to the Lamb, they say, "Thou wast slain;" and again, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." The marks of the suffering humanity of our Lord are therefore there; not the suffering itself, but the memorials of the suffering. The print of the nails and the mark of the spear are visible there. And here is the reason of this—that Christ has ascended to heaven as our great High Priest; not because there is in heaven a visible altar, or a literal sacrifice; but because in heaven He fills the place of a mighty Intercessor. And how does He intercede for us? Simply by continually presenting His own merits, His obedience and death, by virtue of which heaven's best blessings are showered down on His people. His intercession is the perpetuation of His crucifixion. His sacred body is there, and upon that body there are the marks of suffering, and the tokens of death; and by virtue of this sacrifice, continually presented, He obtains pardon, peace, and salvation for all those who believe on His name.

Then, once more: Christ has ascended up to heaven that He might send down to us the most precious gift of the *Holy Spirit*. "If I go not away," said Christ before His ascension, "the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." Jesus Christ has gone away, and therefore the Spirit has come. He has sent forth His Spirit; and so long as He is personally absent, so long that Spirit will be present. Nay, more, Christ also is present; for He is one with His own Spirit, and with Him dwells in the hearts of His people. "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Oh, what a thought of wonder is this, that the blessed Trinity,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, should condescend to come and dwell within us! Oh! as we feel and know the blessedness of this indwelling, let us pray that our conversation may be indeed worthy of such high privileges; that this life-giving, renewing Spirit, may enlighten our understanding, and subdue our will, and elevate our affections to the love of Him who has procured such unspeakable blessings for us.

We have seen, then, that Christ has ascended to heaven as our forerunner; that He is there, ever living to make intercession for us; and that from thence He continually sends forth the Holy Spirit to make us fit to dwell with Him for ever.

Let us, then, examine ourselves closely, whether our hearts and minds are now in heaven. If we would indeed follow the Saviour into the abode of God, we must learn even now to soar above this world, carrying into all the scenes of human life a spirit which breathes of heaven. Our hopes and our hearts must now be fixed on that happy place, where Satan cannot tempt, and where sin cannot enter. Does not the Saviour, from the highest heaven, exhort us to run the race that is set before us; and to fix our affections on things above, where, with the eye of faith, we may assuredly behold Him now sitting at the right hand of God? We will aim, God helping, so to run that we may obtain.



# THE PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE, 1861.

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## THE CHURCH INSTITUTION.

THE attacks persistently made upon the Church of England by a small section of political Dissenters, much magnified through their skillful combinations and manoeuvres, have brought into existence an Institution, whose successful operations are not generally known. The institution was established in the year 1859, through the meeting together of a few earnest Churchmen, who witnessed, with great regret and some alarm, the repeated attacks which were being made upon the Church in reference to her temporal rights; and, which, it seemed to them, the laity ought to assist the clergy in opposing. In their opinion the rights and privileges of the laity were as much affected by the aggressive movements as were those of the clergy. Since that time the institution has been rapidly extended. With regard to the dignitaries of the Church, it had been thought right not to take action in any Diocese until the Council had obtained the sanction of the Bishop; and there are now only two of the Bishops who have not more or less formally given in their adhesion to the institution. To secure unanimity of action and opinion, the important principle has been settled that its members meet without reference to politics or party in the State or Church. Though of recent formation, the institution finds matters for congratulation, from the different way in which various questions affecting the Church are now treated in Parliament from what they were formerly. Several bills have been lately dealt with—the Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates—the Nonconformist Burial Bill—the Endowed Charities' Bill—the Religious Worship Bill—the Qualification for Offices' Bill—all these have been thrown out, with the exception of the Church Rate Bill, which stands for the third reading on Wednesday next, June 5th. It is mainly, if not exclusively, owing to the information circulated amongst members of Parliament and throughout all England that such an accession of strength has been brought to the Established Church. No less than 60,000 circulars had been despatched during a fortnight in reference to a single question lately discussed in Parliament. If efforts like these be continued as long as the enemy is in the field, a strong Church feeling will be roused in the country; and there will be seen a hearty co-operation between clergy and laity, when the fact is recognised that the Church has her political as well as her religious aspects. At the late meeting of the Ruri-decanal Chapter, in Darlington, it was resolved to discuss the terms of union in the session of October or November.

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## NATIONAL SCHOOL, COCKERTON.

THIS school having been found inadequate in many respects for its purpose, a strenuous effort is now made to complete the alterations and additions necessary for meeting the modern requirements of a thoroughly good school. Several ladies connected with Trinity Parish have, with commendable zeal, devoted their time for some months past in preparing a varied collection of fancy and useful articles, which they intend to offer for sale at a Bazaar to be held in the Mechanics' Hall, Skinnergate, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 4th and 5th of June. We hope their efforts will meet with all the success which they so richly deserve; and that not only the immediate wants of the School will be supplied, but a considerable fund be also raised for future educational purposes in connexion with the district.

ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c., AND REMITTANCES, FOR THE YEAR ENDING  
MARCH 31ST., 1861.

CR.	£	s.	d.	DR.	DARLINGTON.	£	s.	d.
Remittances by Rev. J. Brame ... ..	10	4	6	Church of England Institute ... ..		2	2	0
Remittance by the Rev. R. J. Simpson ... ..	3	3	0	Miss Ellerson's Card ...		0	5	4
Remittances by Rev. W. H. G. Stephens ...	35	11	5	Mr. H. Hird's Card ...		0	3	6
Expenses of travelling, printing, and advertising ... ..	1	6	6	ST. CUTHBERT'S PARISH.				
In hand, being paid too late for remittance to London ... ..	0	10	0½	Collection at Church ...		12	8	5
				Rev. J. G. Pearson ...		0	10	0
				ST. JOHN'S PARISH.				
				Collection at Church ...		4	10	6
				" Meeting ...		1	16	6
				Rev. W. H. G. Stephens		0	10	0
				Mrs W. Wooler's Cards		3	15	0½
				Rev. W. Eade ... ..		0	5	0
				Special Offering ... ..		0	2	0
				DINSDALE.				
				Collection at Church ...		7	1	0
				SOCKBURN.				
				Collection at Church ...		1	11	2
				Mrs. Grace, Sockburn ...		0	5	0
				Household Offertory by Rev. W. H. Elliott ...		2	2	6
				HURWORTH.				
				Collection at Church ...		6	6	0
				EGGLESTONE.				
				Collection at Church ...		3	8	6
				William Ewart, Esq., Middleton ... ..		0	10	0
				HAUGHTON-LE-SKERNE.				
				Parochial Association ...		3	3	0
	£50	15	5½			£50	15	5½

In the money received for the purposes of this Society upwards of £4 were obtained by the cards of Mrs. W. Wooler, Miss Ellerson and Mr H. Hird in sums beginning at one penny and twopence. Thus it is shewn to be within the reach of all to maintain and extend the operations of a Society, which is confessedly one of the most valuable handmaids of the Church of England.

In addition to the above, further donations have been received towards the Special fund for the Parish of St. John; Messrs W. and R. Thompson £10 0s 0d; John Buckton, Esq., £3 6s 8d; Rev. W. H. G. Stephens, £5. 0s 0d; and £3 15s, collected by Mrs W. Wooler in the following sums, Mr W. Wooler £1; Mr J. W. Wooler 10s; Rev. W. S. Evans 10s; Mr. J. Burnside 10s; Mrs. Patterson 5s; Mr. Lewis 5s, and sundries 15s.

DIOCESAN CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

FROM the report for the year 1860, which is now being published, it appears that this Society was formed in the year 1827, and that the sum of £14,198 19s 5d has been contributed by the subscribers since its formation. The remittances to the Parent Society have amounted to £2,889 2s 9d. The grants made towards the building and enlargement of churches and chapels in the diocese have been £10,832 6s; and there is a balance in the hands of the Treasurer of £477 10s 8d. But this balance will be speedily swept away

in meeting the outstanding responsibilities of the Committee, which are £1,375. Additional subscriptions are urgently needed to meet the liabilities and to enable the Society to assist local efforts in places where new churches are imperatively required, as at Blackgate, Jarrow, Evenwood, Newcastle, Durham, Bishopwearmouth, and several other localities in the mining and iron-work districts. The subscriptions last year in the wealthy Counties of Durham and Northumberland were no more than £346; and upon analysing the list we are rather surprised to find the laity contributing £79 16s only. The clergy, though immeasurably inferior in income and fewer in numbers, had subscribed £266 14s for the purposes of the Society. This is another proof of the fact so remarkably brought out in the recent report of the Education Commissioners that the pecuniary sacrifices of the clergy in extending the cause of their Divine Master are an example worthy of imitation by the whole church. It seems a reflection upon Darlington that notwithstanding the unexampled liberality with which our local efforts have been supplemented by the grants of the Diocesan Society, there is not one single subscriber of the town upon its list. Nor, so far as we have been able to learn, has its funds been increased by any congregational collections. The Society has assisted in the building of 66 additional churches and chapels, and in the re-building and enlarging of 67 other churches. The largest grant yet made was £256, in favour of Holy Trinity, Darlington; and out of the 133 churches aided by the operations of the Society, 4 only obtained £200, of which St. John's, Darlington, was one of the favored few. Thus to two churches of this town £456 have been given by the Society, and no grateful return yet made. The records of the Parent Society, we believe, exhibit the same features; and we hope that the Churchmen of Darlington will seriously consider whether it is right to withhold assistance from societies which have zealously supported them in their days of need. The Church Building Societies, we fear, are not the only ones which have just grounds of complaint against us for receiving all we can get and bestowing nothing in return. The Rev. W. Eade, of Aycliffe, will be happy to receive subscriptions towards meeting the many urgent applications for aid from the Society's funds.

#### CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—PARISH OF AYCLIFFE.

In our January number the details of the remittance to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts were printed; and we have now the pleasure of recording the donations and subscriptions from the Parish to the Sister Society for the Evangelization of the heathen.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rev. John Eade ... ..	1	1	0	Brought forward ... ..	10	1	10
Mrs. Eade ... ..	1	2	0	Miss Nelson (deceased) ... ..	1	0	0
„ Sale of Work by ... ..	3	14	10	Missionary Boxes ... ..	1	3	6
„ Collected by ... ..	1	2	0	Collected in Church after Ser-			
Rev. W. Eade ... ..	0	10	0	mon by Rev. J. Manisty. ... ..	5	8	3
Miss Aylmer ... ..	1	1	0				
Mrs. Smith (Aycliffe House) ...	1	11	0				
	10	1	10		17	13	7

#### ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, DARLINGTON.


**EXTENSIVE** and efficient Schools can only be maintained by large outlays of money, exceeding the income derived from School pence. It is to be feared that about £170 will be annually required to maintain the working of our Schools; the salaries and incidental expenses formed on the most moderate scale consistent with efficiency being a heavy drain on our pecuniary resources. The School year ends on the 31st of May; and the School pence received has, probably, been from £60 to £70; and the responsi-



bility of raising the deficiency (£100 or thereabouts) is necessarily thrown upon the Treasurer and Committee. As the foundation upon which our exertions are to be raised the congregation has contributed £20 14s 2d—the collections in last November having amounted to £9 6s, and on Sunday, May 26th to £11 8s 2d. An earnest appeal to parents, enforcing upon them the duty of training their Children in Christian truth and practice, was made in the evening by the Rev. J. D. Eade, Vicar of Aycliffe, and Rural Dean, which was attentively listened, and liberally responded, to.

CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

	MORNING.	EVENING.
June 2. 1st Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 68. Antwerp. " 130. Martyrdom.	Psalm 150. Wareham. Hymn 44. Innocents. " 51. St. Michael.
June 9. 2nd Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 14. Avison. Psalm 119. pt. 2. St. Stephen.	Psalm 36. Melcombe. Hymn 127. St. Cyril. " 5. St. Ann.
June 16. 3rd Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 63. Northallerton. " 4. Rockingham.	Hymn 103. Angels. " 85. Ems. Psalm 100, pt. 2. Old 100th.
June 23. 4th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 166. Eignbrook. Psalm 119. pt. 3. Dundee.	Hymn 162. Somerford. " 89. Avison. " 177. London.
June 30. 5th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 149. St. Cuthbert. Psalm 145. Irish.	Hymn 194. Melcombe. " 198. St. Cecilia. " 141. Innocents.
Chants.	Venite—Higgins. Jubilate—Bacon.	Magnificat—Dupuis. Nunc Dimittis—Hayes.

 The Canticles used at the Morning and Evening Services have been printed for the use of the Choir and Congregation. They are pointed according to the method adopted by the Church of St. John in chanting these parts of Divine Worship. They can be procured of Mr. John Graham, Bridge Terrace, for 2d. each.

THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

June 2	1 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn.	Josh. 10—Mark 3.	Even.	Josh. 23—1 Cor. 16.
9	2 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn.	Judges 4—Mar. 10.	Even.	Judges 5—2 Cor. 7.
16	3 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn.	1 Sam. 2—Mar. 16.	Even.	1 Sam. 3—2 Cor. 13.
23	4 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn.	1 Sam. 12—Luke 7.	Even.	1 Sam. 13—Eph. 1.
30	5 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn.	1 Sam. 15—Luke 12.	Even.	1 Sam. 17—Eph. 6.

THE HOLY COMMUNION celebrated at Morning Service on the first Sunday, and at Evening Service on the second Sunday, of the Month.

CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.—Divine Service every Sunday evening at six o'clock. Baptisms and Churchings on those evenings, and also on Tuesday afternoons at three o'clock.

A BIBLE CLASS will meet on Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, in No. 5, Brunswick Street.

A COTTAGE LECTURE is held at Mrs. Stevenson's, Chapel Street, every Thursday evening at Seven o'clock.

THE CHOIR.—The weekly practice is at the Church on Thursday evenings, beginning at Half-past Seven; and the Organist will be glad to see any Parishioner, who is wishful to attend.



## Casper Maler.

### A STORY OF FILIAL DEVOTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



F all war, the most terrible is civil war, when those who should live together as brethren draw the sword against each other; and of all civil war, the most savage and blood-thirsty is commonly that which is stirred up by religious differences.

“The Thirty Years’ War” in Germany was a striking example of this. In it millions lost their lives, large cities were totally destroyed, and the whole of Central Europe was devastated by armies of soldiers, who, in the name of religion, fought with the ferocity of fiends.

In the battle of Nordlingen the Swedes and their Protestant allies were repulsed, and had to retreat to winter-quarters beyond the Rhine. Their enemies, the Imperial troops, entered the Rhine country, and marched towards the town of Pforzheim, which had incurred their especial wrath from its loyalty to the Protestant faith. The citizens, knowing the fierceness and cruelty of the advancing foe, fled with all speed to the other side of the Rhine, and sought safety in the camp. Casper Maler, a man of an honest and true heart, was receiver of the Duke of Baden's revenue in Pforzheim. He had lost his wife, but he had his aged mother and his children in his home, and his soul trembled for them as he thought of the ruthless soldiers who would soon be masters of the city.

Fugitives from neighbouring villages, passing through Pforzheim to a place of safety, told tales of horror, and how they had fled from fire and massacre. "Fly ! fly !" they cried to the citizens; "suffer any hardship in a foreign land rather than fall into the hands of those monsters the Croats and the Red-mantles."

The few bolder citizens, who had hitherto remained, fled now, and among them Maler got ready to leave his hearth and home, that he might save his life and his loved ones. But an unlooked-for difficulty arose. Neither cart nor conveyance of any kind could be procured, even for the offer of immense sums of money. Every vehicle had been used by its owner to expedite his own flight. A horse or mule Casper could not have procured if he had paid its weight in gold for it. For himself and his young sons he was not troubled, for they could go on foot and carry a heavy load besides; but his mother was eighty years of age, and utterly unable to walk. What was to be done with her?

Leave her behind? No, he would sooner die the most cruel death than think of deserting her. But he was sorely puzzled how to carry her off out of the way of danger. There was no time to think long, for the enemy's troops were pushing nearer and nearer; and already the smoke of burning villages was rolling over the neighbouring hill-sides.

True love is inventive, and shrinks neither from trouble nor difficulty. After a hasty search, Maler found a light cart in the yard of some neighbours who had left the town. He quickly fastened some feather-beds on it, and then lifting up the aged mother from her arm-chair by the fireside, he laid her on the cart; then he and his eldest son harnessed themselves to the pole, and his other two lads pushed behind.

Besides the aged mother, the cart was loaded with all the most valuable property which they could stow on it; so that it took the utmost effort of their united strength to drag and push it along. The first day they succeeded in leaving their home ten miles behind them; and though the labour was very great, yet not one of them uttered a single word of murmur or complaint. After several days of similar fatigue, borne with equal patience, they reached the shore of the Rhine, on the other side of which they would be safe. They were all weak and worn out by their excessive efforts, but, alas! their labours were not yet at an end.

The waters of the Rhine were swollen, the waves ran high,



and the wind was boisterous. The ferry-boat lay near the bank, but no ferryman was to be seen. Maler had never handled an oar in his life, but he saw the smoke, which told of burning villages and of the foe following hard, in the very direction which they had taken. He knew that they would soon be upon them.

Then he prayed from the depth of his anxious soul: "Oh! Lord, who savest from death, forsake us not! Thou art mighty, even in the weak! Thou hast given us strength to draw the dear mother thus far—Oh! help us now to yonder shore of safety!"

Then he drew the cart, with his mother in it, on board the boat; his sons jumped in; he loosened it from its moorings, and pushed off fearlessly from the shore. He seized the oars; but, through his want of skill, the boat was soon the plaything of the waves.

But, though alarmed, they were not utterly disheartened. The lads knelt down, and the aged grandmother clasped her withered hands in prayer; and Maler, too, as he laboured at the oar, poured out his earnest supplication to the Lord.

And after long, anxious hours, the boat drifted over to the other shore of the river, and at last it gently grounded itself on a low, sandy bank. Joyfully the lads leapt into the shallow water, and dragged the boat higher up the bank. Then, kneeling down upon the strand, they offered, as Noah did when he came out of the ark, a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Then carefully they drew the cart, with the aged mother in it, on to the land again, and set out on their strange journey; but now they have no fear, everywhere they meet with sympathy, and assistance, and respect; and in Landau they find a place of peace and safety among their relations, and they enjoy the blessing of that commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

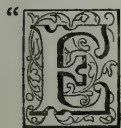
When the troubles of war were over they returned home to Pforzheim, and the Lord made them to prosper; but the dear mother, for whose sake they had laboured, they had laid in her quiet rest in the churchyard at Landau.

J. F. C.

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## Black and White; or, Advantages.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED,"  
ETC.



ENOUGH has been said now," continued Mr. Delafield, "to show you the disadvantages of being born a Negro slave. How my friend, whom we will call Frederick, overcame them, and got out into the sunshine of Christianity and freedom, you have yet to hear.

"And now as to his *advantages*, all of which I shall record as faithfully as his misfortunes. He had one in the very place of his birth.

It is in the extreme southern states that the horrors of slavery are darkest, and he was not born there, but a little northwards, where slave-life is considered to be much easier.

"*Bad enough nevertheless*, you are ready to call out, I dare say ; and this is true, but still you see there might have been something worse, and therefore, in all fairness, it ought to be set down as an advantage not to have been born in the very worst of the slave-states.

"But I have another bit of good luck to mention. It is the custom for slave-children to be taken away very early from their mothers, and put in gangs under the care of strangers. But the old woman with whom my friend and a number of other boys were placed, happened to be grandmother to several of them, so that she never used them ill.

"Now this, you must own, was a great comfort ; and really, while little Frederick was with her, which was for about seven years of his life, he had nothing to complain of. Nothing, at least, *that he knew of* and felt. He was allowed to be happy, as all other young animals are happy. Like a farmer's litter of pigs, he and his companions lay about in the sun, ran about in the woods, and dabbled in the ponds and streams ; quarrelled, fought, and made it up again ; were never corrected for anything ; never taught anything : were, in short, allowed to do pretty much as they pleased. Were naked, certainly, all but a little tow shirt, and very poorly fed, but saw and knew nothing better, and so took things as they came.

"How does this life sound to you ? Very jolly, I suspect, if I may judge by the merry faces of some of the youngsters opposite me ! Never to be corrected for anything—never to be taught anything—and to do just as one pleases ! What a royal kind of life—eh ? What an easy, comfortable way of being brought up !

"Yet, remember ! it is the bringing up of a heathen ; the life of people who are to know nothing of the God who made them ; and heavy lies the sin of this at the door of their masters !

"Several things, however, came to little Frederick's knowledge, when he grew old enough to understand what people were talking about, which made him uncomfortable. For instance, that he was a *slave*, and so *belonged to somebody* ; that the somebody's name was Old Massa ; and that when he was old enough he would be taken away from his grandmother to go and work under Old Massa.

"At last the appointed years passed over, and one day, when he was about seven years old, his grandmother took him, under pretence of a visit, many, many weary miles off, to the plantation where Old Massa lived, and there left him to begin his slave-life. Not that he was to be set to field labour at so early an age ; but he could be licked into shape, and do light work, and learn obedience, and see what he would have to do afterwards.

"Now Old Massa was not savage to the children ; in fact, he paid little attention to them till they were old enough to work, and so Frederick got no more flogged there than he might have done anywhere else. But he was half starved and badly clothed, and his sufferings from both cold and hunger were at times very great. Sometimes he would fight with the dog for the food thrown out to him, and sometimes follow the waiting-maid, when she went out to shake

the table-cloth, for the sake of the crumbs and odd bits that might fall from it. A bed to sleep on no slave-child ever has, and he used to think himself very lucky in cold weather if he could get his poor cracked feet into the end of a sack for warmth.

“But, worse than all this, he now, for the first time, saw some of the horrors of slavery; some of the dreadful—nay, it is not too much to say, *devilish*—deeds, which slave-masters commit when their bad passions are roused. It is not, however, my purpose to enter upon this terrible subject. The atrocities which my friend saw, even in this *comparatively* mild slave-state, are too distressing, almost, for repetition, so I shall pass them over. The object of my story is to show you out of what depths of misery and degradation a man may rise, if he does but honestly make use of the opportunities which God puts in his way; and God puts *some* opportunities, remember, in the way of us all.

“One of Frederick’s opportunities I have now to mention. Old Massa, although a slave-owner in a small way himself, was an official under a rich man, who had large property in plantations, farms, and slaves; and both this rich man and Old Massa (his factotum and general manager) were nominally Christians, and so it was the custom on the ‘Home Plantation,’ where they lived, that the young slaves should be taught the Lord’s Prayer, and therefore my friend was sent, along with twenty or thirty other little black urchins, to a room where, on a three-legged oaken stool, sat an old black cripple, armed with hickory switches, whose office it was to beat the Lord’s Prayer into the slave-children.

“But though Frederick’s master taught him no more, you must not fancy he learnt no more on the plantation. He was, even as a child, particularly thoughtful; and he continued to be so, more and more, as he grew older. And some of the acts of cruelty he saw—one especially done by Old Massa to a poor Negro girl, his aunt, filled him with the most painful and angry thoughts. *Why was he a slave? Why were some people slaves and others masters?* These things rankled in his mind, and when he asked others about them he was not satisfied with their answers. They told him that ‘*God up in the sky* made everybody, and made white people to be masters and black ones to be slaves.’ Moreover, that ‘God was good, and knew what was best for him and everybody.’ But here he thought of his poor aunt, who had the flesh cut off her back (as he had seen with his own eyes) for her very goodness’ sake. How could God be good, and yet suffer this?

“Nigger faith, however, had a solution even of this difficulty,—thus:—Though God made white men to be slave-holders, He did not make them to be *bad* slave-holders, and those who were so would be punished in due time. If this was not a complete answer, it was at any rate a relief to the feelings, and so the slaves always consider it; and when any cruel deed is done among them they find a horrible consolation in this fixed article of their creed, that *a master cannot go to heaven with their blood in his skirts*.

“But now I have another advantage to record. Old Massa had a daughter, lately married, and of a kind and tender disposition. And she used to pity the poor half-starved Negro boy, and look



kindly at him; and would sometimes give him scraps of food in secret; till at last, when hard-pressed by hunger, he would go and sing under her window to attract her attention—a hint she generally took. And once, when his head had been cut open in a fight, she soothed him, and with her own hands dressed the wound; an act of kindness so unusual and so overwhelming to a friendless creature like himself, that the impression of it has lasted throughout his life.

“I shall say no more of this part of his life, and at the end of three years there came a happy change. The gentleman who was married to Old Massa’s daughter had a brother in a town further north still; and this brother was married and had one child, a little boy; and the little boy required some one to play with and take care of him; and Old Massa *lent* them Frederick for this purpose. I told you before, that the southern states are the worst: the further north you go, that is, the nearer you get to the free states, the milder is the treatment of slaves, for public opinion there is opposed to cruelty; so masters have to be careful, and are under some control.

“It was, therefore, a great blessing to go north, and when Frederick found himself in a comfortable house in a town, companion to a little boy too young to know social distinctions, the change was almost beyond belief. As he himself described it, he had been treated as a *pig* on the plantation, he was treated as a *child* here.

“Moreover, the little boy’s mother was even kinder than Old Massa’s daughter had been, for she had not been brought up among slave-holders herself, and knew so little of their habits and ways, that she treated Frederick as she would have done any other boy in the same circumstances. He was a servant, a nurse-boy, it is true, but, as such, privileged to be in the sitting-room with his little friend, and was always spoken to by the mother as if—well, what shall I say?—as if he was a human being like herself! Moreover, he was allowed to remain in the room while she read aloud that Bible of which hitherto he knew nothing.

“Here was an advantage indeed! such an one, it is true, as every soul in this village has, who will take the trouble of walking to the church to listen; so, perhaps, it does not seem a very great thing to you: but if not, that is because some of you do not prize your advantages as you ought to do. He, however, did; and so far from merely taking all as it came and thinking no more about it, he began to *think* at once, and to wonder at the mystery of reading; and at last, so friendly had his mistress been, and so little was he afraid of her as a slave-mistress, and so much did he wish to learn, that he one day begged her to teach him to read.

“Think of this, boys! The ignorant Negro child saw the value of the power of reading, and asked as a favour what some of the children in this village turn their backs upon when it is offered as a gift, or shirk the trouble of it, whenever they can.

“The lady, in happy ignorance of slave-laws, consented at once to teach the boy, and so Frederick became her pupil in learning the alphabet! And a very apt scholar he was, for his heart was in it, and so was hers. And, poor lady! all went on swimmingly, till one day, when he had got just so far that he could spell words of three or four letters—she, in the joy of her heart, let the secret out to her

husband, boasting with delight of the progress her scholar had made, and adding, that she felt it to be quite *her duty* to teach him to read well enough to be able, at any rate, to read his Bible!

"Fancy her ignorance in saying this to a slave-owner! But you need not be alarmed. He neither fell into a passion, nor even found fault. He was amazed, it is true, at his wife's simplicity, but saw that it arose from her *knowing no better*. So he set himself at once to teach her to *know better*, by explaining to her the first great principle of slavery, viz. that slaves must be kept down. I have already explained it to you.

"Not, of course, that he told her in so many words, that masters *dare* not allow their slaves to learn to read; but he said the same thing in effect, by telling her that it was *unsafe* as well as *unlawful* to do it. 'If you give a nigger an inch,' said he, 'he will take an ell; he should know nothing but the will of his master, and learn to obey it. Learning would spoil the best nigger in the world.' And he added, with special reference to Frederick, who had not left the room, 'If you teach that nigger how to read the Bible there will be no keeping him; it would for ever unfit him for the duties of a slave; and as to himself, learning would do him no good, but probably a great deal of harm — making him disconsolate and unhappy. If you teach him how to read, he'll want to know how to write; and then he'll be running away with himself.'"

"It's almost impossible," interposed the Curate, warmly, "that a man should dare to say such things! If reading the Bible unfits a man for being a slave, then slavery must be something that ought not to be: for the Bible won't unfit any man from doing his duty, however disagreeable it may be; but, on the contrary, help him to do it."

"You stand upon the common ground of Christian principles," remarked Mr. Delafield; "it is the one, thank God, which we all stand upon in this country. But slave-holding principles set this entirely aside, and are, in short, got up for the particular case. Or, rather, perhaps I ought to say, that slave-holders have, from the long continuation of a wicked and abominable practice, got themselves involved in the foul necessity we are speaking of; the necessity of keeping down men to the level of beasts of burden. Think what strength of mind, what profound sense of religion, it would need to enable a man to sacrifice half, if not all, his fortune, to his knowledge of right and wrong; when the practice of all his neighbours — his *successful* neighbours, too — was the other way! A man who could do that would be a hero, and would have obeyed our Saviour's order to 'sell all that he had and give to the poor,' instead of going away sorrowful, as the young man who had 'great possessions' did.

"These slave-holders have 'great possessions,' too, and those possessions depend upon this diabolical slave-traffic. Do not let us judge harshly; for, so tempted ourselves, we little know what we might do. Let us rather thank God that we have been spared this temptation.

"Yet there *have* been men who have done what it is so hard to do: sacrificed their own interest, and what are called prospects in life, to their sense of right and wrong. One such I know of now in

England, who freed the eight hundred slaves on his property, taking his chance of what the result might be. But this man, of course, thought more of the prospects of the life to come than of the prosperity of this one. May there be more such!

"But to go on. The wife concluded that her husband must be right, or tried to think so, and promised obedience. She would teach Frederick no more. Nor did she; but the silly people forgot that the *mischief was done*: done and fixed as done, for ever, by the very explanation which the master had given to his wife in Frederick's presence. Henceforth he knew that knowledge was supposed to unfit people to be slaves; and from that moment, to use his own words, he 'understood the direct pathway from slavery to freedom.'

"And now observe, lads, what even a child can do, when he is resolved in his heart. There was no more teaching to be had in the house, that was clear; nay, he was watched if he was long in a room alone, lest he should be trying to teach himself: but as time went on, and he was less needed as nurse, he was employed to go errands, and, moreover, was sometimes sent out of doors alone to play; and of both these opportunities he made use whenever he could.

"For instance, he never went out without having in his pocket both a *Webster's Spelling-Book* and a bit of bread or biscuit. Can you guess what these were for? Well, they were for the white boys whom he met or played with in the street, many of whom could read, and were willing enough to teach him a little bit of spelling in return for a little bit of bread. And by degrees he had plenty of such teachers, some of whom, to their kindness of heart be it spoken, would receive nothing for their trouble, but did it for the pleasure of helping the poor black boy.

"And with no better help than this, the young Negro lad learnt to read and understand books written for grown-up people. He was some years over it, certainly, for he could only get taught by miserable snatches. But talk of *advantages*, and *schools*, and *opportunities*, and *first-rate masters*—what are all these worth, when a lad won't help himself? And when a lad *will* help himself, see what he can do, with scarcely any advantages at all!

"But now, what his master had said began to come true: he was both 'disconsolate and unhappy.' He met with a book written upon, and against, slavery—and it made him wild with despair, and almost envy his fellow-slaves their stupid contentment. Indeed, at that time he used to wish himself a beast, a bird, anything rather than what he was—a slave for life; and more than once was tempted to put an end to his existence. So the master was right in one way: teaching a slave to read does mischief, since it gives him a keener knowledge of his degraded state; but then, on the other hand, it enables him to have comfort in the thought of the next world, even if all hope in this is denied."

(To be continued.)







THE Wild Rose represented in the woodcut is, as its name (*Spinossima*) implies, the most thorny of its tribe; it does not grow in long wreaths, as our common hedge-row wildling does, but on chalky or sandy soil, in small low bushes, covered with cream-coloured blossoms.

Lord Bacon says, "A great store of hips and haws portends a cold winter," a

saying which, whether true or not, is commonly believed by country folk. In the time of Queen Elizabeth conserve of wild hips was made by "cooks and gentlewomen," and Daniel Horstius says, "The quintessence of roses is a medicine dedicated to kings, princes, noblemen, and great ladies, in respect to which rhubarb, senna, and manna are malign poison."

The trailing white Dog-rose is said to be the same that was adopted by the Yorkists as their badge when the Civil War of the Roses desolated England. It is

very common in Yorkshire. On the field of Towton, especially, it is said to grow in remarkable profusion; as some fancy, from the sprigs which the soldiers wore in their helmets having fallen to the ground and taken root.

The Rose has, from a very early period, been regarded as an emblem of the Christian Church, from the fact that Solomon, in his figurative description of Christ, represents Him as saying, "I am the Rose of Sharon."

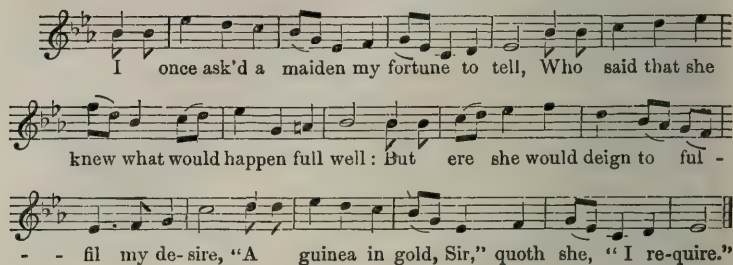
R. B.



## The Fortune-Teller.

SONG.

TUNE—"Pretty Polly Oliver."



I wondered, I own, what the secrets might be,  
Which could not be opened without such a key ;  
But I was all burning the future to know,  
And heeded but little a guinea, I throw.

The stars and the planets she studied full long,  
To be sure that her prophecy should not be wrong ;  
Then said, with a voice very solemn but bold,  
"If you live long enough, Sir, you're sure to—grow old."

"But perhaps, Sir," she added, "you wish to foresee  
Who the lady you'll marry is likely to be,  
And if this be the case, I'll wager my life  
That the lady you'll marry, Sir, will be—your wife.

I've told you the truth, Sir, and none can do more,  
And I hope you are wiser by far than before ;  
But if you would still scan the future, why then  
I beg, my good Sir, that you'll pay me again."

J. C. E.



## The Boar.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



THE wild Boar is alluded to in Ps. lxxx. 13, where the Psalmist laments the loss of the favour which God once showed to the Church of Israel : under the image of a vine transplanted from the soil of Egypt to that of Canaan, that Church is represented in this psalm as suffering from the persecution of her enemies, who are compared to wild boars, "resolved,"

as Bishop Horne says, "not only to spoil and plunder, but to eradicate and extirpate her for ever." "The wild boar out of the wood doth root it up," as the verse is translated in the Prayer-book version of the Psalms.

The species of boar, whose ravages are here spoken of, is the common wild boar of Europe and Asia, viz. the *Sus scrofa*, from which the domestic breeds derive their origin. Wild boars were, no doubt, at one time common in Palestine, where they are still occasionally seen. Mount Tabor is a favourite haunt of these animals ; and Dr. Pococke observed herds of wild boars near the Jordan, where it flows out of the Lake of Tiberias. The havoc which these animals occasion to vineyards is well known. The passage in the 80th Psalm may be aptly illustrated by a quotation from Mr. Hartley's *Researches in Greece*. As Mr. Hartley and Mr. Leeves, his companion in travel, were passing a vineyard, a wild boar rushed out ; a Greek who was with them exclaiming "Wild boar ! wild boar !" "What has the wild boar to do with vineyards ?" inquired Mr. Leeves. "Oh !" said the Greek, "it's the custom of wild boars to frequent the vineyards and devour the grapes."

Richard Cœur de Lion, it is said, when he was in Palestine, encountered a wild boar of enormous size ; and, as the animal was attempting to gore his horse with his tusk, he leaped down over his back, and slew him.

The law of Moses forbade swine's flesh to be eaten, and it was held by the Jews in great detestation. In the apocryphal Book of Maccabees (2 Mac. vi. 18, 19), the aged Eleazar is related to have suffered torment rather than break the law of God, by "eating swine's flesh ;" and when it was forced into his mouth by the servants of Antiochus he spat it forth, "choosing rather to die gloriously, than to live stained with such an abomination."



## Tree Giants.

## THE WELLINGTONIA.\*



ALIFORNIA is the land of wonders, and every traveller who reaches it may find something in it to suit his taste. The observer of Nature and worshipper of her silent influences, who feels himself most at home in the vast realm of the vegetable world, and in watching the operation of the laws that govern the growth and development of plants, may find in this "land of gold," spots on which he will walk as on consecrated ground; and will look up with rapture at the gigantic trees that lift their proud heads to bear witness, like the Pyramids of Egypt, to the lapse of thousands of years; and as those pyramids suggest thoughts of their builders, so do these of a mightier Hand.

About thirty miles from Sonora, in the district of Calaveras, you come to what is called the Stanislas River; and following one of its branches, which murmurs through a deep, wooded bed, you reach the Mammoth-tree Valley, which lies 1500 feet above the level of the sea. In this valley you find yourself in the presence of the giants of the vegetable world; and the wonder with which you gaze from a distance on these tower-like coniferæ, rising far above the lofty pine-woods, is increased when, on a nearer approach, you become aware of their prodigious dimensions. There is a family of them, consisting of ninety members, scattered over a space of about forty acres; and the smallest and feeblest among them is not less than fifteen feet in diameter. You can scarcely believe your eyes as you look up to their crowns, which, in the most vigorous of the colossal stems, only begins at the height of 150 or 200 feet from the ground.

Whether it is the enormous girth of the grey moss-grown trunk, the incredible height, or the straight, beautiful growth, that produces so powerful an impression, it is long before you can collect your thoughts sufficiently to be able quietly to consider their peculiar features, and to determine to what species they belong. Most of them have blunt tops, which have been nipped or broken off by the storms of winter, or by the mass of snow resting on them; others have been injured at their base by fires made by the Indians; and others, again, have suffered from the axe of the white population, in their restless search after everything in nature that can bring them money. With this motive one trunk has been robbed, to the height of fifty feet, of its bark, which has been carried about and exhibited in various parts of the world; and a spiral staircase was afterwards cut in it, by which visitors (paying for their admission) ascended to a considerable height.

The owner of this district, who also acts as guide to visitors, has given a name to every tree, according to its position, or from something about it which has struck his fancy. The tree that has been cut down was called "Big Tree;" not without reason, as it is

\* From Möllhausen's *Journey to the Pacific*. By kind permission of the Publishers, Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.

96 feet in circumference—that is, 32 feet in diameter and 300 feet high : it took five men twenty-five days to fell it, and the only way



in which this could be done was by boring holes in it, which were then brought into connexion by the axe. The stump that was left has been  
6.—13.

smoothed at the top, and offers a surface on which it is said sixteen pairs of waltzers might dance without interfering with one another's movements. By counting the rings it would seem that this tree must have attained the age of 3000 years.

Another tree, called "Miners' Cabin," from a hollow in the trunk, is 80 feet round, and also 300 feet high. The "Three Sisters" are three trees which seem all to spring from the same root, and the middle one only begins to get its branches at the height of 200 feet. Its circumference is 92, and its height 300 feet. Besides these there are "Old Bachelor," "Husband and Wife," neither much inferior in size to those I have mentioned; and even more colossal is the "Family Group," consisting of father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father has fallen some years ago, has struck another tree in its fall, and has broken off, in a length of 300 feet, the entire trunk measuring 450 feet; at the place where it broke its circumference is 40 feet, and at the base 110 feet: the mother is 91 feet round and 327 feet high. Another hollow trunk, which has broken off in a length of 75 feet, is named the "Horseback Ride," because a man on horseback can ride conveniently through it from one end to the other. There is also "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a trunk 300 feet high and 90 feet round, with a hollow at the base in which there is plenty of room for a party of five-and-twenty people. The rent which forms the entrance to this tree is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet broad and 10 feet high, and certainly few of the gold diggers have such spacious dwellings as its interior presents. It is most grievous to think that these magnificent monuments of the power of vegetation should fall a prey to the destructiveness of man, when, after their thousands of years of existence, they are still vigorous enough to remain, if they were left untouched, as objects of wonder and admiration to generation after generation of our short-lived race.

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## Short Sermon.

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### Church and State.

BY W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A. RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON, SALOP.

Ps. cxliv. 15.—*Blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God.*



WE often hear people talking about the union of Church and State, as a thing hurtful to the cause of religion, and wrong in itself. Those who dissent from the Church of England frequently charge it with being a "State Church," as they call it, supported by the State, and depending on the State for its existence. This sort of language is so utterly untrue, and at the same time so easily deceives ignorant persons, that it will be a good thing to try to understand the ground



of the matter, and to gain some clear ideas of the relations between the Church and the State.

Now, the Church of any land is (in its widest sense) the whole body of baptized Christians in that land. So the Church of England has been rightly said to be "the spiritual mother of all Christians there." But the Church must have some outward visible form and embodiment, and this we recognise in what is popularly, and in the narrower sense, called the Church of England. This Church, it is true, regards those who live in schism, separated from her fold, and causing divisions among her children, to be in error, and to have partly cut themselves off from the blessings she enjoys. Still, inasmuch as such persons continue to hold the great facts on which Christianity is founded, and are frequently men of holy lives, and showing forth many Christian graces, the Church does not reject them altogether, but considers them to be a part, though an unsound part, of herself;—branches, still abiding in the tree, though with some of the channels of grace snapped asunder. The Church, then, has these two distinct meanings: First, it means, simply, Christianity in any land, the whole body of believers, having thus among its members many who err in doctrine, as well as many who err in practice. Secondly, it means that visible embodiment of Christianity in any land, which represents it to the people, and which is its outward bond of union, witness of truth, and means of discipline.

Thus, we first lay down that the Church of England, in its widest sense, embraces all English Christians—and England being a Christian land, this includes the great bulk of the people—and that the Christianity of England is embodied and represented in its truest and purest form in that narrower body, which we commonly term the Church of England, and which existed before the days of Romish superstition, and is the ancient Church of the land, abiding in communion with its lawful spiritual rulers, and guided by its lawfully ordained ministry.

And now, Of whom is the *State* composed? Are not exactly the same people who are members of the Church also members of the State? There are some Jews and Infidels, whom we cannot count of the Church; and there are some foreigners and outlaws, whom we cannot count of the State. But, in the main, in a Christian land, the Church and the State are the same body of men, only looked at in two different lights. The Church is a society for the promotion of our spiritual interests: the State, a society for the promotion of our temporal interests. Thus, every Christian Englishman has his duties as regards both the one and the other: that is, he has his duties both as a Christian and as a citizen. Every such man is claimed as a son by the Church and as a subject by the State. And every such man is fully living up to the purpose and end of a Christian nation, when he is both a good Christian and a good subject, when he fulfils his duties both to the Church and to the State; in other words, both to God and man.

Now the Government of a country governs for the good of the people. But the people having this double aspect, it is impossible to govern without bearing this double aspect in mind. A Govern-

ment which tried wholly to ignore religion would not govern for the good of the people. It would be one-sided. It would look only to one part of the wants and welfare of the people. Very few, however, except wholly irreligious people, would say that a government ought to ignore religion. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," says Solomon; and so a nation ought by every means to promote righteousness. But the real question generally at issue is this:—Ought the Government to support any one particular form of religion, or only to encourage all equally? The answer to this question seems to depend on another. Is there any one true form and doctrine of Christianity, or are various sects and opinions equally acceptable to God? If there be such a thing as truth—if there be one true doctrine—"one faith"—"one body"—if holy Scripture lays it down as a duty to maintain the truth and abide in unity—then surely the Government, as acting for the State, is as much bound as each separate Christian is bound to seek to establish and support what it believes to be the true form and doctrine throughout the land. Of course, in these days, we all agree that there should be perfect freedom for all, and that it is foolish to attempt to enforce by law any religious tenet, but that the State has a right to do its best to encourage and uphold that form of Christianity which it believes to be likely most to benefit the people seems a truth hard to disprove.

If it be said that many in the land do not agree with their rulers in their opinion, we answer, If universal approval be a condition of government, then government becomes simply impossible. Now the Government of this land has always, more or less, given its support to the Church (that is, to that true branch of it existing in these realms). And it is right in so doing. And this is the ground and meaning of the union of Church and State. It is a union certainly more blest to the State than to the Church. For, depend upon it, when the State once breaks its union with one particular form of Christianity, it *must* very soon break its union with Christianity altogether.

And do not let us think the Church is any less a real and Apostolical Church because the State sees fit to uphold it. It would be just as much the Church, if the State did all in its power to injure and suppress it. The State did not make it, and cannot unmake it. The State simply adopts it, and holds it up to the nation as the best form of Christianity in the land; in short, as the National Church of the land.

From this union, surely we can all see that many blessings flow. I do not say there are no evils and difficulties in it. Doubtless there are: but there are many blessings. For the State strengthens the Church, and the Church hallows the State. The nation promotes religion; and righteousness exalts the nation. And God forbid we should live to see what God hath joined together, by man put asunder. God forbid our rulers should ever govern the land apart from all care for the religion of the land, and from all profession of the faith of Jesus Christ; and that that religion and that faith should cease to shed, at least, a shadow of unworldliness upon the aims and actings of that power which wields so mighty an influence over our welfare!

# THE PARISH MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1861.

PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Depot, Blackwellgate.*

## ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

WE publish the statement, prepared by the Treasurer, of the income and expenditure of the Schools, from the 1st of January, 1860, to the 31st of May last, a period of seventeen months. It will be seen that the payments have exceeded the receipts, by £41 0s 11d; which is, accordingly, the amount due to the Treasurer, or, in other words, is the debt to which the Schools are unfortunately liable. Adverse as this result is of the working of the Schools in a financial point of view, it is one, however, which was anticipated as being unavoidable from the conjuncture of two circumstances. Neither the landed proprietors nor the great employers of labour, have as yet contributed one farthing to their support,—the whole burden of maintaining them having been almost exclusively thrown upon the residents, with the exception of the seasonable aid afforded by the Diocesan School Society, and by the Trustees of the Flounders' and Betton's funds. To aggravate the burden thus cast upon the Managers by the absence of support from quarters whence it was reasonably expected, the teachers and the appliances of teaching have caused the same outlay, when the Schools are young and weak in numbers, as they will when they are well established and filled with children. At the time when the Schools opened with 100 scholars, the expenses of instruction were as great as if the full compliment of 350 were at work, contributing by their pence to augment the resources of the Treasurer. It is these two circumstances—the indifference of employers and proprietors, with the deficiency of children in the early days of their existence which have cast the Schools upon the troubled waters of debt and disquiet. But the managers do not despair. They are satisfied that a good work is progressing, from which in a few years the neighbourhood will reap goodly fruit. They have not descended to the adoption of unworthy arts to increase the number of the School; they have not attempted to coax parents or children to their future injury, by relaxing discipline and disregarding rules. They have instructed the Teachers to observe a firm and conciliatory treatment of their youthful charge—to do their duty, without fear or favor, in that important state of life in which God has placed them; and having done this, notwithstanding the little cloud at present hanging over the Schools, the managers regard the future, calmly and with faith. The never failing support which they have hitherto received and the never slumbering eye that has watched over the undertaking from the first, they feel assured will attend them as long as they refer to Him for counsel and strength. Still the immediate cloud must be dispelled—the present difficulties overcome by energy and prudence. If the debt be swollen by a deficiency in the current year, a serious impediment will obstruct the efficiency of the Schools. Subscriptions and donations are urgently needed; and to the call now made for assistance it is to be hoped that a generous response will be made. As one of the means for rescuing us from our difficulties, we look with some confidence upon the formation of the Parochial Association. There is scarcely a person of the



# SAINT JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

parish in that extreme poverty as not to be able, by laying aside at stated times a small coin, to promote the cause of Christ in multiplying the means of grace and dispelling the mists of ignorance. No more legitimate application of the funds can be made than to help our Schools in their difficulties; and that being the case, the Association ought to be taken up warmly by the working classes, to whom more than to any other the welfare of the Parochial Schools should be an object of deep concern.

## SAINT JOHN'S SCHOOLS (UPPER AND INFANT).

The Treasurer in account with the Managers and Subscribers.

From January 1st, 1860, to May 31st, 1861.

Dr.	£ s. d.	CR.	£ s. d.
To Subscriptions and Donations	60 2 3	By Salaries of Teachers ... ..	170 0 0
„ Flounders' Trustees ... ..	5 0 0	„ Do. Assistants ... ..	12 16 11
„ Betton's Charity ... ..	5 0 0	„ Fuel and Lights ... ..	14 13 1
„ Diocesan School Society ... ..	5 0 0	„ Rates, Taxes, and Insurances	7 17 0
„ School Pence ... ..	88 4 9	„ Books and Apparatus ... ..	17 10 7
„ Books and work sold ... ..	5 10 9	„ Repairs ... ..	3 9 3
„ Collections at Church... ..	20 14 2	„ Other Expenses ... ..	4 6 5
„ Balance due to Treasurer	41 0 11		
	<u>£230 12 10</u>		<u>£230 12 10</u>
		Balance due to Treasurer ...	£41 0 11

The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following Subscriptions:— The Duke of Cleveland, £10; Mr. Lloyd Wharton, £2; Miss Child, 10s.; Mr. Rose, 10s.; Mrs. Thompson, 5s.; Mr. Fothergill, 10s.; Mr. Lee, 10s.; Mr. Bailey, 10s.; Mr. Bryson, 10s.; Mrs. R. Child, 10s.; Special Offertory, 2s. 6d.; Work, 10s. 6d.; Mr. W. Watt, 10s.; Mrs. Wilkinson, 5s.; Mr. Shutt, 2s. 6d.; Two Friends by Miss Child, 5s.; Mr. Bousfield, 2s. 6d.; Prebend Row, 1s.; Mrs. Stephens, £1 1s.; Rev. W. H. Stephens, £2 2s.; Mrs. W. H. Stephens, £1 1s.; Mr. Watt, 5s.; Mr. R. Child, £1; Rev. E. Castley, 10s.; Mr. W. N. Hall, £1; Mr. W. Child, £1; Mr. W. Dryden, 5s. Subscriptions for the year ending May 31st, 1862, are now due; and can be sent to either of the officiating Clergy or Churchwardens; or direct to the Treasurer (Mr. R. Thompson). Subscribers of ten shillings per annum will be entitled to vote in the forthcoming election of the Managers; and subscribers of one pound per annum, being members of the Church of England, are qualified for election to the Management.

“FEED MY SHEEP.” John xxi. 16.

## ST. JOHN'S PAROCHIAL ASSOCIATION.

A few words will suffice to introduce “The Parochial Association” to the notice of our readers. The strength which the Church of England is beginning to put forth is unknown to the great mass of the people; and as all should feel an interest and should participate in the great work, it is necessary to communicate the knowledge of what she is doing. The substance of the reports issued by the Additional Curates, the Church Building, the National, Christian Knowledge, Propagation of the Gospel, and Church Missionary Societies will be circulated at the general meetings of the Association. It will be also a prominent object to afford timely aid to the Church and Schools when crippled in their mission for good by the want of funds. Some such agency is now imperatively needed in the Parish; and we have

every reason to hope that the perusal of the following circular, which is now being distributed, will give general satisfaction, and elicit a cordial support :—

“ This Association is formed to the glory of our divine Lord and Master Jesus Christ (1 Cor. x. 31 ; Col. iii. 17) ; and out of gratitude to Him for the many spiritual privileges which He has bestowed upon the Parish (Ps. cxvi. 12 and 17 ; Luke xvii. 11 to 19 inclusive ; Eph. v. 20).

“ The object of the Association is to extend the cause of Christ at home and abroad (Luke x. 2 ; 1 Cor. xvi. 9 ; 2 Cor. v. 14, 15), by maintaining the parochial agencies which are in operation for the spiritual welfare of the Parish (Heb. vi. 7 to 11 inclusive), and by supporting the Societies connected with the Church of England, from many of which the most generous assistance has been received. (Matt. vii. 12 ; 1 Cor. ix. 11.) ”

**RULES.** 1. The management of the Association is vested in the officiating Clergy, the Churchwardens, Treasurer, Secretaries, Visitors, and 24 Members, with power to add to their numbers. The appropriation of the funds is placed at their disposal, subject to the approval of the general meeting.

2. A subscription of one shilling per quarter from persons of full age, and of sixpence per quarter from persons under age, constitutes membership. Subscriptions of one penny per month are received from children and persons in poorer circumstances.

3. Special subscriptions or donations of any amount, and for any parochial object or Church Society, are received and remitted by the Treasurer.

4. General meetings are held twice in the year, in the months of March and September, for the reception of the Church Societies' reports, and for the transaction of other business.

Members are earnestly requested to make known the objects of the Association among their friends and neighbours, and to increase its numbers “ heartily, as unto the Lord.”

#### A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL INSPECTOR UPON DRESS.

**I**N his report to the Lord President of the Privy Council, Mr Norris, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, expresses his satisfaction at noticing an improvement in the matter of dress, especially among the younger teachers, and remarks that the serious importance of simplicity in dress on the part of schoolmistresses and their pupil-teachers cannot be too earnestly impressed upon them. His remarks, though intended for the admonition of those who are engaged in the work of instructing the children in the day-schools, are yet more deserving of the consideration of Sunday school teachers, of whom, it has been remarked in some places, that they are the dressiest and not, as they should be, the simplest attired of the community :—


“ Such as the teacher is, such will her hundred scholars be, more or less. If she is dressy, they too will be dressy ; but with this difference—she is dressy to please her fancy, they are dressy to their ruin. If a dressy teacher could see with her mind's eye all the consequences of her example, beginning with the admiring glances at her flounces or ribands, and then the pause before the shop window, the squandering of the hardly won or (it may be) ill-gotten sixpences and shillings, the awakened vanity, the courting of attention, the street flaunting, and worse—if all this could be brought before the young schoolmistress as in a vision, she would understand the full meaning of those words—‘ Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.’ ”

**THE CHOIR.**—The weekly practice is at the Church on Thursday evenings, beginning at Half-past Seven ; and the Organist will be glad to see any Parishioner, who is wishful to attend.

# THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

## CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF JULY.

	MORNING.	EVENING.
July 3. Wed. Lecture on Holy Communion.		Hymn 84. Martyrdom. 59. " 190. Ems. 180.
June 7. 6th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 190. Ems 180. " 126. Keble 112.	Hymn 98. St. Stephen. 74. " 75. St. Athanasius. 186. " 19. St. Michael. 15.
June 16. 7th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 3. Eignbrook. 103. " 133. Abridge 27.	Psalm 34. pt. 1. Bedford. 33. Hymn 147. Fincham. 185. " 110. Angels'. 94.
June 23. 8th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 102. Dundee. 44. " 137. Rockingham. 128.	Hymn 104. St. Ann. 28. Psalm 34. pt. 2. St. James. 53. Hymn 123. Irish. 52.
June 30. 9th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 40. Cologne. 167. " 50. London. 55.	Hymn 58. Luneberg. 146. " 127. St. Cyril. 191. Psalm 148. Morpeth. 184.
	Venite—Bates. Jubilate—Hackett.	Cantate—Aldrich. Deus Misereatur—Selle.

 The numbers after the names of the tunes refer to the Choir only.

The Canticles used at the Morning and Evening Services have been printed for the use of the Choir and Congregation. They are pointed according to the method adopted by the Church of St. John in chanting these parts of Divine Worship. They can be procured of Mr. John Graham, Bridge Terrace, for 2d. each.

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

July 3	WED. Litany Service and Lecture on Holy Communion at 7-15 p.m.	
7 6	SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn. 2 Sam. 12—Luke 19. Even. 2 Sam. 19—Col. 3.
14 7	SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn. 2 Sam. 21—John 2. Even. 2 Sam. 24—2 Th. 1.
21 8	SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn. 1 Kings 13—John 9. Even. 1 Kings 17—1 Tim. 6
25	ST. JAMES AP. & MARTYR.	
28 9	SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	Morn. 1 Kings 18—John 16. Even. 1 Kings 19—Philemon.
31	WED. Litany Service and Lecture on Holy Communion at 7-15 p.m.	

THE HOLY COMMUNION is celebrated at Morning Service on the first Sunday, and at Evening Service on the second Sunday, of the Month.

BAPTISMS AND CHURCHINGS on Sundays at three o'clock in the afternoon; on Wednesdays and Fridays at half-past ten a.m. "When there are children to be baptised, the parents shall give knowledge thereof over night" or early in the morning to the Clerk or Sexton.

CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.—Divine Service every Sunday evening at six o'clock. Baptisms and Churchings on those evenings, and also on Tuesday afternoons at three o'clock. Notice of Baptisms and Churchings to be given over night or in the morning to Mr Lee, Saw Mills.

A BIBLE CLASS will meet on Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, in No. 5, Brunswick Street.

A COTTAGE LECTURE is held at Mrs. Stevenson's, Chapel Street, every Thursday evening at Seven o'Clock.





## **Dog-in-the-Manger Men.**

BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



VERY one knows the fable of "The Dog in the Manger." The dog, having no liking for hay, though skilled in doctoring himself with grass when feeling poorly in the hot weather, objects to the ox enjoying the fodder, and snaps and snarls in a most disagreeable way.

Possibly, if we knew all the circumstances of the case, we might be able to make more allowance for the surly dog. Perhaps he had made his bed in the manger with much trouble—with many of those twirlings and circlings which civilised dogs are said to retain from their ancestors, the wild dogs, who had in this way to make lairs for themselves in the rank prairie grass; and having made his bed, he preferred to lie on it rather than to see it eaten up under his nose by the ox. Possibly he may have had a cherished bone in the manger,

and may have fancied that the ox had some unnaturally carnivorous design. But, regardless of such possibilities, the world, putting the worst construction on the case, as it commonly does, has settled that the dog, unable to use the hay himself, was determined that the ox should not do so either; and, accordingly, the title "Dog in the Manger" has been given to those persons who will not allow others to enjoy what has no value or charm for themselves. There are, unfortunately, a great many persons, both among rich and poor, in town and country, who yield to this miserable weakness; but I wish now to speak only of the dog-in-the-manger spirit which is common amongst our hand-working neighbours in two special matters.

As far as this world only is concerned, I may safely say that there would be a vast increase of happiness in humble homes if all workmen were *Sober* and *Saving*. Every now and then we hear of a workman who has become sober and saving, instead of drunken and thriftless, and we are amazed at the rapidity with which comforts gather round him, and at the change which comes over himself, his wife, his children, and his home.

But it is really no wonder, for in many districts the weekly wages that are earned by men living in back lanes or dingy courts make an annual income far larger than that of the tradesmen, or clerks, or clergymen who live in the little villas in the suburbs. This is plainly proved in Mr. Smiles' paper on "Workmen's Earnings and Savings." He shows that in the cotton districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire there are few families, containing children of twelve years old and upwards, who do not earn incomes of from 120*l.* to 150*l.* a-year. Cases such as the following are common:—"A father, son, and daughter earn 2*l.* 12*s.* a-week, or 135*l.* a-year." "A father and four girls earn 3*l.* 10*s.* a-week, or 182*l.* a-year;" and when families are larger the earnings proportionately increase, and rise as high as 232*l.*, 287*l.*, and even 325*l.* a-year.

In the iron districts—"the black country," as it is called—in Staffordshire, where wages are highest at the present time, the earnings of workmen are still greater. In these districts "it appears that rail-rollers are able to earn a rate of daily pay equal to that of a lieutenant-colonel in Her Majesty's Foot Guards; shinglers equal to that of majors of foot; and furnace-men equal to that of lieutenants and adjutants. But this is not all. These workmen add greatly to their incomes by the wages earned by their sons—the underhands being usually lads from fourteen and upwards, earning 19*s.* a-week, whilst boys from ten to fourteen earn from 6*s.* to 9*s.* a-week as helpers. Thus an average earning of from 200*l.* to 300*l.* a-year is, in ordinarily prosperous times, within easy reach of most working men with families engaged in the iron manufacture; while a total earning of from 500*l.* to 600*l.* a-year is by no means uncommon when the demand for iron rails is unusually brisk!"

Even supposing that these figures are exaggerated, yet it is beyond doubt that hundreds and thousands of workmen's homes have larger incomes than those of very many professional gentlemen. If, as some reformers have wished, the whole revenues of the Church were equally divided amongst her 17,300 clergy, it would only give an average of 289*l.* to each. As things are, it is said that there are

10,000 of the clergy whose incomes are not more than 100*l*. The stipend of a curate is often less than that; and yet, if we go to spend an evening with them, we find that their houses have something more than the necessities and even the comforts of life. The spirit of refinement manifests itself in the neat and unpretending home, in the clean muslin curtains, the plant-stands at the window, the cut flowers on the table. And, besides maintaining their homes in comfort from their incomes, the clergy have something to give away. Look down any list of subscribers to any charity, and see how many of the donors write "Rev." before their name. The recent census on education showed that the Established Church educates four-fifths of the children of the poor, and that the largest supporters of the parish-schools were the parish clergy.

Now, why should not workmen whose incomes are at least as large, and often much larger, than those of the clergy and professional men, live in equal comfort and refinement?

Simply because they are not *Saving* and *Sober*.

It is curious that the higher-paid hand-workers are the least given to saving. The inhabitants of Wilts and Dorset, in which wages are said to be lowest, lodge more money in the Savings' bank per head of the population than the highly-paid operatives of Lancashire; and the people of the rural districts of Yorkshire are, by the same test, more thrifty in their habits than those of manufacturing districts, where wages are much higher.

Both in England and Scotland the lower-paid portion of the industrious classes are much more saving than the better-paid. Domestic servants are the chief depositors, while factory-workers are hardly represented. Porters and labourers deposit far more than the skilled and high-paid artisans.

It would be some satisfaction, if we found that our hand-working neighbours were content to live in what seems to us discomfort in order that they might lay by largely, so as to secure an earlier cessation from labour-toil altogether; but it is not so. Unfortunately, their surplus income does not go into the Savings' bank.

"There are whole neighbourhoods in the manufacturing districts," says Mr. Baker, factory inspector, "where not only are there no savings worth mentioning, but where, within a fortnight of being out of work, the workers themselves are starving for want of the merest necessities."

Since, then, the surplus income of workmen is not in the Savings' bank, where is it? Alas! that we should have to admit that the bulk of it is squandered in useless stimulants!

Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, estimated some years since that the people of the United Kingdom annually spend about fifty-seven millions sterling in ardent spirits, beer, and tobacco, of which he considered that about thirty-five millions represented "the wasted earnings of the hand-working classes."

It is calculated that a million a-year is spent on drink by working people in Manchester alone—another million a-year in Glasgow; 400,000*l*. in Newcastle; 250,000*l*. in Dundee.

If men were only sober, the greater part of these vast sums would be available to raise them in the social scale. They need no longer



live in back slums and in houses hardly fit for dogs; they might have houses of their own. As a workman said to Mrs. Bayley,\* "I have drunk up two or three houses already. I have only been a teetotaler six months; and I've 10*l.* saved already towards getting one for myself."

But there is nothing which excites more of the dog-in-the-manger spirit among fellow-workmen than the efforts of any one to increase his comforts by being saving and sober. A man is often less persecuted for being religious than for being saving and sober. When a man is found to be fixing his eye on the comforts which he might enjoy if he were saving and sober, his fellows, who will not enjoy those comforts themselves, determine that he shall not do so either. And if they cannot move him by snapping and snarling at him, they try to keep him in their own discomfort by back-biting and sneering; and too often this succeeds: for there is many a man,

" Whose sinews stiffen 'gainst a knitted brow,  
But are unthridded, loosened by a sneer,  
And his resolve doth pass as doth a wave."

But, working friends, do not be deterred from being sober and saving, either by the snarling or the sneering of your mates. Give the blessings of sobriety and thrift a fair trial for six months or a year, and you will have solid arguments with which to silence the dog-in-the-manger men. There is no logic like the "logic of the life."

*Be sober.*

Without doubt a man may be sober, and yet use strong drink in moderation. But there are so many temptations to excess in a workman's life, that surely it is easiest and safest, as it is cheapest, to give up beer and spirits altogether. There is no shadow of doubt now that men may do the hardest work with comfort to themselves without any stimulant. Foundry-men, glass-blowers, hay-makers, soldiers, and sailors, all have done and are doing their hardest work as well, if not better than before, and yet are doing without any strong liquor.

A man who never uses strong drink saves many an odd three-pence. He is kept out of many an idle gathering, and he strengthens his moral backbone by having to say an unpopular "No" several times a-day. Whatever fault a teetotaler may have, at any rate men feel that he is a man who has a will and mind of his own, that he is not a soft fellow, whom any one may twist round their finger, but that he walks firmly in the way that he thinks right.

Besides, when we see some amongst our acquaintance sapping out all their manliness and their virtue by excess of drink, it is surely worth while to deny ourselves our daily beer or glass of wine, so that we may show these erring ones that life is both possible and enjoyable without drink.

*And, working friends, be saving.*

No doubt it is easy to spend all you earn, but resolve to save something every week. Whatever be your trade, there must come a slack time in it; but you are much less likely to be thrown out

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\* Author of *Ragged Homes, and How to Mend them; Workmen and their Difficulties* (London, Nisbet): two admirable books, from the latter of which much of the information in this article has been gleaned.

of work if you have a tidy sum in the Savings' bank, or if any other similar misfortunes befall you, this will help you to laugh at them; but there are very few who are strong-minded enough to laugh in their sleeve when their coat is out at elbows.

To live within your income or beyond it makes all the difference between comfort and misery. There is good sense in Micawber's humorous advice:—“Annual income, 20*l.*; annual expenditure, 19*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*: result, happiness. Annual income, 20*l.*; annual expenditure, 20*l.* 6*d.*: result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of days goes down upon the dreary scene; and, in short, *you are for ever flooded*—as I am now.”

It will make your saving much easier not to say more about it than you can help. If your mates know you have a bit of money in the bank, they will always be bothering you to lend it to them; and probably it is from this reason that in London workmen, who do save, are found to deposit their money, not in the Savings' bank nearest home, but in one at some distance from it.

The new plan, which will soon come into use, of the Post-office banks, will greatly help any workman who wishes to deposit his savings without setting his neighbours' tongues a-going. By this plan sums of not less than one shilling can be deposited at any Post Office where money-orders are issued, whenever it is open: such deposits will have the full security of the State, will bear interest, and can be withdrawn not less than ten days after notice has been given, or can be transferred to any common Savings' bank.

Wherefore, working friends, consider calmly the benefits of being sober and saving, and do not be hindered from enjoying them by any men of the dog-in-the-manger stamp. Nay, I am wronging the poor dog in comparing these men to him: he could not eat hay, his nap would be disturbed by the munching of the ox; but these men are surly, and snap, and snarl, and sneer, although they themselves might partake of the same comforts, although their neighbours' gain does not in any way interfere with them, and yet, in their miserable unreasonableness, they will not allow others to seek that social elevation and domestic comfort which they persist in rejecting themselves.

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## **Burnham-Thorpe: Lord Nelson's Birthplace.**

BY J. T. JEFFCOCK, M.A. F.S.A.



GENERAL is more fortunate than an admiral, for the fields on which his victories were won always remain for future ages to contemplate. An admiral has no battle-fields to show: the sea, with its countless dimples smiling under the summer's sun, or lashed into angry surges by the frowning storm, wipes out from its surface every trace of the spot where heroes achieved a world-known fame. There are three spots, however, which an Englishman must reverence, as connected with Lord Nelson; and these are,—Burnham-Thorpe, where he was born; that spot upon the deck of the *Victory* where he received his mortal wound; and St. Paul's Cathedral, in which his body awaits the resurrection of the dead. The *Victory* has done her duty to the

country years ago, and now, as a hulk, performs less warlike services, and must ere long cease to be: St. Paul's survives in all its funeral splendour and patriotic associations: but the little village of Burnham-Thorpe, in a remote corner of Norfolk, hardly thought of and seldom visited, claims for itself the proud boast of having given birth to the great admiral. Spare me a few minutes, while I act as guide and conduct you to the chief points of interest in it.

Leaving the railway at Walsingham, the famous resort of pilgrims in old times, and passing the gate of Holkham Park, we descend a steepish hill of some half mile in length: straight before us is the little church of Burnham-Thorpe, with its tower rising at the west end; nearer still, the small village of 400 people straggles out to meet us; while quite below us, but a little removed to our left, stands, flanked by trees, the quiet Rectory-house. Close by the rectory-gate, by the side of the long village, past the west end of the church, runs a little brook, which then wanders on to the sea, some four or five miles beyond. The church and rectory contain the chief points of interest. They are both situated low down in the valley, at different ends of the village, on opposite banks of the stream; and from neither can a view of the sea be gained, though its blue line of waters is visible from spots a little distance up the hills on either side.

The Rev. Edmund Nelson, M.A., the father of Lord Nelson, was rector of Burnham-Thorpe for forty-six years: he married Catherine, the daughter of Dr. Maurice Suckling, one of the prebendaries of Westminster, connected by marriage with the Walpole family. At the old Rectory-house was born Horatio Nelson, destined to be hereafter the great admiral. His birth and baptism are thus chronicled in the Parish Register, under the year 1758:—

*"Horatio, Son of Edmund & Catherine Nelson,  
born Sep. 29, Bap<sup>d</sup>. Oct. 9<sup>th</sup> priv: pub: Nov. 15."*\*

The register at Burnham-Thorpe, in which this occurs, is entitled, "A Register of all Births, Marriages and Buryals, &c. in Burnham-Thorpe, from May y<sup>e</sup> 1<sup>st</sup>, 1695." Hence it gives us more than our present dry, formal registers do. If anything of interest to the parish occurred, it was at once inserted in the Register: thus, we are told in one place, how the new pulpit was made of oak grown in the parish, presented by some pious person, and that the expense of fitting, &c., which was about 40*l.*, was defrayed by the Rev. Edmund Nelson, the rector. Consequently, when we come to the register of Horatio Nelson, we find the margin studded with notes added in a later hand: "Invested with the Ensigns of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, at St. James's, Sep<sup>r</sup>. 27<sup>th</sup>, 1797. Made Rear Admiral of the Blue, 1797. Created Lord Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham-Thorpe, Oct. 6, 1798. — *Cætera enarret fama!!!*"

Immediately before Horatio Nelson's register comes the baptism of "Elizabeth Scurll," and immediately afterwards that of "Robert Thompson:" was there anything at that time to indicate a brighter career for him than for them? Most probably, as he was through life a slim, dark man, not of a strong constitution, an early death

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\* The last line means, that he was privately baptized on the 9th of October, and publicly received into the church on the 15th of November.



was predicted for the weakly infant. Being privately baptized might show this; were it not that almost all the infants were in that parish usually baptized in private, and afterwards admitted publicly into the Church.

At p. 17 of the Register, under the date 1767, we find the burial of his mother:—

*“ Catherine, wife of Edmund Nelson,  
Decr. 30<sup>th</sup>. ”*

She was mother of eleven children, of whom eight survived her. Nelson was thus left an orphan at the age of nine. The old Rectory-house in which he was born, and which stood a few yards from the present one, was taken down upon the death of his father, which occurred in 1802.

The church is still there in which Lord Nelson was publicly admitted into the congregation of Christ's people, although, as the register informs us, he was baptized in private. The Rev. Edmund Nelson took down the south aisle, which was becoming dilapidated, and erected buttresses on the site to support the rest of the fabric: and subsequently the church has undergone the unsightly process of re-pewing, so that the Nelson pew, with all its associations, is removed. In the north wall of the chancel is a slab, with the inscription,—“ To the memory of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, A.M., Rector of this parish 46 years,—Father of Horatio First Viscount Nelson of the Nile, Duke of Bronte, &c.,—who died April 26, 1802, aged 79 years. This monument, the last mark of filial duty and affection, was erected by his surviving children.”

Three years later, on the 21st of Oct. 1805, Lord Nelson himself was killed at the close of the battle of Trafalgar, after having gained for England her most brilliant victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain. In his last moments, when speaking to Captain Hardy, he desired that his body might be buried at Burnham-Thorpe, beside those of his father and mother, unless his king should otherwise dispose of it. On the 9th of January, 1806, he was buried with national honours in St. Paul's Cathedral.

I could only find one person in Burnham-Thorpe who remembered anything definite about him. This was an aged dame, who said that when she was a little girl (some seventy years ago), Captain Nelson (as he then was) came to the cottage of her mother, who had been confined to the house from ill-health for three years, and told her to send up to the Rectory for some food; and before he left the cottage patted the child on the head, saying, she relates,—“ You're a pretty little talking thing, you are.” She remembers him also taking with him a few young men from Burnham-Thorpe, with colours in their caps, to join the navy. He used also, from time to time, to send Christmas gifts, to be laid out by his father, for the benefit of the poor and aged at Burnham-Thorpe.

There is no monument of any kind to the memory of Nelson in the village of his birth; for which, through life, he felt a lively regard, and of which he was Baron. It would be no bad memorial of him, if those who have the will and the means were to restore the chancel, which externally has much beauty, and to place stained glass in the east window of the church of his native village.

## The Behemoth.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



HIS word, which our translators have retained in its Hebrew form, occurs only in Job, xl. 15-24. In the margin "the elephant" is conjectured to be the animal intended; several learned men have been of the same opinion, while others now think that the hippopotamus, or *river-horse*, is referred to. And this latter opinion seems much more probable, for some of the scriptural details hardly suit the elephant; as for instance, "he moveth his tail like a cedar,"—allusion is evidently made to a stiff and strong tail, but that of the elephant cannot be so described, while the sentence exactly applies to the hippopotamus. "He lieth under the shady trees in the covert of the reed and fens" is more true of the amphibious nature of the hippopotamus than of the habits of the elephant: the elephant, it is true, is fond of occasional ablutions, but the words of Holy Writ seem to refer rather to the *constant habit* of frequenting lakes and rivers.



Again, there is much point in the expression, "He eateth grass as an ox," if it be understood to apply to the hippopotamus, an amphibious animal, the associate of the leviathan or crocodile of the Nile; for the words imply a contrast to the nature of amphibious animals generally, whose food consists of the flesh of other creatures. Did space permit, there are other points in the beautiful passage of the Book of Job which might be adduced to prove that the behemoth of Scripture is the hippopotamus. Some have thought the expression in v. 20, "Surely the mountains bring him forth food," cannot refer to the hippopotamus, as they state that this animal is not found on the mountains; but there is no weight to be attached to such an assertion: for the hippopotamus frequently leaves the river's sides to graze on the hills, which in Nubia and Upper Egypt are within a few hundred yards of the Nile; and he does much damage to the growing crops, as any one may conceive who has seen the specimens in the London Zoological Gardens open their huge jaws, or trample on anything with their ponderous feet.

## The Iris.

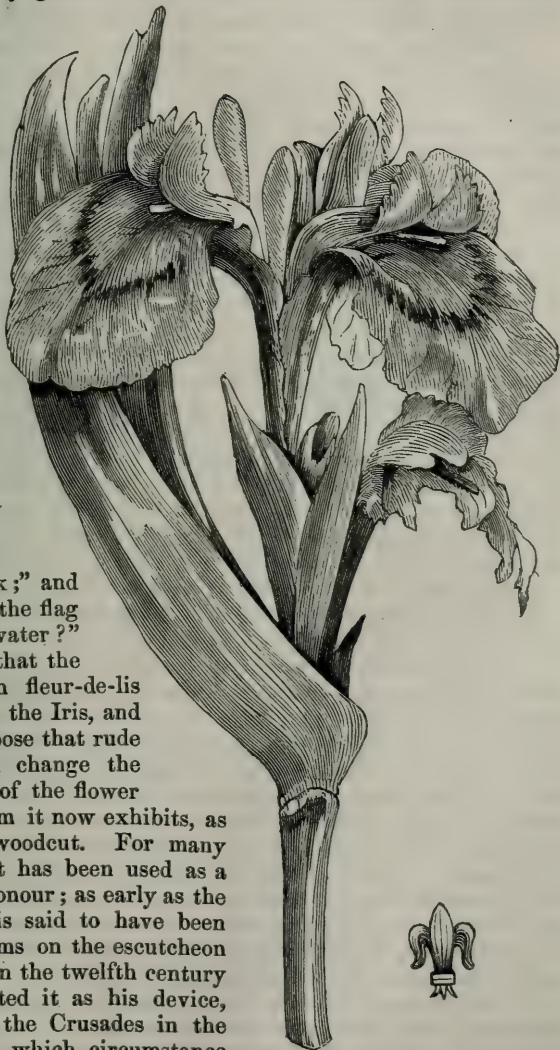


THE yellow flag, fleur-de-luce, or fleur-de-lis, is one of the most showy flowers that fringe the borders of our lakes and rivers, and is as common as it is beautiful. In Scotland especially it grows in large patches on marshy ground, and is a favourite haunt for the landrail

and other birds.

The whole tribe is remarkable for the variety of its colouring, on which account it has received the scientific name of *Iris*, which in Greek means the rainbow, and in Egyptian the eye. Under the name of "flag" it is frequently mentioned in Scripture. Moses was laid by his mother among the "flags by the river's brink;" and Job says "Can the flag grow without water?"

It is supposed that the heraldic emblem fleur-de-lis had its origin in the *Iris*, and it is easy to suppose that rude sculpture would change the graceful outline of the flower into the stiff form it now exhibits, as shown in the woodcut. For many hundred years it has been used as a badge of royal honour; as early as the fifth century it is said to have been one of the emblems on the escutcheon of France; but in the twelfth century Louis VII. adopted it as his device, when he joined the Crusades in the Holy Land, and which circumstance gave to it the name of *Fleur-de-luce*, or *Lis*; signifying, flower of Louis. Edward III. added it to the British arms, in commemoration of his victories in France, and it was only removed in the reign of George III.




R. B.



## Black and White; or, Advantages.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED,"  
ETC.

N the comparatively civilised town where Frederick now lived, he had the opportunity of going to a place of worship; and neither master nor mistress objected to this. And when he was about thirteen he had cravings for more religious light, and consulted a good old Negro, who told him to pray, and what to pray for; and thus, by degrees, a new world, the world of Christianity, rose around him; and then came kind and chastened feelings towards all men—even towards slave-holders, and a wish that all should be converted to what was right. And next followed a longing desire for better acquaintance with the contents of the Bible.

"And this latter feeling was so strong, that, as my friend describes it, he used at that time to gather scattered pages of the Holy Book from the filthy street gutters, and wash and dry them, that in moments of leisure he might get a word or two of wisdom from them.

"Think of this, when next you open your comfortable Bibles for a Bible lesson, and do not forget to bless God for your greater advantages. The Negro lad prized the stray leaf which accident threw in his way, and made use of it for his soul's good: do not let his zeal rise up in condemnation against you, which it will do, if you slight your much larger measure of blessings.

"But soon Frederick made yet another step in advance. There lived near his master's house an old Negro dray-driver, whose piety was very unusual, and with whom my friend, when he became anxious about religion, made acquaintance. This good old man not only prayed three times a-day, but as he walked through the streets—at his work, on his dray—everywhere. Indeed, his whole life was a life of prayer, and his talk was of a better world.

"It was chiefly on Sundays that they met, for then Frederick could accompany him to prayer-meetings, or visit him at his house, where the two used to read the Bible together; Frederick being, as the better reader, of the greatest use in making out the hard words—the *letter* of what was there, while the old man taught the boy the *spirit* of it, so that these were grand times for both: but the comfort and security of them did not last long. Frederick's master took a dislike to his going to the old Negro, and threatened to whip him if he ever went again. It was all too late, however, and Frederick continued to go, when he thought he could do so without discovery; though he always did it at a personal risk. In justice to his master, however, I must tell you, that although he afterwards discovered this, he never carried his threat of a whipping into execution.

"Still, the gulf between Frederick and any hope of his submitting quietly to slave principles widened day by day; for the old Negro told him, he thought the Lord intended him to be a useful man in the world; and when Frederick asked, How could this be, since he was a slave? his friend made answer, that the Lord could make him free, if He thought fit; and that, meantime, he must go on reading and studying the Scriptures.

"It was grand advice, and Frederick followed it, young as he was (indeed, he was not at this time much above fourteen), and worked on in a hope which he had never had before. And among his other efforts at improvement there followed, in due time, the one which his master had prophesied: He had learned to read—he now wanted to learn to write.

"But how was this to be accomplished, with neither teacher, nor school, nor friend capable of helping him, nor pens, nor ink, nor paper? You shall hear.

"He was employed a good deal now in his master's ship-yard, for the boy he had once nursed needed but little of his care; and he noticed, when down at the wharf, that the carpenters, after getting a piece of timber ready for use, wrote on it, in chalk, the initials of the name of that part of the ship for which it was meant. For instance, S. for Starboard, and L. for Larboard, according to the two sides; and S.A. or S.F., L.A. or L.F., according as it was to be Starboard or Larboard *Aft*, or Starboard or Larboard *Forward*.

"Frederick's own business, at this time, was to keep a fire under the steam-box, and to watch the ship-yard while the carpenters were at dinner; so that, you see, he had leisure time on his hands, and, instead of idling it away, as it would have been very easy to do, he *used* it, and that to the best advantage, in trying to copy the letters I have told you about.

"It is true, there were but four—S., L., A. and F., but it was something to learn them; and Frederick chalked them again and again, till he knew them perfectly, comforting himself by reflecting that if he could make four, he should be able to make more; as was soon proved; for his next step was to make street-boys his teachers, as before, challenging any who could to make letters with him: by which means he learnt more himself, and so, at last, learnt to write; as he himself words it, *with playmates for teachers, fences and pavements for copy-books, and chalk for pen and ink*.

"Of course, this rough work had to be improved upon, and copying the italic letters in *Webster's Spelling-Book* proved capital practice; and by and bye, at the risk of a flogging, Master Frederick proceeded to the dangerous extremity of laying hold of old school copy-books belonging to his young master, and filling up the spaces between the written lines with his own poor attempts. But this could only happen when the family were out, and had left him, as they sometimes did, in charge of the house, so that he could get at pens and ink.

"Moreover, as further practice in this new accomplishment, he carried into the loft where he slept an empty flour-barrel, on the top of which, when all the family were in bed and asleep, he would write down hymns or verses of the Bible.

"And now, another change in his life was at hand; but before I speak about it you must agree with me, that during the seven years he lived in the civilised town he laboured hard to make use of all the advantages which God had been pleased to put in his way. He had learned to read and write, under circumstances which would have deterred any lazy or indifferent lad from making an effort to do either, and he had become a sincere and anxious Christian.

"I think Frederick must have been about fifteen," continued Mr. Delafield, "when news came to the town that his real master, *Old Massa*, was dead, and that he must be sent back to the family to be valued and disposed of.

"This was a terrible return to the realities of slavery ; but, happily, when the division of property took place, he fell to the share of his former friend, *Old Massa's* kind daughter, and she at once returned him to her husband's brother in the town, though still only as a loan.

"But not long afterwards she died, and by and bye the widower married again ; and presently, the brothers having had some dispute, Frederick's master sent for him to come back to live on his estate, and to work for him.

"What Frederick felt you can easily guess, and it was during the voyage to his new home (a ship-building and fishing village on the Eastern shore) that he planned a scheme for running away, which was afterwards of great use to him.

"Not that he knew anything as yet of his master and mistress, but the more he had thought, and read, and heard, the deeper had become his horror of the whole slave system, so that to free himself some day from it was the one strong desire of his life.

"What the master and mistress were he soon found out. He was stingy and she was cruel, but they often changed characters and adopted each other's vices. It was *she* who held the key of the store-house, and let bread and meat moulder away, while the slaves were so ill-fed that they were constantly driven to beg and steal to satisfy the cravings of hunger ; and it was *he* who would tie up and lash in the most cruel manner a poor, half-useless, crippled slave-girl they had, leaving her hanging, fastened by her wrists to a bolt in a joist, for hours together : in fact, till he returned at dinner-time and flogged her again.

"I am not pretending, as you know," continued Mr. Delafield, "to give you a full account of my friend's life, my object being to show you what he *did* and what he *became* in the different positions of life in which it pleased God to place him ; and now you understand something of this new position.

"And I dare say you may think that Frederick could have had no heart here to trouble himself about learning or teaching, and that it was quite enough for him to keep body and soul together, and avoid being flogged as much as was possible.

"But no ; no ! his heart was set upon improving both himself and others, and he was willing to run all risks for the purpose

"Now here, as everywhere else, instruction was absolutely forbidden, and in the whole white population of the place there was but *one* man who was in the slightest degree favourable to it. But *there was one*, and with this *one* Frederick formed a friendship, and the two laid their heads together, and started—what do you think ?"

Mr. Delafield paused, but as no one ventured to speak, he went on.

(*To be continued.*)



## Short Sermon.

### Wise Companionship.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS HESSEY, D.C.L.  
INCUMBENT OF ST. BARNABAS', KENSINGTON.

Ps. cxix. 63.—*I am a companion of all them that fear thee, and of them that keep thy precepts.*



HIS is the record of David's experience throughout a long and eventful life. He appears from these words to have had a decided rule in the choice of his associates, instead of leaving chance to determine who should share his thoughts and partake his counsels. Now beyond doubt he must have had much difficulty in carrying out his rule. Remember the time when he was a herd-boy in the hill-country of Judea;—what rough persons those must have been with whom he was thrown in contact! During the long and tedious hours when he was watching his father's sheep, must he not have been sorely tempted to associate with these men? Yet Scripture tells us that he did not; for it was his rule, even then, to be the companion of none but those who feared God and kept His precepts.

Or when his courage had raised him from his low estate to be the companion of princes—when he had slain the champion of the Philistines, and was admitted to the court and camp of Saul, what tempting variety of associates was within his reach! Who can doubt that he might then have commanded the flattery, and the intimacy of the very highest in the land? Was he then content to welcome all, to smile on all alike? By no means; he still adhered to his rule of being the companion of none but those who feared God and kept His precepts.

Or, when he lost the king's favour, and was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, and then was sought out by bankrupt and rebellious men, among whom he might have found many bold spirits ready to help him to seize the throne, did he cast in his lot with theirs? No; he was *with* them, but not *of* them; and he twice, at least, refused to listen to their counsel when they urged him to take the life of Saul his persecutor. And when that life had been taken, and the assassin came before David with his blood-stained trophies, thinking by such an act to have secured his friendship, David not only had no such friendship to bestow, but punished with death the man who had raised his hand against the Lord's anointed.

With such men, in fact, he had nothing in common; like him, they might be outcasts—but they justly; he through the unjust caprice of his master. They could not, therefore, be his intimates, or his helpers in reaching that throne which God had promised him. The work of raising him to it was to be God's work, and His only; and in the meantime, he would have none for his companions but those who feared God and kept His precepts.

Now, plainly, David was not a perfect character. But whatever

faults he may have had, he was right in this—that he did not make his intimacy too cheap—he selected his companions by rule, and that rule was their religious character. And if he was right in this precaution, surely we should follow a similar line of conduct!

You say, how difficult it must have been for David to lay down and to carry out such a rule as the text suggests, and how difficult, therefore, for me! Yes, no doubt it was; but what duty, let me ask, is not difficult at first? I know of none; and I cannot but think that if you wish to find an easy, comfortable religion, which will give you no cares, and lead you through no difficulties, you have made a great mistake in embracing the religion of Christ.

But, perhaps, you have not thought religion in general an easy and simple matter, but only that this choice of companions is not so important. If so, be assured that it is most important, that great results depend upon it, and that no safer rule can be found than that which David's experience has traced for us.

Some persons select their companions by *mere accident*. On our entrance on life a number of people are probably thrown in our way; some of these, perhaps, make advances towards intimacy. Many, especially the young, meet these advances with a ready frankness, and without thought become at once the unreserved friends of those who have thus thrust themselves forward. What mistakes are thus often made! what temptations to vice are thus needlessly run into! what decline in piety caused! nay, what ruin sometimes eventually incurred!

Not that all chance acquaintances are necessarily bad ones—only they may be, and there is no guarantee for their not being so; and they who are weak enough to bestow their confidence on persons whose character is yet unknown, are very likely to follow the example of such persons, even though it lead to vice and to misery. How deeply must he who has so chosen his companions often sigh at the thought of his folly in having made bosom-friends, without at the same time inquiring whether they were those who feared God and kept His precepts!

But those who are somewhat more thoughtful, often choose their friends from mere *similarity of temperament*. Intimacies which are founded upon this basis may be very pleasant, but are they always profitable? If there were no corruption in our nature—were all the thoughts and leanings of our hearts good—then such a ground of union might be well; but, as long as we are what we are, there is as much prospect of harm as of good in such a course of friendship. Is it not more than probable that they whose friendship rests on the ground of similar temperament will run into the same danger, yield to the same temptations, and encourage one another in what is wrong, if only it is pleasing to both? They, whose friendship is cemented on no better basis than this, will in the end bitterly repent that they have not had in their friend one to restrain them, and one who would set against the tendency of their own desires the duty of fearing God and keeping His precepts.

Then, again, there are many who select their companions on no better ground than their *agreeable qualities*; but how slight a basis this affords for real friendship! How often are these agreeable

qualities merely on the surface, springing sometimes only from a naturally amiable temper, at other times from a sordid calculation and a resolve to please, in order to gain some selfish end! How great the danger that such fascination should be used, not to smooth the ascent to virtue, but to conceal the descent to vice, or at least to irreligious carelessness!—how certain that such a friendship will not be lasting when the day of trouble comes! How little would there be in it to smooth the pillow of suffering, or to cheer the hour of death! How certain that at such a time he, who has sought no companions but such as are merely agreeable, will vainly sigh for a friend whose leading principle has been the fear of God and the desire of keeping His precepts!

Another, and too common ground on which people choose their friends, is *inferiority to themselves*. There are those who seek in a friend little more than a dependant, and who cannot bear anything like real equality in any one that is constantly near them. They select, therefore, one far inferior to themselves—sometimes in wealth or station, sometimes in intellect, sometimes merely in years and experience. Now, what hope of mutual advantage can there be in a friendship so formed? What is the superior likely to do in such case which will really benefit the inferior? What will the inferior try to do which will in any way assist the superior, in either a temporal or spiritual point of view? How certain is the connexion to be at length broken off, as having been based in selfishness on both sides, and affording no prospect of happiness in the hour of trial! How often have they who have tried to cement such a friendship and failed, regretted that they did not take the better basis of the fear of God and obedience to His precepts.

Other so-called friendships spring from *interested motives*. We see many, even young people, mean enough to seek eagerly the friendship of a companion, simply on the score of superior riches! We notice this in the world too commonly. The man of wealth, even of ill-gotten wealth, so long as no fraud has been discovered, is sought out as a friend by many. His ill-qualities are palliated, his ill-behaviour excused, his ill-intentions explained away, and, in spite of everything, they who ought to have held themselves aloof from him condescend to court his intimacy.

Another insufficient ground on which intimacies are formed is *undue reverence for superior talent*. Now, it is natural enough that greater attainments, or higher natural powers than our own, should be looked up to with a kind of reverence, and there are many cases in which such a reverence does no harm. If care is taken to discover whether these gifts are tempered and elevated by the fear of God, and the principle of obedience to His commandments, all may be well. But if, on the other hand, no thought on this point enters into the calculation of the person who is choosing his friends—if he gives implicitly all self-control into the hands of a companion, chosen solely on the ground of such superiority, what ruinous consequences may ensue! Into what mazes of false doctrine may the blind admirer be betrayed! into what depths of superstition or infidelity may he be plunged! with what difficulty may he at last, if at all, be able to ex-



tricate himself! and with what anguish may he regret, in after years, that he did not take David's rule of becoming a companion of those who feared God and kept His precepts!

Another common ground on which friends are selected is *mere boldness*. The man who is, or seems to be, bolder than his fellows—who speaks against constituted authority—who talks much of freedom and self-reliance, is sure to command a party. Those who have little character of their own are often led to seek the companionship of such persons, and as it were to abdicate into their hands all their reason and their judgment.

Now, in each of these instances those who have selected their companions thus unhappily, would gladly in the long run have taken up with David's rule. But do not think that they are therefore always able to do so when they wish it. O no! Unfortunately, the errors made in early life are not easily remedied by any after-repentance. Ill-chosen companions often do us a harm which we never can correct. The Spanish proverb says, "Show me a man's companions and I will tell you his character." That proverb involves in a hard form the judgment of the world, and that judgment is scarcely an unfair one. But, even granting it unfair, if it be that on which the world acts, consider how much harm you may do even to your temporal prospects by an unwise choice of friends!

What young man who has allowed those who are lazy and vicious to become his intimates, who is seen lounging with them in idle corners, or drinking with them at tavern doors, will be supposed by an employer different from those whose company he keeps? It may be hard, perhaps, upon him to suppose him such as they are, but it is natural, and he has no right to complain.

What young woman, if she make choice of frivolous, gossiping companions, has any ground of complaint if she is judged to resemble those with whom she mixes?

But it is not mere temporal injury that is the penalty of unwise companionship. It is far worse. It involves moral evil, too. Can one touch pitch, and not be defiled? Can a man associate with persons of lax morality or careless habits, and not derive a kind of infection from them? Can he turn afterwards and repair the damage he has done to himself? It may be, with God's grace, possible. But, oh! how difficult! How hard to break off any long-established intimacies!—how hard to conquer long-continued habits!—how hard to retrace long-trodden ways!—how hard to begin, as it were, anew, and to gather up the fragments of a wasted life!

Therefore, do not be afraid *now* to seem among your companions what you really are. Do not shrink from letting it be known that you fear God, and strive to keep His precepts. Be not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ—nor consent to hide the fact that Christianity is really with you a mainspring of action.

It is difficult. But difficulties may be overcome. Christ Himself has left us an example, and is ever with us, to aid us, though unseen. God the Father loveth us, and hath promised His Holy Spirit for our aid. And what do we lack more? If men, being evil, know how to give good gifts to their children, how much more shall God, the Father of us all, give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!

# THE PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST, 1861.

PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Depôt, Blackwellgate.*

## THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

**A**PPEALS in behalf of this valuable Society were made on Sunday last, July 28th, at St. Cathbert's and Holy Trinity, the collection at the former amounting to £8 and the latter to £4 18s. The Sermons for the Additional Curates' Society at St. John's next Sunday, precluded a similar appeal on the same day.

A few years ago, the asperity of party feeling invaded the peace of this great Educational Society of the Church, causing dissensions which marred for a time its useful work. Happily the storm is now passed over; and all who feel an interest in the promotion of a Sound Education for the people of this country recognise with gratitude the operations of the National Society during the past 50 years, and heartily wish it an increased measure of strength for the time to come. From a circular which has been lately distributed it appears that the Schools of Darlington have been aided from its funds to the amount of £640; being a larger grant than has been made to any other town in the Diocese of Durham. Grants have been voted towards building and fitting up School-rooms and Teachers' Residences in the Counties of Durham and Northumberland, amounting in the aggregate to £8,268; and towards the Establishment of the Training Institutions at Durham the sum of £1,156 has been given. Besides these liberal benefactions, timely assistance has been given to the towns of Darlington, Durham, and Newcastle in the formation of their Depôts for the sale of Books and School Apparatus by contributing £50 worth of Stock to each. Thus the two counties have received upwards of £9,500 from the National Society since its foundation in the year 1811. As to what has been the extent of its agency throughout England and Wales, an extract from a paper headed "The past and the future of Church Education" will satisfactorily show:— "The Committee have assisted largely in building parochial schools and teachers' houses; they have erected three metropolitan training institutions belonging to the Society, and have assisted in the erection of others in different dioceses; they have trained duly qualified teachers of both sexes; they have promoted diocesan inspection and the organisation of schools; and have opened a Central Depository in London, and also aided in the Establishment of local Depôts for the sale, at a reduced cost, of the best school books, materials, and apparatus. It may suffice to state that the Society's grants towards the erection of schools and teachers' residences amount to £364,000; while there are nearly 12,000 schools, containing upwards of 1,100,000 scholars, in union with it. It has expended £54,000 on the erection of training institutions and £218,000 on the maintenance of its own training establishments, from which 8,500 teachers have been supplied. Towards the organisation of elementary

schools more than £9,000 has been paid, and nearly £11,000 towards the formation of a central and branch Depositories; while in its principal depôt at Westminster the sales of school materials and books at a cheap rate have amounted to upwards of £170,000. In addition to these chief operations of the Society, information on educational matters is at all times afforded to those who need it."

#### ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY.

**S**ERMONS will be preached on Sunday next, August 4th, in St. John's Church, on behalf of this Society, the object of which is to assist in the salvation of souls by increasing the number of pastors in the large and populous places of England and Wales; and to prosecute this object effectually the alms of those who love the sound of the Gospel of peace will be solicited.

A printed summary of the Society's work was distributed in the Church last Sunday for the information of the congregation. From that summary we learn that upwards of £38,000 were raised last year, through the agency of the Society, to secure the services of 421 additional Clergymen. The population benefitted by their labours is three millions and a half; and the number of clergy employed in the aided parishes is thus raised from 506 to 927, giving an average of 3,477 to each pastor. Still the wants are great and pressing. The existing grants cannot be continued unless a large and systematic support is given to the Society; and, in addition to these calls, a large number of applications for aid yet remain, which cannot be met for want of funds.

The condition on which all grants are made is, that additional services, sermons, and pastoral work generally shall be undertaken; and in their bestowal the actual wants of each Parish in regard to population and income are solely considered, no party considerations whatever influencing the minds of the Committee. The principles and constitution of the Church are strictly observed, the Curate being appointed by the Incumbent and licensed by the Bishop, as in those cases where the Incumbent is able himself to remunerate his fellow-labourer. Another branch of the Society's operations exists in its *Endowment Fund*, which affords an opportunity for Churchmen interested in the spiritual welfare of special districts to assist in the permanent establishment of new districts and to increase the incomes of the 5,500 benefices under £150 a-year. Forty-five new Parishes have been thus aided.

#### ST. JOHN'S PAROCHIAL ASSOCIATION.

**T**HERE are few who are sufficiently conversant with the affairs of the Parish as to know that an annual income of £270 to £280 is required to keep the existing machinery in good working order, over and above the scanty endowment provided by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the support of the principal Officiating Minister. We mean that in order to secure the services of a second Clergyman; to maintain the fabric of the Church and the decent celebration of Divine Service; to keep the Mission Chapel at Albert Hill and the Schools in operation, that sum of money is required, year by year. In addition to these calls upon our means, the Societies which have largely contributed to our necessities are now demanding of us some grateful return that they may extend to other localities the spiritual benefits which, by the contributions of the faithful, they have been enabled to bestow upon the Parish of St. John. To meet these demands, which are confessedly just, as well as to ease the strain upon our own parochial machine—a strain which is becoming so great as to threaten its derangement—it is evident that other, besides the present, channels must be sought, whence the necessary contributions can be procured. In many Parishes toiling under the same burden as ourselves,




effectual relief has been found by the introduction of the Weekly Offertory. And so efficacious has been this Scriptural institution wherever adopted, that its universal recommendation has engaged the serious attention of the English Bishops. There is no doubt that the time will come when an exhaustless feeder to the good cause will be found by a return to the usage of the Apostolic Church. (1 Cor. XVI. 1 and 2.) But to secure its successful working the Bishop's authorised voice must be heard and the suffrages of the congregation enlisted in its favour. In the mean time, some expedient or the other must be tried to relieve the present state of things. The simplest and best appears to be the formation of a Parochial Association, the principal objects and rules of which are stated below. The Quarterly or Monthly contributions are so small as to place it within the power of all to "let their light shine before men, that men may see their good works and glorify their Father which is in Heaven." The working-classes, of which the Parish is almost exclusively composed, have hitherto contributed nothing towards the extension of Christ's kingdom; and many a warm heart, we believe, has been chilled through a groundless timidity of appealing to their sympathies and assistance. The widow in casting her mite into the treasury of the Temple felt the giving to be more blessed than the receiving. Jesus did not reject her offering, but commended her for it, and has caused the memorial of her self-denial to be kept alive in the Church to the end of time. Why should not the privilege of maintaining the service of God and of promoting His glory be given to all of us as it was to the widow? It is not for the eternal good of any to avail themselves of the "Ministry of the Word"—to worship in Churches, to be benefited by Schools, and furnished with Bibles and Prayer-Books, while bearing no part in their support—while omitting to "do good" and to "be merciful after their power." An opportunity, therefore, of acknowledging the mercies and loving kindnesses of the Lord will now be extended to all who desire to shew the signs of a grateful heart. The objects and rules of the Association are as follows:—

"This Association is formed to the glory of our Divine Lord and Master Jesus Christ (1 Cor. x. 31; Col. iii. 17); and out of gratitude to Him for the many Spiritual privileges which He has bestowed upon the Parish (Ps. cxvi. 12 and 17; Luke xvii. 11 to 19 inclusive; Eph. v. 20).

"The object of the Association is to extend the cause of Christ at home and abroad (Luke x. 2; 1 Cor. xvi. 9; 2 Cor. v. 14, 15), by maintaining the parochial agencies which are in operation for the Spiritual welfare of the Parish (Heb. vi. 7 to 11 inclusive), and by supporting the Societies connected with the Church of England, from many of which the most generous assistance has been received. (Matt. vii. 12; 1 Cor. ix. 11.)"

**RULES** 1. The management of the Association is vested in the officiating Clergy, the Churchwardens, Treasurer, Secretaries, Visitors, and 24 Members, with power to add to their numbers. The appropriation of the funds is placed at their disposal, subject to the approval of the general meeting.


2. A subscription of one shilling per quarter from persons of full age, and of sixpence per quarter from persons under age, constitutes membership. Subscriptions of one penny per month are received from children and persons in poorer circumstances.
3. Special subscriptions or donations of any amount, and for any parochial object or Church Society, are received and remitted by the Treasurer.
4. General meetings are held twice in the year, in the months of March and September, for the reception of the Church Societies' reports, and for the transaction of other business.

 Members are earnestly requested to make known the objects of the Association among their friends and neighbours, and to increase its numbers "heartily, as unto the Lord."

# THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

## CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

	MORNING.	EVENING.
Aug. 4. 10th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 130. Martyrdom 59. " 89. Avison 95.	Hymn 76. Innocents 145. " 147. Fincham 184. " 78. Northallerton 16.
Aug. 11. 11th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 68. Antwerp 172. " 14. Morning Hymn 117.	Hymn 149. St. Cuthbert 152. " 114. Prague 165. " 38. German Hymn 144.
Aug. 18. 12th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Psalm 136. Morpeth 184. Hymn 190. St. Bernard 179.	Psalm 95. Wareham 136. Hymn 83. St. Cecilia 166. " 162. Somerford 187.
Aug. 25. 13th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 165. Tallis Canon 132. " 58. Luneberg 146.	Hymn 166. Eignbrook 108. " 127. St. Cyril 191. " 85. Ems 180.
Aug. 28. Wednesday.	Venite—Bates. Te Deum—Hodge. Jubilate—Hackett.	Psalm 36. Angels' 94. Hymn 64. Innocents 145. Cantate—Aldrich. Deus Misereatur—Selle.

 The numbers after the names of the tunes refer to the Choir only.

The Canticles used at the Morning and Evening Services have been printed for the use of the Choir and Congregation. They are pointed according to the method adopted by the Church of St. John in chanting these parts of Divine Worship. They can be procured of Mr. John Graham, Bridge Terrace, for 2d. each.

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

Aug. 4	10 SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY. Sermons for Additional Curates' Society.	Morn. 1 Kings 21—Acts 2. —Heb. 7.	Even. 1 Kings 22
11	11 SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. 2 Kings 5—Acts 9. —James 1.	Even. 2 Kings 9
18	12 SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. 2 Kings 10—Acts 16. —1 Pet. 3.	Even. 2 Kings 18
24	ST. BARTH. APOSTLE & M.		
25	13 SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. 2 Kings 19—Acts 23. —1 John 2.	Even. 2 Kings 23
28	WED. Litany Service and Lecture on Holy Communion at 7.15 p.m.		

THE HOLY COMMUNION is celebrated at Morning Service on the first Sunday, and at Evening Service on the second Sunday, of the Month.

BAPTISMS AND CHURCHINGS on Sundays at three o'clock in the afternoon; on Wednesdays and Fridays at half-past ten a.m. The last of the three rubrics before the service for the public Baptism of Infants directs that "When there are children to be baptised, the parents shall give knowledge thereof over night or in the morning." This notice can be given to the Clerk or Sexton.

A BIBLE CLASS will meet on Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, in No. 5, Brunswick Street.

A COTTAGE LECTURE is held at Mrs. Stevenson's, Chapel Street, every Thursday evening at Seven o'clock.

CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.—Divine Service every Sunday evening at six o'clock. Baptisms and Churchings on those evenings, and also on Tuesday afternoons at three o'clock. Notice of Baptisms and Churchings to be given over night or in the morning to Mr Lee, Saw Mills.



## **The Esquimaux.\***



HE Esquimaux are an odd race of people, who dwell in the northern coasts and islands of America, in the regions of perpetual ice and snow. These scattered tribes live almost always on the coast, so that they look to the sea for their main sustenance. Their houses are built out of the only materials that are to be had—ice and snow! Snow for the walls, and ice for the windows!

The Esquimaux are very short-legged, for as they spend most of their time in their canoes or dog-sledges, their legs have but little to do, and so are stunted: and from being thus small of stature (rarely reaching five feet), they do not require very lofty houses, and accordingly each dwelling averages sixteen feet in diameter by six or seven feet in height, and the building of a house is only the work of an hour or two for a couple of men—one cutting the slabs of snow, which are five or six inches thick, and the other laying them in their places in the walls. These dwellings are heated by oil-lamps, which vary in size from two feet to six inches in length, according to the importance of the person to whom it belongs, for each member of the family has his or her own lamp. The lamp-wicks are made of moss, and trimmed with a piece of stone or stick.

The clothes of these odd people are made of the skins of reindeer, bears, wolves, or foxes, and their shoes of sealskin, with soles of

\* Abridged from an interesting work on *Odd People, or Singular Races of Man*, by Captain Mayne Reid. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, London. 5s.



the tough hide of the walrus. Their winter suit has always a large hood, which can be drawn over the head at pleasure; this is invariably bordered with white fur, which sets off in a strange way the dark face that it encircles. Nature has not made the Esquimaux of darker skin than the natives of Southern Europe, but exposure to their terrible climate, and the coating of grease and filth which they get in their smoky houses, and which they never wash off, make them almost black as they grow older.

The Esquimaux hunter is skilled in making and managing his kayak, or canoe. This is twenty-five feet in length and less than two feet in breadth, and something like a weaver's shuttle in shape. It is covered in from stem to stern, except a round hole nearly in the middle, just large enough to admit the body of its owner in a sitting posture. The weight of this canoe is not more than fifty or sixty pounds, so that a man can easily carry it on his head when crossing the ice. The Esquimaux propel this frail vessel over the water with a double-bladed paddle, at a great speed, in pursuit of whales, seals, or wild fowl.

After a canoe, the next most valued possession in the eye of an Esquimaux is a dog-sledge, and the fortunate owner of this, as well as a kayak, is counted a person of property.

During their short summer the Esquimaux leave their snow-houses to melt, and taking their tents they forsake the sea-shore, and hunt the reindeer in the valleys, or capture the wild fowl and fresh-water fish, in the lakes in the interior of the country.

When the long dreary winter returns, during which the sun is altogether out of sight for months together, the Esquimaux come back to the coast and build new snow villages. Perhaps during the summer, when the water was open, they may have visited the shore for the purpose of capturing that great giant of the icy seas—a whale! If so, they may look forward to a winter of plenty, since the flesh of a full-grown whale would be food for a whole tribe for months. The immense carcase needs no curing to make it keep—neither salt nor smoke is required in their climate; Jack Frost is their provision-curer, and does their work without putting them to any trouble or expense. All they have to do is to hoist the vast flitches on scaffolds, high enough to keep the meat from the wolves and foxes and from their own half-starved dogs.

The Esquimaux do not use harpoons with rope fastened to them in capturing a whale, as the sailors do who go out from this country and America. When the huge creature is discovered, the men of the tribe get into their canoes and surround it; then they hurl darts into its body, each dart having fastened to it a sealskin inflated like a bladder. When a number of these are fixed in the body of the whale, the creature, powerful as he is, cannot sink down far into the water, or progress fast through it; he soon rises to the surface again; the sealskin floats show where he is: the Esquimaux dart after him in their kayaks, and shoot a fresh volley into his body, till at last the whale is wearied out and killed.

The capture of a whale, however, is a rare piece of good fortune. It is the seal on which the Esquimaux mainly depend. The seal may be regarded as the staff of his life, in that it furnishes him not

only with food, but with light, fuel, and clothing. The seal is a shy and suspicious creature; and though it seems stupid and senseless, yet is by no means easily taken. Still, hundreds of thousands of them fall victims to their enemy, the great polar bear, and to the cunning hunters of the Esquimaux.

In open weather, when the Esquimaux hunter sees a seal on the ice he works craftily round, hiding behind snow-drifts and ice-hillocks, often clothing himself in a sealskin, and floundering clumsily over the ice, wagging his head from side to side, as the seals are seen to do; so that if the animal sees him it may mistake him for one of its companions. In this way he gets between the seal and the water, and then kills it by a blow on the snout with a club, or by piercing it with a spear. When the hunter finds a seal asleep on the surface of the open water, he secures it by chasing it in his canoe, using darts with the bladders fastened to them, as in hunting a whale.

But in winter, when the sea for hundreds of miles is covered with ice a full yard in thickness, the seal-fishery would be at an end, and the poor Esquimaux would starve, were it not that God has given the animal a habit peculiar to itself, which brings it within their reach.

Though the seal can live in water like a fish, and probably could pass a whole winter under the ice without much inconvenience, yet it likes, now and then, to take a little fresh air, and have a quiet nap on the top of the ice. With this design it breaks a hole in the ice while it is thin, and keeps it carefully open during the whole winter, clearing away each new crust as it forms. The Esquimaux, knowing this habit, watch a seal's hole till the creature comes out on to the ice, and then do their best to capture it. When seals are scarce the hunter will often wait for his prey for hours during the long, dark nights, concealed behind a heap of snow, which he has piled up for the purpose. A float-stick placed on the breathing-hole serves as a signal to tell when the seal is mounting through his trap-like passage, and gives the hunter time to get into the attitude to strike; or, if the night be too dark for him to see the float-stick, the hunter covers the hole with a lid made of a cake of pure white snow. In the centre of this lid he punches a small opening with the shaft end of his spear, and then awaits the seal's rising to the upper air. The dark water bubbling up through the small central hole, which can be seen even in the darkest night, betrays the seal's approach. The hunter does not wait for it to climb out on to the ice, but he drives his spear down through the yielding snow upon the animal's skull, and so kills it on the instant.

It is sad to say that these Esquimaux have no religion—they have some superstitions about witches and sorcerers, about good and evil spirits, and about a good and bad place hereafter. Missionary zeal has been exerted amongst them almost in vain, and they receive with apathy and indifference the teachings of the Christian faith, which might cheer and comfort them in their seemingly hard and dreary lot.

## Black and White; or, Advantages.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED," ETC.



WELL! nothing for mere amusement, which would have seemed a natural resource to the young Negroes from their many miseries, but a *Sunday school*, in which they might learn to read the Word of God. Frederick had been to one, and even taught in one, during the latter part of his stay in the northern town, and this gave him a longing to bring the comfort of such a thing within the reach of the people on the eastern shore.

"So he and his *one* friend set to work and collected scholars, and persuaded a free black man to lend them a room to meet in. And there they met once very happily, but only once; the second time they were interrupted by a mob of people, headed by Frederick's master and a couple of his friends; and these, armed with sticks and missiles, drove the poor little black scholars and their teachers out of the place, forbidding them ever to meet again for so unlawful a purpose. Nay, one man threatened Frederick with being shot if he did.

"The worst of all this was, that Frederick's own faith began to be shaken. For I am sorry to tell you that his master was one of those who professed to be religious, and was very strict in all religious observances. But the inconsistency of this with the deeds of his daily life, and his fury at black children being taught the Gospel, were so horrible to Frederick, that he scarcely knew what to believe, for it seemed to him as if everybody was false, and only one thing certain, namely, that the whole world was "filled with violence" as in the days before the flood.

"Daily prayers and daily cruelty! How could they be reconciled together? And Frederick, you know, was a thinking lad, and could not help thinking about it. There is, indeed, nothing more dreadful than for people to profess one thing and practice another. It hardens the heart of those who do it, and confuses the faith of those who see it done. But to go on.

"In such circumstances you will guess that Frederick and his master did not agree very well: so, after a nine-months' struggle (many severe beatings included) to bring the refractory slave to proper slave-obedience, his master *put him out to be broken*; i.e. he *hired him*, as they call it there, for a year, to a wretch notorious for being a first-rate hand at subduing the spirit of obstinate young slaves, by a system of continued hard work and cruelty.

"And here, at last, my poor friend was in a situation where *nothing could be done*. There are such situations in the world, but they are very, very rare. And where there is nothing to be *done* for the good of one's self or others, there is generally much to be suffered; and to suffer well may be as acceptable to God as to *do* well.

"I have no mind to tell you much of what Frederick suffered during the first six months of that year. Enough to say, that his back was continually lashed into sores by the cowskin whip, his head was cut open by a kicking, and he was kept at heavy field labour from sunrise to dark. In short, he was utterly broken down by hard work and ill-usage.



"But worse than all this was the condition of his *mind*. His account of himself at that period is that he was completely wrecked, changed, and bewildered; goaded almost to madness at one time, and at another reconciling himself to his wretched condition. The recollection of his life in the northern town, of the happy moments spent in the exercise of religion, only increased his anguish. He had scarcely time to sleep or eat on any day but Sunday; and that, alas! he now spent in a sort of beast-like stupor—such is his own account—between sleep and wake, under some large tree. The slave-breaker's house stood within a few rods of the Chesapeake Bay, upon whose waters he used to see the white sails of ships from every quarter of the globe; and this sight used to overwhelm him, and cause him to pour out his soul in the wildest cries and prayers to God that he might be one day free, like them, and be taken from what he awfully called the *hot hell of unending slavery*.

"At last, however, despair itself brought Frederick a remedy. One day, having been violently ill-used, he ran away from the place, and presented himself, ill, wounded, and covered with blood, before his real master, to complain of the cruelty of the slave-breaker. But who ever heard of a master taking a slave's part against another master? Were such things to be done, slavery could not last. So Frederick was sent back to submit; and there being no resource between that and starvation, he went. But he arrived on a Sunday; and as pious masters never beat slaves on Sundays, there was rest till Monday morning, when the wretch ordered Frederick into the stable to clean horses. Presently he slipped stealthily in himself; and, seizing his victim by one leg, tripped him up, that he might get a slip-knot over his legs, and so tie him up and lash him at ease.

"But, weak and sore, as he still was, from the man's last brutalities, a sudden determination came into the victim's head that he would *resist*; resist, even if he died for it! and so, behold, the next minute, the slave-lad and the slave-breaker engaged in a regular '*rough-and-tumble* fight!'

"Doesn't it warm your English hearts, lads, to think of it?" continued Mr. Delafield. "Don't you feel your own fingers itch almost to have the pommeling of that rascal? Well, but do you know, Frederick did not pommel him at all; but had the Christian forbearance to do nothing but *defend himself*. Of course, in doing this, he had to throw his enemy down rather than go down himself; but it is a fact that he never struck one offensive blow. I look upon it that God protected him in that fearful hour from committing the dreadful sin to which his wrongs might well have tempted him; so let us trust he had not learnt to read his Bible in vain.

"But to return to the rough-and-tumble fight:—'*Are you going to resist, you scoundrel?*' asked the slave-breaker, trembling with passion at the unexpected attack; and, '*Yes, sir,*' was the slave's polite and extraordinary reply; and he continued polite to the end.

"After two hours the master let him go; saying he should not have whipped him so much if he had not resisted; whereas the fact was he had not whipped him at all. Nor did he ever whip him again during the whole six months he had to stay.

"From that day forward Frederick was, as he considers it, *half-*

*freed*, for he had reached a point when he was not afraid to die.

"At the end of the year he was returned to his own master; but he seems to have had no fancy for struggling with him himself, so he hired him out to another slave-owner, and this time to a man who was in all respects the reverse of the slave-breaker: in short, the best master Frederick ever had.

"And now, boys, what do you suppose happened? Would it not have been very natural if Frederick, after so many troubles, had been content to take a tolerably easy life as he found it, make no further effort, and provoke no further punishment?

"Natural or not, he did not do it; but, on the contrary, looked about at once for some opening, some opportunity for doing good, and improving himself. And he soon found it here, for the master was not severe, and there were several young negroes on the plantation who were as glad to learn as Frederick was to teach them. And these young fellows became warm friends and associates, and the wish of Frederick's heart was realised—he established a Sunday school. They all ran great risks by doing so, of course; for here, as everywhere, it was unlawful and punishable to attempt anything in the shape of instruction. But of this they took their chance, and during the long summer Sunday evenings met together in woods under a tree, behind a barn, or in any out-of-the-way place, for the one sole purpose of reading, or learning to read, the word of God. Frederick succeeded afterwards in getting the use of a room from a man who lived several miles off; and there, notwithstanding the distance, both scholars and teachers used thankfully to assemble. At one time this little band were forty in number, and many of these Frederick succeeded in teaching to read the Scriptures in little more than a year.

"Whether his master knew what was going on I cannot tell you: certain it is that he never took any measures for preventing it; and my friend says beautifully of this successful experiment, 'I have had various employments during my short life; but I look back to *none* with more satisfaction than to my Sunday school.'

"And besides the Sunday school, he devoted three evenings a-week during the winter to his fellow-slaves; and he had in after life the satisfaction of meeting several of those who, inspired by what they had learnt from him, had laboured to escape from slavery, and had succeeded.

"And here properly my story should end," remarked Mr. Delafield; "for I have, as I promised, shown you how Frederick, the slave-boy, rose out of darkness and degradation into Christian light and knowledge by never letting God's opportunities pass by unused. But as I hope you are by this time interested in the fate of my friend, I will tell you a little about his escape from the horrors of slavery, for he did at last escape.

"Yet not at a first attempt, which he and his young friends made on the plantation we have been talking about. One of the party betrayed the others, and they were all arrested and sent to prison before they had made a move in the matter. But by this overhaste nothing could be proved against them; and the good-natured master, not quite believing they ever meant to run away at all, took them all back and did not punish them.

"Frederick, however, was returned to his own real master, and for a time had the horror of being sold to the far South before his eyes. But his master was kinder than he expected. He now, for the third time, sent him to his brother in the northern town, and that with a promise, that if he learnt a trade and behaved well he would set him free when he was twenty-five.

"Frederick, however, was too distrustful and too impatient to wait; so, although he worked well and was very useful to his old friends for the time he staid, he did not stay much more than a year, but laid a plan for running away, which was successful, and so at last he reached a land of freedom, where body and soul were his own. *His own, but under God*, remember, to be made a good use of, and accounted for hereafter.

"Not that his troubles were over. A runaway lad in a strange town, without friends or character, had difficulties enough to contend with, as you may suppose. But he who had fought against great evils was not likely to be overcome by little ones. Yet his position was a very trying one. He was in danger from kidnappers, who always lurk about that free town to entrap fugitive slaves by pretending to be friendly.

"But after a time he met with a sailor, whose honest face he felt sure he could trust, and told him his story, and by him he was taken to a gentleman deeply interested in the emancipation of the slaves.

"And now Frederick was safe, comparatively, and sent word of this to one whom he had long wished to make his wife, and who lived in the town from which he had run away. And she joined him, and they were married, and he took a surname and began the life of a free labourer and family man.

"But that was not all; for he had, no doubt, very unusual natural abilities. God gives different gifts to different people, and in different measure, too; and *Frederick Douglass* was largely gifted. So, once in a free country, where, as here, all manner of opportunities for learning were open to him, he continued to read, and think, and write; and by degrees his talents were found out, and he was asked first to speak in public, then to write an account of his life, and then to edit a newspaper, which he does to this day.

"Now, as to this latter part of his life, boys," remarked Mr. Delafield, "it cannot be imitated by all. All people cannot by a little trouble get to speak in public, write books, and edit newspapers; but, surrounded as you and I and all of us are, by what I call *God's opportunities*, in this Christian land, we can all of us, if we make use of them, get out of darkness and degradation into Christian light and knowledge and morality, and thus be happy, both in this world and the next. And this is what I pray you all may do. So let us end this story by three cheers for your Sunday school, and beware how you neglect the blessing."

If there is one thing in the world which English lads thoroughly understand and enjoy, it is *cheering*. And loud and lustily Mr. Delafield's listeners cheered now — first for the Sunday school, and then, at the Curate's suggestion, for Mr. Delafield himself: but he would not be outdone, so he proposed one cheer more for their good friend the Curate — and that, if the truth must be told, was the very loudest of all!



## The Heath.



O plants display a greater variety of hues than the different species of Heath: the newly-opened flowers are of a rose colour, the withering ones are blue; the fading leaves are yellow, and the dead ones are a bright brown; so it cannot be wondered at that a hill-side clothed with blooming heath should be, beneath the slanting rays of the setting sun, one of the most gorgeous pictures Nature unfolds before us. The heaths, both native and foreign, are well known in England, but in the Highlands of Scotland in many places they form almost the only vegetation, and it is in these districts that the sportsman seeks the grouse and other birds which love the moorland heather.

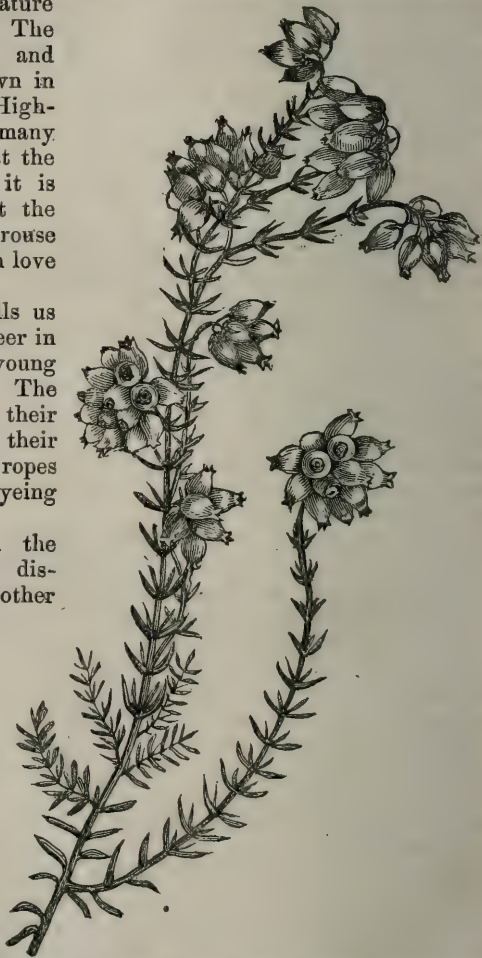
An old historian tells us that the Picts made beer in large quantities of the young shoots of the heath. The Highlanders use it for their beds, for thatching their cottages, for making ropes and brooms, and for dyeing cloth a yellow colour.

In the days when the Scottish Clans were distinguished from each other by wearing different flowers in their bonnets, the Macdonalds chose the heather for their badge.

Gerarde says that the blossoms are "fashioned like little bottles, consisting of fower partes, of a shining purple colour, very beautiful to behold,

and that a decoction of the leaves and bark infused in a vessell of beere hath great vertue. Galen saith," continues Gerarde, "the flowers have a digesting facultie; and Dioscorides saith they are good to be laide on the bitings of any venomous beast, and of them the bees do gather bad hony." The last assertion does not agree with the modern taste, for, though it is somewhat bitter, the Scotch honey is largely sold in the English markets.

R. B.



## The Camel.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



THE Camel, mentioned so frequently in the Bible, is the Arabian

animal (*Camelus Arabicus*). It is very common in the East, where it is of immense value as a beast of burden. Camels are spoken of in Scripture as part of the riches of the patriarchs (Gen. xii. 16; xxx. 43. Job, i. 3; xlii. 12.) Their flesh was not allowed as food to the Jews (Lev. xi. 4), because, though

the camel chews the cud, it does not fully divide the hoof, which is only partially cleft. John the Baptist wore a garment of camels' hair about his loins (Matt. iii. 4); perhaps it was merely the prepared skin of the animal. The milk of the camel was, no doubt, used as a drink by the Jews, just as it is by the Arabs at this day. Jacob sent a number of milch camels as part of a present to his brother Esau (Gen. xxxii. 15). Camels were also used in war (1 Sam. xxx. 17).



The camel has been often quoted as a wonderful instance of the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of God; and, indeed, no animal can be better fitted to fulfil the purposes for which it was designed: its broad, half-cleft feet, are admirably formed for traversing the loose and burning sands of the desert; the nostrils can close like valves, to prevent the clouds of sand, so frequent in the desert, from entering them; the peculiar arrangement of the cells of the stomach, which can hold an extra provision of water, enable the camel to do without drinking for three or four days; the fatty hump on its back supplies the want of food when even the prickly bushes of the desert fail; for this hump, which is large and full when the animal is well fed, becomes gradually absorbed into the system in time of dearth.

The camel is often referred to in Eastern proverbs (see Matt. xix. 24; xxiii. 24). The first passage, about a camel going through the eye of a needle, has given rise of much questioning. Some have thought that the Greek word, translated "camel," should be rendered "cable;" but it is much more likely that the "Needle's Eye" was a low gate near Jerusalem, through which a loaded camel could scarcely pass. In the Jewish Talmud there is a similar proverb about the elephant,—“Perhaps thou art one of those who can make an elephant pass through a needle's eye”—that is, one who “attempts impossibilities.”

## The Private Prayers of the Poor.

BY J. L. ERRINGTON, M.A.



AMONGST the various remedies which have been suggested for the moral evils of the day, we doubt whether sufficient prominence has been given to the importance of promoting a habit of private devotion amongst the hand-working classes. As Christians, we must admit that mere intellectual knowledge can be no safeguard against vice and immorality; but rather, as frequent experience proves, it too often only widens the approach to them: for, as long the heart of man revolves round self, and this is almost the sure result of mere mental attainments, we cannot expect a high moral tone. It is only when religion is combined with knowledge, that knowledge becomes ennobling and elevating; and surely no one will maintain that the man, who uses little or no private devotion, can have much real religion about him. And yet we fear that vast numbers of the working folk of this great Christian country are in this evil case; the great duty of private prayer is almost, if not altogether, neglected by them. It is not hard to find some reasons why this is so. There are numbers amongst the humbler classes in our towns who were never taught any form of prayer at all as children, and consequently they live without it as men; for it is not very probable, when they are launched forth on the waves of this troublesome world, and find themselves struggling in the very thick of the storm of life, that they will bethink themselves and bestir themselves to remedy what was lacking in their early religious training. Numbers more there are who were taught some childish form at their mother's knee, which served them for a time, but soon the rising man disdained such childish petitions, and left off prayer altogether. The case of the labourer in our rural parishes too often is equally sad. It will be found, on inquiry, that in many instances he uses no prayer at all; and in others, he continues to use in his manhood prayers only suited to his childhood, or else forms that hardly deserve the name of prayer. We know, for instance, as a fact, that men repeat the Apostles' Creed, or such forms as these:—"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, bless the bed that I lie on," &c. "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a *little child*."

Now, surely, this state of things is a grievous social sin, and claims the earnest attention of all those who can assist in correcting it.

It is not to be expected that much can be done with the present generation of grown persons, though that is no reason why nothing should be attempted. Our main efforts must be directed towards the young. We would, therefore, strongly urge upon Christian parents, teachers, the clergy, and all those who are in any way responsible for the education of the rising generation, to take good care that each child, before it leaves their control, should be supplied with a form of prayer, which, though suitable to the child, would not be unsuitable to the man: that so they may have the comfort of feeling that each child, as he leaves their superintendence to make his way through the many temptations of life—especially of youthful



life—is provided with that which may enable him to withstand those temptations, and to hold on his course steadily unto the end.

Some, perhaps, may think that Confirmation is the most fitting opportunity for putting into the hands of the young a suitable form of private prayer. But surely it is one of wisdom's rules not to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. The opportunity which is afforded at the National School may never occur again, for how many there are of those who attend our Parish Schools, who, either through their own, their parents', or their godparents' neglect, or from being the children of those who dissent from the Church, never present themselves for Confirmation at all! But, even were it otherwise, what would be the spiritual condition of those children during the four, five, or six years, at a most susceptible period of life, which would intervene between their school and Confirmation, if they have no fitting form of private devotion?

Others, again, may urge, that most children in our Sunday schools are taught to repeat, each Sunday in the year, the Collect for the day, and are thereby provided with a number of short forms of prayer for private use.

But, even taking it for granted that the Collects are not learnt merely by rote, but that they abide in the memory; and also taking for granted that the meaning condensed in them is fully understood; it is unreasonable to suppose that a child is likely to make a selection—or, at any rate, a suitable selection—from some fifty collects, learnt in the course of the year.

It seems, therefore, to be a bounden duty of all placed over children, to see that they learn such a form of private devotion as they can thoroughly understand: and since the prayers learnt at the mother's knee abide in our memories, even to our mature years, it seems specially desirable that the form so learnt should be of such a kind that it need not be discarded as unsuitable when the man throws away childish things. To the objection that a man could not rightly use a child's prayer, the answer is in the words of our Lord Himself,—“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

The following simple prayers have been put together, in the hope of meeting this want:—

#### MORNING PRAYER.\*

O God, I thank thee for having brought me to the beginning of another day; and I pray thee to continue thy gracious protection over me. Keep me from all wrong thoughts, bad words, and wicked actions. Make me humble, gentle, kind, and forgiving. May I always remember, wherever I may be, that thou, O God, seest me. Bless dear [*father, mother, brothers, and sisters.*] Bless Christ's ministers here and everywhere. Bless thy Church and people. Have mercy upon all men; and give us all grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee, the only true God, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. Amen. Our Father, &c.

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\* These prayers, printed on a card, in red and black, may be had from Mr. W. Danley, printer, Melton Mowbray. Price 1d. each; or 7s. per hundred.

EVENING PRAYER.

O God, I thank thee for having watched over me and preserved me during the past day. Forgive, I beseech thee, all my wrong thoughts, words, and actions. O God, my Father, grant that as I grow in years I may grow in grace: O God, my Saviour, grant that I may love thee more and serve thee better: O God, my Sanctifier, grant that my thoughts may be more pure, my actions more holy. Be with me, O God, when I sleep and when I wake; and when I close my eyes in death, may I fall asleep in JESUS. Bless dear [*father, mother, brothers, and sisters,*] relations and friends. Bless all who have been kind to me. Teach me to think the best of all men; and to do to others as I would they should do unto me. Comfort all who are in sickness or sorrow, and take us all under thy protection this night and for ever; for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Amen. Our Father, &c.

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God send a goodly Harvest!

BY J. G. WATTS.

**T**HE tall corn bends its weighty ear  
Before the playful wind,  
And tiny children thither run,  
The poppy-flower to find;  
The mower far a-field looks up,  
And wipes his swarthy brow,  
And murmurs to his comrade by,—  
“The wheat is ripening now,  
God send a goodly harvest!”

We catch his words with heart and soul,  
And echo them again;  
God send our every garner soon  
Be filled with golden grain!  
That city-reared and village-born,  
When wintry winds may blow,  
From toddling babe to tottering age,  
No want of bread may know,—  
God send a goodly harvest!



## Short Sermon.

BY T. L. CLAUGHTON, M.A., VICAR OF KIDDERMINSTER AND  
PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT OXFORD.

MATT. xvii. 4.—*Then answered Peter and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here.*



HUS and thus saith every man when he perceives in his heart that he is in a place where he is safe for the time from the assaults of sin and temptation. So we have often said, when we have found ourselves in the sanctuary of God—especially when our souls have been lifted up within us; comforted, perhaps, by the word of God after some great tribulation; touched with a sense of His great goodness to us, as we joined in the public praises and thanksgivings; or even when we have felt reprovèd and convinced of sin. At such times we have exclaimed with the Apostle, “It is good for us to be here.”

But let us consider under what circumstances St. Peter uttered these words; and we shall, perhaps, see that, though indeed it is good for us to be here for a while, yet it is only in order to our being strengthened and refreshed for our other duties; and that we must be ready and prepared to go forth again so soon as the heavenly vision is ended. St. Peter wished to abide there where he was, in the mount; not to depart out of it again. He proposed to make three tabernacles there—for Christ, for Moses, and Elias; and there to take up his abode with them in the glory with which they were surrounded. But St. Luke adds, that he so spake, “not knowing what he said.” He knew not what he asked, when he asked for permission to dwell there in the Holy Mount. He had just awaked out of a sleep into which he had fallen—overwhelmed perhaps with the sight of his Lord’s glory. He had scarcely collected his ideas when he spake those words. They were the utterance of an impulse, which overpowered him for the moment—not a calm, sober, and well-considered proposal. If we look back to what had immediately gone before the Transfiguration, we shall find that our Lord had announced to His followers His approaching sufferings and death—and their own part and lot in those sufferings. “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.” He had sternly rebuked Peter for not cordially embracing this doctrine; and for suggesting that, after all, these dreadful things might be avoided. Nevertheless, to encourage him and his fellow-disciples under such sad and fearful anticipations, He vouchsafed them—a few days afterwards—a sight of His heavenly glory, that they might see with their own eyes what kind of things God held in store for them that loved not their lives unto death. And it was under these circumstances that St. Peter, in his amazement and confusion, proposed to continue there in the holy mount with Elijah, who had never seen death—with Moses, whom none saw



die—with Christ, before He had suffered those things which He had foretold, and tasted death—anticipating by his proposal all the Divine purposes; yea, the whole scheme of the redemption and salvation of mankind. He savoured again the things that be of men. He forgot his brethren, who were down below in the plain, wrestling at that very moment with the powers of darkness. He was, in fact, carried away by an impulse; and we may learn from the record of it to be on our guard against like impulses when they arise.

Doubtless, it is very good for us to be in the sanctuary. It is very good for us to have our hearts stirred within us, by thanksgiving and the voice of melody: to be affected strongly while we listen to the words of a better and more glorious life. But we cannot set up our tabernacles here. We are strangers and pilgrims, journeying to a heavenly country. And when we are strengthened and refreshed, by whatever visions God shall be pleased to show us here of the good things He has provided for us, we had best go down from this mount, as it were, and set forward on our journey. Only let us keep in mind what we have seen: not talk too much about it; but let it remain deeply impressed on our own hearts. And having it there as a hid treasure, return to our duties; to the things we have to do and suffer until the vision shall become a reality, and until we shall really dwell and converse with Moses and Elias, and the spirits of the glorified and blessed. Ay, return to the things we have yet to do and to suffer in the world. How beautifully did our Divine Master speak as concerning those things to his disciples after this, when his suffering was about to begin! He said to Andrew and Philip, "The hour is come that the Son of man shall be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." This was what Peter forgot upon the mount. *Suffering before reward; death before glory.* Our Lord might have entered Heaven *alone*: might have ascended up without dying: but then He should not have taken with Him His redeemed. As this was the design of His Incarnation, He, by these words, reminded His disciples to arm themselves likewise with the same mind; and after showing them the necessity of His own death by the similitude of the corn of wheat, He added, "He that loveth his life, shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. If any man serve me, let him follow me: and where I am, there shall also my servant be." They who had continued with Him in His temptation here, should eat and drink with Him, at His table, in His kingdom.

Brethren, as long as you keep this in mind you need not fear to enjoy, and even indulge, such visions of blessedness as the Lord shall from time to time vouchsafe to you. Surely, when a devout soul experiences here emotions of pleasure and satisfaction, which the world cannot afford—we need not tell such a one to check and restrain those feelings, but only to hold them in subservience to the call of duty—to the necessity which is upon them to go forth again into the world; and there to deny themselves, having their

true glory in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified unto them, and they unto the world—there, while occupied in the path of daily duty; while bearing their daily cross; while resisting daily temptations, to take up the language of St. Paul, “From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.” St. Peter would have used this language too soon—up there in the holy mount, and before the signs of a devoted and faithful follower of Christ were wrought in him. No, he must wait for that. He must use that language when beset with temptations round about; when he had endured to be scourged and beaten with rods for his Master’s sake. Then might he truly say, “I bear in my body these glorious marks; and none of these afflictions move me.”

But many of you will feel that this whole train of thought is somewhat beyond your circumstances—that nothing you can do, or nothing you are likely to be called upon to suffer, deserves to be reckoned among the “marks of the Lord Jesus,” as indeed your sensations of heavenly comfort are very inferior to those which were experienced by men who witnessed for the Lord Jesus unto death. But say, Not so—many a mourner, many an afflicted soul, many a sufferer in body, aye, in mind—both indeed in these, as in the former days, bear about with them the visible marks of the Lord Jesus. And in the midst of such sufferings and afflictions as those by which God doth try His servants, there are vouchsafed also glimpses of heavenly glory, as bright as Apostles themselves beheld—moments of Divine consolation, quite as full of grace as St. Peter and St. Paul experienced. They were called to fight the good fight of faith—when the battle raged the fiercest—to bear the burthen and heat of the day when the fire of temptation scorched and ate into the very flesh—and they spake and wrote in language suited to the trials they endured. But the same afflictions are accomplished in those who have believed in Jesus through their word, in all ages unto this present hour. And the sufferings of Christ abound in His chosen still, and still He putteth their tears into His bottle, and noteth their sufferings in His book. He purifieth them in the fire: that their faith may be found unto praise and honour and glory in the day of His appearing. Worldly men will doubt of these things. Worldly men do ever try to establish that the language of saints of old is unfit in the mouths of the men that live now-a-days. Worldly men do account such mysteries as this of the Transfiguration as almost too sacred to be spoken of—“too wonderful and excellent for them,” they say. But it is the duty of the preacher of the Gospel to keep these mysteries ever present to the minds of Christians—seeing there is not one of them which might not (if the Lord’s purpose were to reveal Himself afresh) be enacted over again among ourselves. Yea, we know that one day He will come again, and all His holy angels with Him, and ten thousands of saints that are at rest around Him—the saints of the dispensations of old, no doubt, as well as of that under which we live—Moses, and Elias, as well as those who were with Him on the holy mount. And every eye shall see Him! We should accustom ourselves to such thoughts. We should cherish such expectations. We should often ask ourselves,

“Well—and how should we feel if we saw Him in His glory—His face shining as the sun—His raiment white as the light? How the sight would overwhelm us! How we should be ashamed and confounded because of our sins—of our mean and petty jealousies—our strifes and envyings—our quarrels and divisions—our secret misdoings—that which our hand wrought but yesterday! Or, ah! whither did my feet carry me!”

It is good for us to be here, even in this Holy Tabernacle, if it were only to have such thoughts brought into our minds; which you know they cannot be in the hurry of business and the strife of tongues, where the thought is, What shall we eat to-day? What shall we drink? What shall we put on? Dear brethren, let me answer those cogitations of the natural man in scriptural language—“Put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.” Be clothed with the robe of His righteousness. Buy white raiment of Him, and drink of living water, that ye thirst no more; and eat of the bread which He giveth you, even His flesh, which He gave for the life of the world. And be satisfied with the pleasures of His house, “even of His holy temple.”

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## **The Bible.**

Copied from the back of the title-page of a Bible printed in the year 1606.



HERE is the Spring where waters flow  
To quench our thirst for sin;  
Here is the Tree, where truth doth grow  
To lead our lives therein;  
Here is the Judge that bounds the strife  
When men's devices fail;  
Here is the Bread that feeds the life  
That death cannot assail.  
The tidings of Salvation dear  
Come to our ears from hence;  
The fortress of our faith is here,  
And shield of our defence!  
Read not this book, in any case,  
But with a single eye;  
Read not but first desire God's grace  
To understand thereby.  
Pray still in faith, with this respect,  
To fructify therein,  
That knowledge may bring this effect  
To mortify thy sin!  
Then happy thou in all thy life,  
Whate'er to thee befalls:  
Yea! doubly happy shalt thou be,  
When God by death thee calls.



# THE PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1861.

## ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.—COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL.

A HASTY glance at the late minutes of Council, collected into what is called a "Revised Code," is enough to convince any one that our Elementary Schools are now coming into troublesome waters; not that we doubt, however, everything being safe and well in the end with those who deserve to be safe and well. It was predicted years ago that the protective system under which masters and mistresses were being fostered and multiplied must, sooner or later, break down, as entailing an enormous charge upon the public funds, and producing a supply of teachers for which a commensurate demand would never exist. On the 29th of July last—the parliamentary recess being conveniently at hand—the prediction is fulfilled in the Council Chamber at Whitehall. We say "fulfilled," for the Government has sufficient strength to carry out the new scheme, with some modifications, perhaps,—the House of Commons being at present, as regards education, in one of its "cold fits of economy," and sensible men, alive to several weaknesses in the existing system, being reconciled to the necessity of some change.

It is impossible without further investigation and thought to estimate the effect of the new Minutes upon the future education of the masses; but in many districts they will necessarily cause the working classes to take a deeper interest in the welfare, if not in the existence of their schools; and this will be a highly desirable thing, for we question the wisdom of doing everything for others, who are in a position to do much for themselves.

The alterations proposed are of a sweeping character; but not so alarming in a pecuniary point as at the first sight one might suppose them to be. The system adopted hitherto by the government of aiding elementary schools has been to make grants and gratuities for different objects and to different persons connected with the schools. For instance, let us take the case of a school with an average attendance of 120 boys under the charge of a certificated Master and three Pupil Teachers. The annual cost of maintaining that description of school is about £200, towards which annual expenditure the government contributes at present.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Managers.						
Capitation grant on 70 boys .....	17	10	0			
Book Grants .....	2	10	0			
				20	0	0
To School-Master.						
Augmentation of Salary .....	23	0	0			
Instruction of Pupil Teachers .....	12	10	0			
Special, for Drawing .....	5	0	0			
				40	10	0
To Three Pupil Teachers.						
Average of Apprenticeship .....				45	0	0
Total Government Aid .....				£105	10	0
Leaving about £95 to be raised by the Managers in payment of						
Master's Salary .....				60	0	0
Other Expenses .....				35	0	0
Total cost to Managers .....				£95	0	0

By the new Minutes it is proposed to merge all the grants to Masters, Pupil Teachers, &c., into one general grant to the Managers alone, in payment of so much per child, attending more than 50 days. A capitation payment of 1d for

each attendance of every child, above the hundred attendances (50 days) is proposed to be made in lieu of the former grants; thus placing the Managers and Masters, as well as the Pupil Teachers, in much the same relation to each other as ordinarily exists between employers and employed, subject to certain conditions. Under the new code a school of 120 (average attendance) will not, it is expected, receive more than £60 or £70 under very favourable circumstances; and consequently the future aid afforded by the Government will not be so much by £40 or £45 as it has previously been. But whether that deficit is to be met by the diminution of salaries or by increased subscriptions and benefactions remains to be considered. We conceive that in the future adjustment of salaries, the Managers and friends of education will take a hint from the principles by which the capitation grants are proposed to be regulated; and that salaries will fluctuate, within specified limits, according to the attendance of each child, and to his proficiency in the three subjects of examination. And such we cannot help thinking to be an equitable arrangement. For the capitation grant will not be, as now, determined by the attendance only of the child, but may be in each instance reduced by one-third for failure in arithmetic, or in reading, or in writing:—failures for which Managers cannot be held accountable. Nor are these the only deductions of which the capitation grants are susceptible. If an Inspector detect faults of *instruction* and *discipline* on the part of the principal teacher, the grant may be further reduced by not less than one-tenth nor more than one-half of the whole. To illustrate the deliciously decreasing proportions which a capitation allowance of fifteen shillings, earned by the attendance of a child, may assume before it reaches the Managers' hands, we can suppose the failure of a boy in reading and arithmetic, or faults of instruction and discipline on the master's part, punished by the Inspector; and, on this supposition, the following result appears,

Capitation Grant <i>expected</i> for boy .....	£	s.	d.
	0	15	0
Deduct for failure in arithmetic .....	£	s.	d.
do. do. reading .....	0	5	0
do. for faults of discipline, &c.....	0	2	6
Deductions made by Inspector .....		0	12 6
Capitation Grant <i>received</i> for boy.....		0	2 6

And, thus, where the managers have been expecting 15s to discharge their heavy pecuniary obligations, the actual amount received by them may be no more than 2s 6d, the deductions having been made on account of deficiencies and faults for which they are not, ordinarily, blameworthy. And, hence, it may be expected that a fluctuating income produced by causes beyond the managers' control will inevitably bring about a fluctuating expenditure in the department to which the existence of those causes must be traced. The masters and mistresses of the new school have been always capriciously treated; the treatment being now of a hard and harsh character. But we would recommend them not to despair, calling to mind the consoling conviction of the Apostle, that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Every class of the community has suffered from changes produced by public policy or necessity, and that of the elementary teachers cannot be exempt from the operation of a general law governing all members of society. If the new code be carried out in its entirety, it will be the duty, as it will be the pleasure, of the promoters of Education to sympathise with and to assist their masters and mistresses, to the utmost of their ability. All must adapt themselves to the altered circumstances; and in the process of adaptation it will much surprise us to find the well-trained teacher lagging behind the rest of the community. On the contrary, we think that he will be the first to clear away the obstacles, making his school's path, and his own, straight.

To avert the possibility of a general demoralization in schools, it will be highly desirable for the managers and teachers connected with them, to

meet and concert some general rules respecting the attendance and admission of children. Far too many facilities are already offered for children leaving their school causelessly and resorting to another. These facilities will be infinitely multiplied by a low and demoralising competition that will arise upon the introduction of the new code, unless it be averted by the good sense and high principle of all concerned in the welfare of our public schools.

#### THE BISHOP OF DURHAM (DESIGNATE) ON THE SYSTEM OF MEMORIALIZING IN FAVOR OF CLERGYMEN TO VACANT LIVINGS.

About 3 years ago, a living became vacant in the Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol; and the previous preferment of several strangers induced some of the Clergy to take the unusual course of petitioning their Bishop, in behalf of one of their brethren who had happened to have been a Curate for several years. In reply the Bishop addressed the following letter to one of the Memorialists, who, it is generally believed, will not again attach his name to a similar document:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received a memorial, signed by thirty beneficed clergymen, and directing my attention to the claims of a deserving curate, whose labours have been continued for twenty years in different parishes in this diocese.

As your name is first in the list of signatures, I address my reply to you; and I do this the more readily, because the kindness I have ever met with from you, and my sincere regard for you, enable me to write with the greater freedom, without any fear of giving you offence.

Let me then frankly say, that whilst I shall at all times be most grateful for any *private and confidential* communications which may make me better acquainted with the qualifications of the many excellent curates in my diocese, I must most decidedly protest against any memorials similar to the one now sent to me. I have lived long enough to learn the value of testimonials of this character. Indeed your own memorial is an illustration to show how little confidence can be placed in such documents. You speak of the clergyman whom you wish to commend to my notice in such terms of praise, that I might have reasonably concluded from your language, that he was well fitted for any populous and important parish; and yet, when making inquiries respecting him some months ago, I was informed by more than one whose names were attached to the memorial, that he was only qualified for the care of a small rural parish. Moreover, if I yielded in this one instance to the pressure upon me, which is now attempted with regard to my distribution of patronage, I have no doubt that memorials still more numerous signed would pour in, whenever a living fell to my gift, in behalf not of the most diligent and useful curates, but of those who were the least modest in pressing on others their fancied excellencies. It is so much more easy and pleasant for neighbours to affix their names to a testimonial, than to run the risk of being considered unkind if they refused, that there is scarcely a curate in this diocese of five years' standing, who could not procure a memorial as largely signed as yours.

It must also be remembered, that it is not only or chiefly the worldly interest of the curates which I have to consider in the disposal of patronage, but far more, the spiritual interests of the people to be committed to their charge. It is this which makes the exercise of Church patronage so anxious and responsible a duty. I shall have hereafter to give an account to the Chief Shepherd how far I have endeavoured, putting aside all private feeling, and regardless of all external influence, to select in each case the pastor who is best fitted for the particular portion of Christ's flock which is to be assigned to him. In making such selection, I have to consider, not the number of years the curate has lived in the diocese, nor his poverty, or the number of his family, but whether I have good reason to believe that he will be diligent, faithful, and efficient. Many a good man is a miserable preacher, many an active man is injudicious in the management of a parish, and thus, with the best intentions, his ministrations are useless, or worse than useless, because he keeps out another from a sphere of duty for which he is himself unfitted. If, therefore, I would avoid inflicting such an evil upon a whole parish as the appointment of a clergyman not suited to the people, I must choose men with whose character and abilities I am well acquainted. In making this choice, I naturally, and as I think reasonably, look first to those whose piety and zeal I have fully proved, by having had them as fellow-workers with me for many years. As my acquaintance with the clergy of my diocese becomes intimate, I shall probably, for the same reason, bestow my patronage on those who are resident within its limits. But I trust that in every case I shall seek to find the man best suited for the particular sphere of duty; and shall never suffer the boundaries of the diocese to stop me in this search.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

C. GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.



## ST. JOHN'S NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

THE following is the Government Inspector's Report of these Schools for the year ending May 31st last :—

"MIXED.—The attainments are very unequal, the Girls being in all respects much behind the Boys; owing, no doubt, in a great measure to their greater irregularity of attendance. On the whole, the progress is fair, though not striking. Another year will, I hope, bring out more decided results."

"INFANTS.—" This School comes nearer than any other in the District " (the "District" that is, which comprises Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland) "to my idea of an Infant School. The order is excellent; the Class teaching careful and effective, and Miss Clare's own Gallery Lessons succeed very fairly in interesting the mass of the children. The Pupil Teachers work very steadily."

The Treasurer thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the following Donations and Subscriptions :—Mr. James Senior, £1 1s; Mr. W. L., 16s; "Money found" by Mr. W. R., 10s, Black Boy Colliery Co., 8s 9d; Eph. v. 20, 10s; Mr. W. Wooler, £1 1s; Mrs. W. Wooler, £1 1s; Mr. W. Thompson, £2 2s; Mr. R. Thompson, £2 2s; Mr. S. Jordan, 5s.

## CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

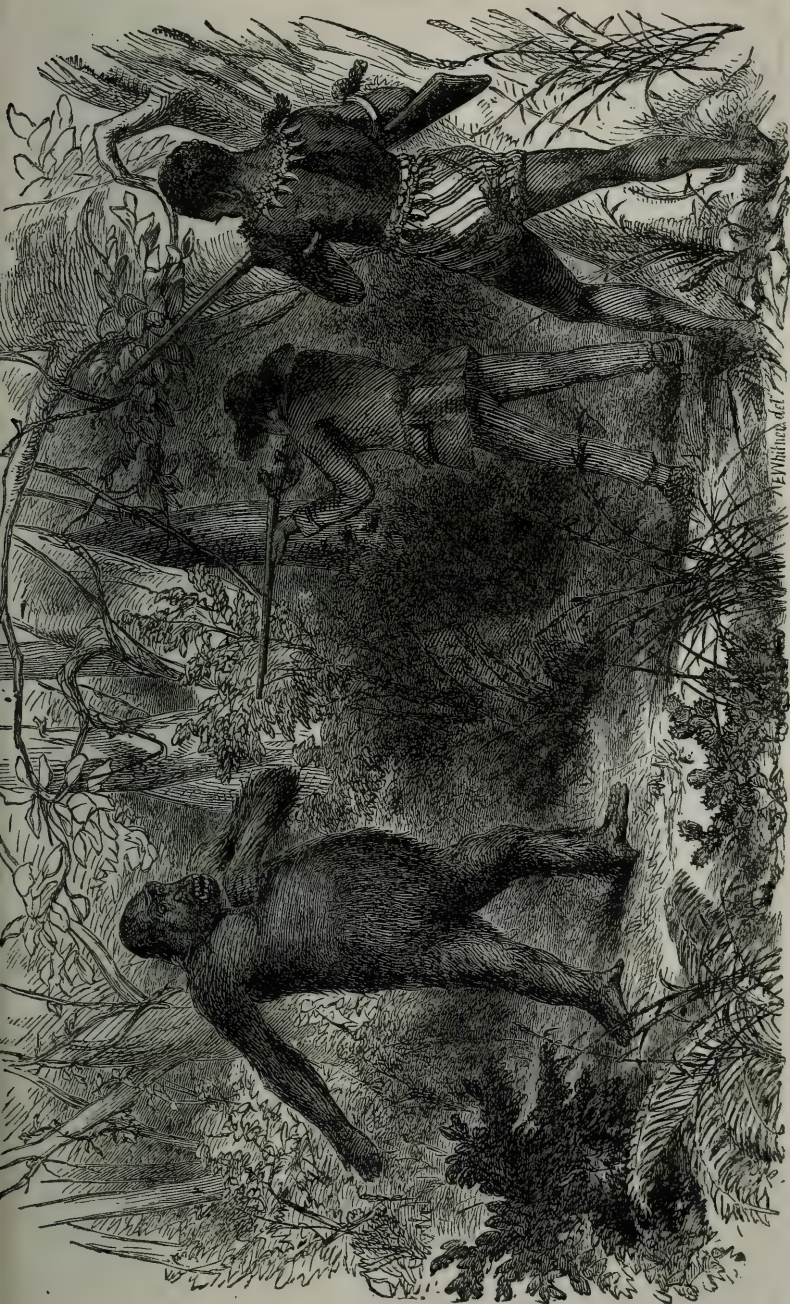
	MORNING.	EVENING.
Sept. 1. 14th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 102. St. James 53. " 116. Rockingham 128	Hymn 125. Dundee 44. Ps. 119 pt. v. St. Stephen 74. Hymn 165. Keble 112.
Sept. 8. 15th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Psaln 149. Hanover 189. " 95. Wareham.	Hymn 171. Angels' 94. " 149. St. Cuthbert 152.
Sept. 15. 16th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 114. Prague 165. " 53. Farrant 46.	Hymn 193. Cudworth 4. " 90. Melcombe 114. " 59. Tallis Canon 132.
Sept. 22. 17th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 3. Eignbrook 103. " 77. Baden 161.	Hymn 145. Munster 153. " 201. Ems 180. " 15. St. Cecilia 166.
Sept. 29. 18th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 46. Somerford 187. " 44. Innocents 145.	Hymn 154. Toronto 192. " 147. Fincham 185. " 100. Buttington 173.
	Venite—Bates. Te Deum—Hodge. Jubilate—Hackett.	Cantate—Aldrich. Deus Misereatur—Selle.

The numbers after the names of the tunes refer to the Choir only.

The Canticles used at the Morning and Evening Services have been printed for the use of the Choir and Congregation. They are pointed according to the method adopted by the Church of St. John in chanting these parts of Divine Worship. They can be procured of Mr. John Graham, Bridge Terrace, for 2d. each.

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

Sept. 1 14	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. Jer. 5—Matt. 2. Even. Jer. 22—Rom. 2.
8 15	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. Jer. 35—Matt. 9. Even. Jer. 36—Rom. 9.
15 16	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. Ezek. 2—Matt. 16. Even. Ezek. 13—Rom. 16.
21	ST. MATT. APOSTLE & M.	
22 17	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. Ezek. 14—Matt. 23. Even. Ezek. 18—1 Cor. 7.
29 18	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY. (St. Michael and All Ang.)	Morn. Ezek. 20—Mark 2. Even. Ezek. 24—1 Cor. 14.



"WHEN HE SAW OUR PARTY HE ERECTED HIMSELF AND LOOKED US BOLDLY IN THE FACE."



## The Gorilla.



THE deep forests of Equatorial Africa are haunted by a monstrous man-like ape, called by naturalists the Gorilla. The natives are so terrified at the tales which are told of it that they look upon it as superhuman, and believe that it is a kind of evil spirit. A recent traveller, M. Du Chaillu, has, during the last five years, penetrated into some of the more central districts of the African continent, and has published an account of his startling adventures.\* By the kindness of Mr. Murray we are enabled to give some extracts from this traveller's account of the gorilla, and to illustrate them by one of the many engravings with which the book is adorned.

The full-grown gorillas are never found in herds; one male and one female wander about together, while the young ones are met with in groups of three or four. They seldom remain long in one place, probably because they are such enormous eaters that they soon devour all that is to be found of their favourite food, viz. pine-apple leaves, sugar-canes, and berries. The female and the young gorillas climb the trees and sleep there, that they may be safe from wild beasts, but the male gorilla passes the night seated with his back against a tree trunk. He has no fears of wild beasts, for he is said to be more than a match for the elephant or the leopard, and even the lion itself, since "the king of beasts, so numerous elsewhere in Africa, is never met in the land of the gorilla."

The negroes tell the most horrible tales about these "wild men of the woods." Here is a sample of the conversation to which Du Chaillu listened, as he sat at night with the hunters round the great camp-fire in the swampy forest:—

"One of the men told how, some years ago, a party of gorillas were found in a cane-field, tying up the sugar-cane in regular bundles, preparatory to carrying it away. The natives attacked them, but were routed, and several killed, while others were carried off prisoners by the gorillas; but in a few days they returned home uninjured, with this horrid exception—the nails of their fingers and toes had been torn off by their captors. Several spoke up and mentioned names of men now dead whose spirits were known to be dwelling in gorillas. Finally was rehearsed the story which is current among all the tribes who at all know the gorilla, that this animal lies in wait in the lower branches of trees, watching for people who go to and fro, and, when one passes sufficiently near, grasps the luckless fellow with his powerful feet, and draws him up into the tree, where he quietly chokes him."

Craven spirits would have flinched from encountering such a monster, but Du Chaillu and his hunters pushed into the dense forest and tracked a gorilla, till they could hear him breaking down the branches of the trees to pluck the fruit and berries on which he lives. The hunters look to their guns, for this is an affair of life or death, and then they cautiously advance to the spot from which the noise of crashing branches comes:—

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the under-bush swayed rapidly just ahead, and

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\* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.* By Paul B. Du Chaillu. London: John Murray. 1861.



presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours, but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring, large, deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark* like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and, finally, stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet; death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.”

After reading this account, we cannot wonder that the author says, “I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas the first time. As they ran on their hind legs they looked fearfully like hairy men—their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. I never kill a gorilla without having a sickening realisation of the horrid human likeness of the beast.”

But the gorilla-hunters did not always escape scathless: the monster haunts the darkest part of the forest, where, even at midday, one can scarce see ten yards in advance. He approaches the hunter with fierce glaring eyes; his hideous wrinkled face contorted with rage, beating his vast breast with his arms, and uttering a barking roar that seems to shake the forest.

The resolute hunter must reserve his fire till the appalling brute stands within eight yards of him; since, if he fails to kill, he is sure to be instantly destroyed by one blow from the open paw of that tremendous arm. Here is Du Chaillu’s thrilling account of such a misadventure:—

“Our little party separated. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla. We had been about an hour separated when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but a very little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening alarm. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realised. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought, at first, quite dead. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of

the gorilla's teeth. We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly, and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and, with the greatest rage, advanced upon him. To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps. He stood his ground, and, as quickly as he could, reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank bleeding to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws. . . . The next day we shot a monster gorilla, which I suppose is the same one that killed my poor hunter, for male gorillas are not very plentiful."

Some writers of late years have wished to prove that the real origin of species is very different from that which simple folk read in the Bible; that, instead of man being created in the image of God, he has only been developed from the monkey; and certainly this horribly-human gorilla might lend some colour to the theory in the minds of any who did not know or receive the Book of God. The bony framework of the gorilla resembles the skeleton of man, in having the same number of vertebræ in the spine, the same thirteen pairs of ribs, the same number and kinds of teeth; but the fore-limbs or arms of the gorilla are so long that his finger-tips reach below his knees, while the legs are much shorter than those of a man.

But it is the difference in the size, position, and quality of the *brain* which proves the complete difference of origin between the man and the ape—there is a difference of  $28\frac{1}{2}$  cubic inches in what is called "cranial capacity," between the *lowest* and most degraded of the human race, the natives of Australia, and the *highest* style of monkeys. It is satisfactory to find that the investigations of Du Chaillu convinced him that there are no intervening links between the gorilla and the human race.

"Particularly while I resided among the tribes found in the mountains near the banks of the Ovenga river, where the gorilla is rather more common than anywhere else, I searched in vain if an intermediate race, or rather several intermediate races or links between the natives and the gorilla, could be found; and I must say here that I made those inquiries conscientiously with the sole view of bringing before science the facts which I might collect. But I have searched in vain: I found not a single being, young or old, who could show an intermediate link between man and the gorilla, which would certainly be found if man had come from the ape. From these facts we must come to the conclusion that *man belongs to a distinct family from that of the ape.*"

The largest gorilla skin brought over by M. Du Chaillu may now be seen in the Mammalian Gallery of the British Museum. The palms of the hands, the face and the breast, are bare of hair; whilst the body and limbs seemed to be clothed in a black, shaggy coat, and the right arm is raised in a threatening attitude, which makes one think with a shudder of the death-blow that prostrated the poor native hunter.

## A Funeral Card.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY.



FUNERAL Cards are the monuments of those who cannot afford brass or marble wherewith to commemorate their dead; and how highly they are valued, and how carefully treasured, the walls of most respectable cottages in our north-country villages bear witness.

Long may this be so! Long may those neatly-framed and glazed memorials of departed dear ones be hung up, to remind the survivors that what was their friends' portion yesterday may be theirs to-day or to-morrow, or, at furthest, only a short time hence.

For this is what the weeping willows, and the drooping figures, and the angels bending over funeral urns, and the plaintive verses, preach to the left-behind families, if they will but listen. But that this is not always the case, one is obliged, however sadly and unwillingly, to confess. A cottage may be ornamented with three or four funeral cards, and yet its inhabitants think but little of the life to come, and do nothing towards preparing for it. Pity that it should be so, but so it is. Custom deadens the heart. People get used to warnings and forget them.

Now there was once, in a retired village in Lincolnshire, an aged woman of serious and respectable life, who seemed to have thought all these matters over in her own mind, and so resolved to leave behind her something which could not fail to impress her relatives and friends after she was gone; to which end she wrote a paper, addressing them as if she were dead, and signed it, "A CORPSE:" which paper was to be printed after her death, and distributed among the mourners at her funeral.

A copy of this singular document has been preserved, having been pasted into a folio New Testament with Commentaries, which contained the family pedigree, and which is at the present moment in possession of the old lady's great-grand-daughter. Should any one wish to know her name, it was *Sarah Westoby*, and she died on the 27th of February, 1827, aged 80 years, all but one day; and the name of the village in which she lived was *Winteringham*.

The paper was printed something like a large funeral card, with an ornamental border round it, but without any notice of either the name or age of the writer. These points she probably left to be announced in the usual way. Her object was the religious teaching to be gathered from her death, and this she enforced in a way peculiar to herself.

Nevertheless, though her lessons were intended only for her immediate connexions, there can be no good reason why they may not be extended much further. Here, then, is a faithful copy of *Sarah Westoby's Funeral Card*! May it lead some of those who read it to more serious consideration of the funeral cards on their own walls! May they look upon them henceforth not merely as marks of respect for the dead, but as warnings for the living! May they, in fact,



take them to heart, for thus and thus do all voices alike speak to us from the grave:—

A WORD OR LEGACY TO THE LIVING.

To forgive and forget the Follies of the Deceased is your part. To admonish and beseech you to turn your Eye inward be mine: Are you ready to meet a Sin\*-avenging God? He will soon call for you. How will you appear? Will you plead you have kept His Law, and not offended in Thought, Word,† nor Deed? You know you †cannot. I believe you §dare not. O then, flee to CHRIST, get

Cloth'd in his || Righteousness, ¶ wash'd in his Blood,  
So bold shall you stand in the presence of God.

But no Way else; meet Him you must: No outward Duties will then avail unless you be found in \*\* CHRIST. No inward Dispositions unless they be the Fruit of His §§ Spirit. Think of this, and call upon |||| GOD to prepare you to meet your departed Friend, who bewailed her Unfaithfulness to †† GOD and her Fellow Creatures whilst alive, and hopes not to offend Survivors with this, when dead. A desire to spend a joyful Eternity with those she loved on Earth, makes her once more beg they will READ, and THINK; STOP, and CONSIDER the Scriptures referred to, and their own Souls, before it be too late, and they become like her,

A CORPSE.

* 2 Theff. i. 8. Ezek. xviii. 4.	† James, ii. 10.	+ Rom. iii. 23.
§ Gal. iii. 10.	Phil. iii. 9.	¶ John, xiii. 8. Rev. i. 5.
** John, xiv. 20; xv. 6.		§§ Rom. viii. 9, last clause.
Prov. xvi. 1.		†† Levit. xix. 17.

*The Blind Man's Song.*

BY GREVILLE J. CHESTER.



CANNOT see thy face, Mary,  
Nor the love-light in thine eye;  
But a gleam comes o'er my soul, Mary,  
When I feel that thou art nigh.

I cannot see thy face, Mary,  
But thy voice is soft and sweet;  
And there's music in the sound, Mary,  
Of thy lightly-tripping feet.

They say I'm growing old, Mary,  
That my hair is turned to grey;  
But when I hear thy voice, Mary,  
I heed not what they say.

The world is wan and cold, Mary,  
My day is turned to night;  
Yet still all is not dark, Mary,  
For then thou art my light.

When hearts are warm as ours, Mary,  
All is not dull and cold;  
And from thy love I learn, Mary,  
Love never waxes old.

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## **The Quail.**

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



ON two occasions, we are told, the children of Israel were supplied with large numbers of quails for food. Soon after they had crossed over the Red Sea they began to murmur and to complain against Moses and Aaron, for having brought them into the wilderness; and the Lord, it is said, heard their murmurings, and promised to give them flesh. "It came to pass, at even, the quails came up and covered the camp" (Exod. xvi. 13). Again we read (Num. xi. 18) that the people murmured, saying, "Who shall give us flesh to eat?" Upon this occasion God determined to punish them for their rebellious complaints; and so "there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth" (v. 31). And the people gathered the quails in large numbers, "and spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp."

But "while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed," the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and there was a great plague amongst them. And the spot where this terrible evil befel them received in consequence the sad but significant name of "Kibroth-hattaavah, or The Graves of Lust." This event is alluded to in Ps. lxxviii. 26-31, where it will be well to mark the expression, "feathered fowls," because some have endeavoured to show that the food mentioned in Exodus and Numbers was not the flesh of quails, but of locusts; others, again, have conjectured "flying fish:" but surely the expression "feathered fowl"—or, as it is in the margin, "fowl of wing"—is wholly against such opinions. There is yet another opinion with regard to the *selao* (the Hebrew word, properly rendered "quails" by our translators), namely, that the expression "from the sea," appears to point to flocks of "wild geese," which are constantly seen by travellers in the East. But all evidence is most strongly in favour of "quails;" indeed, if there was as much to establish the identity of every other animal or plant mentioned in the Bible, such a task would be a very simple and a very easy one. First of all, in the Arabic language, to

which the Hebrew is closely allied, we have *salwa*—evidently the Hebrew *salu*—to denote “a quail;” in the second place, all the old versions are in favour of this explanation. We may here give an extract from Josephus, who expressly alludes to the events recorded in the Pentateuch in the following manner:—“Somewhat later, a vast number of quails—which is a bird more plentiful in this Arabian Gulf than anywhere else—came flying over the sea; and, wearied with their laborious flight, and coming nearer to the ground than other birds, they fell down upon the Hebrews; and they caught them, and satisfied their hunger with them, convinced that it was God that had supplied them with this food.” And, in the third place, all the scriptural details can be entirely fulfilled only by a reference to the habits of the quail.



The expression (Numbers, xi. 31), “as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth,” has given occasion to some questioning; and it has been used to prove that the *selao* could not mean quails, because, in that case, the birds lying so thick upon the ground, would have been corrupted in a very short time, in a hot climate, before the people could have spread them abroad, *i. e.* dried them in the sun. But there can be no doubt that the expression, “as it were two cubits high upon the ground,” refers, not to the quails as they lay one on the other on the earth, but to the level at which, in their exhausted state, they kept flying above it; so that they were caught without difficulty. This explanation of the above passage is supported by excellent authorities, and is that which is now generally adopted. The Israelites dried the quails in the sun. History tells us the Egyptians did the same. The *selao* flew in prodigious numbers; the common quail (*Coturnix dactylisonaus*) migrates in multitudes. Temmink says, that a hundred thousand quails have been taken in a single day on the western shores of the kingdom of Naples, and that they are so fatigued after their flight that they are easily taken by the hand. There is no other bird that migrates in such numbers. We may be certain, therefore, from what has been said, that the bird which was the food of the Israelites in the desert is the common quail of our own country, which is depicted in the engraving.



## The Marsh Mallow.



THE Marsh Mallow, though not a common plant, excepting on salt marshes, belongs to a family so well known that it may claim a place in these pages ; for who has not noticed the common Mallow, enlivening waste patches of ground with its large delicate *mauve*-coloured flowers ? for *mauve*,

which is just the French for Mallow, has caused this plant to give its name to that favourite colour. All the Mallows are used more or less medicinally, but the one here represented is that most sought after, on account of its emollient properties ; the whole plant abounding with a gummy substance, which, when formed into lozenges, is sold both in England and on the Continent, under the name of *Pâte de Guimauve*, or Paste of Mallows. The ancients were well acquainted with its virtues : Horace says, in the words of an old translator,



“ If that of health you have any special care,  
Use French Mallows, that to the body wholesome are.”

On the plains of Columbia, in North America, this plant is said to grow in great luxuriance.

R. E.

## Benefit Clubs and Lodges.

### A CONVERSATION BETWEEN WILL WISE AND SAM SILLY.

BY THE HON. AND REV. W. H. LYTTTELTON.

[The following conversation between a wise man and a foolish man relates to a subject of very great importance to all working people. Intelligent working men know that a really safe club is of great value, as a means for providing against times of sickness and old age: but they have got to distrust clubs, because they see so many of them break just when the members are growing old, and begin to want them. It is no wonder they break, because their rules and their tables are not drawn up on sound principles. I have endeavoured in this conversation to put together a few plain remarks, that will enable any man of good sense to see what makes clubs safe. Perhaps it may be of use to read out to the first class in schools, or in cottages, as well as for working men to read to themselves. If I could save any working man from the great misery of joining an unsafe club, which will break after some years, just when he begins to want it, I shall have done him no small service.]



ISE WILL (*meeting Sam Silly*). Well, Sam, how goes the world with you?

S. S. O, very bad. I've been very unlucky. And how have you been doing?

W. W. Well, better than I was this time last year. But what is the reason you are so low, Sam? I remember seeing you three years ago, and you looked as round and rosy as an apple; but there is a change come over you since then.

S. S. Ah! those were good times, Will. Things were not then as they are now. (*Lies down and leans on his hand, and looks melancholy.*) Times do change so!

W. W. (*to himself*). Men like him always think all their misery or misfortunes owing to circumstances, never to their own fault. But he'll never come to facts if I don't stop him.) *Aloud*. Well, but, my dear fellow, you are just as strong as you were then: I don't see why you should not be as well off; what has happened?

S. S. (*dreamily*). Well, you see I joined the Black Swan Club—a very good club, mind you—one of the best clubs all round—there is not a club within twenty miles so good——

W. W. (*lays his hand on his knee, and interrupts him.*) Pray, Sam, how do you know it is a good club?

S. S. How do I know? I tell you it is. Why, at our last meeting we had got a hundred pounds in the box—100*l.*! what do you think of that, Will? (*sitting up, and looking the other full in the face.*) And you should have heard George Smith speak about it. Why, he spoke as bold as a lion; and Tom Sharp (one of the cleverest men, mind you, all round here) said he should like to see the man who——

W. W. (*to himself*). I know that George Smith; he is as foolish, rash a man as I ever saw: always judges of everything at first sight. I would sooner trust any child with my business than him; and as to Sharp, he cares nothing about the club, or the poor; but he likes to have a good name with them, and so joins the club, and talks to them. But it is no use saying this to Sam, he is so desperate foolish: it would set him against me. I

can't talk so loud as George Smith; and I am a quieter, less bustling man than Sharp. Sam always judges of the truth of what people say by the loudness they say it with; so, of course, he thinks I am not half so safe a guide as those blustering men.) *Aloud.* Well, Sam, I am glad to hear it's such a good club, as I think a good club one of the finest things in the world for us working people. But did you say this club had brought you into trouble?

*S. S.* No, no; I did not say that: I said I joined this club (because that is part of my story), and then—I'll tell you what happened. You see, we have meetings once a-month at the Black Swan. They are very pleasant. You need not go unless you like, and I don't often go. But one day, as I had nothing particular to do, I thought I'd go just for once. Well, and there was Dick Spooner, and Joe Green, old friends of mine. So, we sat and talked by a blazing fire. Well, you know, during the club-hours we have very strict rules (ours is a good club, you know); no drunkenness allowed, or bad language: all very right. But when the clock strikes nine, why the club breaks up. But I had not seen Joe for a long time, and I had nothing to do. So, why should not I stay? So, I did stay.

*W. W. (to himself.)* That is the way with those public-house clubs. They never get drunk *in club-hours*; but the members become very good customers *out of club-hours*. It is a wretched system, that of holding monthly meetings in public-houses. Clubs should have their payments made at the house of the treasurer, or some respectable person; and committee-meetings should be held there too, or in a school-room; and no drinking ever allowed there. But it is no use to say this to Sam Silly: he would think such a club very dull.)

*S. S.* Then, you see—I don't know how it happened, but the long and short of it was, I was not quite right when I came home. And the same sort of thing happened one other time, and then my master, who was a desperate strict sort of a man, why he turns me off—very unfair of him, Will, because I was not a drunkard, you know. Howsoever, so he did, and then I could not get another place for a long time, and I got a good deal in debt, and uncommon behind in my rent, and I have never got quite straight since.

*W. W.* Ah, that's the club, you see!

*S. S. (very angry.)* The club! No, it was not the club. Why it was not in club-hours, you foolish fellow. It has nothing to do with the club. Ah, you had better join it; there is no club half so good, I can tell you——

*W. W.* Well, but *why*? What *makes* it so good?

*S. S.* O you are always after the *reasons* of things. I can't bear all that reasoning. What's the good of it? It is hard enough to work while it is work-time. What a beautiful day it is, Will!

*W. W.* Well, but do just tell me now about this club. You might as well take a little trouble for an old friend.

*S. S.* Well, I will, as you ask me in that way. In the first place, I likes to see things *look* well you know, Will. And I think, if you was to see our club on club-day, you would say you never saw such a smart procession, with blue flags and——



*W. W.* O, bother the blue flags! what a fool . . . . O, I beg your pardon, Sam, but I mean really what a silly thing it is to care for these things: why *that* does not show anything; the worst club on earth could buy ever so many blue flags. Besides, I should not like to subscribe my money for over-much of all that trumpery.

*S. S.* Well, perhaps you are right. But then you have much less to pay in our club than you have in others, and you get the same benefits.

*W. W.* Are you sure they are the same benefits?

*S. S.* To be sure I am. I mean, you get as much pay when you are sick, and have less to pay in weekly for it.

*W. W.* Well but, Sam, if you see two tailors' shops next to each other, and one offers you a coat for half the price of the other, would you always go to the cheapest?

*S. S.* (*with a shake of the head and a wink.*) "Catch an old bird with chaff," Will! Not I. I must see what kind of stuff the two coats are made of first. No, cheapest things are not always best, I can tell you. Dearest is cheapest often in the end.

*W. W.* (I never heard him say such a wise thing before. I suppose he must have had some experience of this; a man like him never learns wisdom by other people's experience, or dreads the fire till he burns his own fingers at it.) *Aloud.* You are right there, Sam—cheapest things are dearest in the end. The best things cost something. And that may be true of *clubs*, too.

*S. S.* How do you mean?

*W. W.* Why, your cheap clubs may *look* just as well as the dearer ones at first, and for many years, *till the members begin to grow old, and to come on the box much*; but then they will break, because the payments were never high enough. If you observe, Sam (which you never do, though—it is too much trouble), you will see it is very few people, on the whole, who are *often* ill till they are past fifty. So that, suppose a club is founded in the year 1850, why, very likely not many members will be ill till 1880, or thereabout. So *all that time it is almost all paying in and no taking out*; at that rate any club can hold on, you see, Sam. If it was only a penny a month every member paid, still it would look very grand—the box would keep filling, and never emptying.

*S. S.* All right—any one can tell as much as that, Will. A club is not *proved* safe till it has lasted *thirty years, or more*. I dare say that is true. Well, go on—I am listening. All this is precious dull! I wish I had not begun talking to you. But, now we've begun, tell me what you think *makes a club* last. How are we to find out *how to make a good club*, Will, according to your notions?

(*Here Sam yawns, and lies back.*)

*W. W.* I will tell you. The best way would be to *watch ever so many clubs*, and see which lasted long, and which broke soon; and then I could make out the *reason*—the reason, I say, Sam (I am very fond of reasons, you know). I would look at their *tables*, their *management and committees*, their *rules*, and the *habits of the members*, and I would make out *why* some broke and some lasted. But then, how am I to do that? I shall not live long enough.

S. S. Well, get an old man to tell you.

W. W. But perhaps the old man never attended to the subject?

S. S. Oh, of course, I mean one who has attended to the subject; one of your sort, if you like, Will, who is always a-reasoning and a-thinking, and all that kind of thing, and one who was *trained for the purpose*, if you can. In short, I'd go to the wisest old man that ever lived, who had thought of nothing else all his life.

W. W. There you would be right. That is the kind of man I would go to. Now, *there are just such men to be found whose one business it is to watch life and death, and sickness, and the ages at which death and disease are common*, and the working of clubs and insurances, and the like; and who, though they are not old men, perhaps, are just as good as such an old man as we talked of—because they have *tables drawn up by observations made during many years, by themselves, and those before them*, and on thousands and hundreds of thousands of cases; and *who can tell in that way, almost for certain, how many deaths and how much sickness are likely to happen in so long a time*. These men are called *Actuaries*.

S. S. (with a wink.) Act-in-a-hurries?

W. W. (laughing.) No, that is just what they don't do—Actuaries.

S. S. Ah, Ac-tu-urries—I see.

W. W. Well, if I can find a good Actuary I will ask him about the tables of any club I think of joining, and if *he* said it was sound and safe I would join it; but if he said it was unsound I would not join it for anything. You see I am a plain man, and don't understand these things very well myself; they take a deal of study: but I think it is wisest always to go by the advice of those who have studied any subject. On medicine, I would consult a great doctor; on trade, a respectable tradesman; on tailoring, a tailor; on shoemaking, a shoemaker; and on insurances, Mr. Ansell, or Mr. Hardy, or some like them.

S. S. Yes; but how can you get their advice? You can't go up to London and see them; and besides, I dare say they would not see such a fellow as you with your fustian jacket.

W. W. Yes; but any club that chooses to pay them, by letter, can get their tables inspected by them.

S. S. Oh, I think Tom Sharp can tell just as well as Mr. Ansell, or Mr. Hardy. Ah, he is an uncommon clever man that Sharp, I can tell you; and as for Ansell, why, I remember, now you mention it, as I heard a man talk of having seen one of them Hacty-Hurries, and he said he was a quiet, simple-looking gentleman, as ever was seen. Tell me he knows as much as Sharp! No, I'll trust Sharp, Will. I have heard him talk by the hour about our tables, and he says they are as safe as London Bank. Hallo! there's Joe Green; he is much better fun to talk to than you, Will: I'll get him to come to the *Fox and Goose*, and have a pint—You had better come too, Will.

W. W. No thank you; I am not a Goose to be caught by those Foxes. Those are bad habits of yours, Sam; you will be sorry for them some day. But I should like to finish what I have to say about clubs. Suppose you meet me here again next Monday.

S. S. Well, it's very dull work, but I don't mind doing it for once. If I go to sleep in the middle of it, it will be your own fault, for talking of such dull things.

W. W. Well, I must try to keep you awake. It would be better for you to understand these things a bit. Good day, Sam.

## Short Sermon.

### The "But" in every Lot.

BY T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A., INCUMBENT OF GAWCOTT, BUCKINGHAM.

AUTHOR OF "VILLAGE SKETCHES."

2 KINGS, v. 1.—"But *he was a leper.*"



FROM the simple story of Naaman the leper how many useful lessons might be gathered! To one only now we call your attention—viz. that every human condition has its *but*.

I. Let us see how true this was of Naaman;

II. How true it is of all men; and,

III. Suggest some of the reasons which our Heavenly Father has for thus attaching to every human lot its *but*.

I. Naaman's *but*.

Enough is told us of Naaman the Syrian to show us that he was a very prosperous man. He was a *great* man. We read that he was "a great man with his master, and honourable;" that is, he was great, also, in the sight of all his fellow-countrymen.

He was a *rich* man. He brought "ten talents of silver, 6000 pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment;" and came with a great retinue, "his horses and his chariots," to the door of the prophet.

And he was a *kind* man.

So, at least, it would seem from the story. The little captive maid was very anxious for this master's cure. The servants who went with him drew near him, even when he was in a rage, and pleaded with him for his own good, calling him "My father!"

Here are three great elements, surely, of happiness—*greatness*, *wealth*, and *love*. Here is a man with whom thousands of people would be willing, without waiting to ask another question, to change places at once.

Now for the *but*—the cloud in the bright sky—the bitter in the pleasant cup—what was it? Why, such a painful, loathsome complaint, that, as Bishop Hall says, "The basest slave in Syria would not have changed skins with him." And doubtless, if one could have gone to many a poor slave in Syria, and said to him,



"Will you change places with Naaman? Will you have his honours and his wealth, with his leprosy?" he would have said, "Let Naaman keep his greatness and his riches: I envy him not!"

Yes, Naaman was a great, and honourable, and mighty man—but he was a leper.

II. It is not, however, of Naaman only that we may say so. Of all men it may be said that they have their *but*—a something which they cannot get, or cannot get rid of, and which is the *but* to their otherwise happy and prosperous lot.

It matters not who, or what, or where they are. They may be rich or poor, wise or simple, high or low—if you could only find it, such man has somewhere his *but*. Thousands are poor—very poor; they hardly know where to find bread with which to feed their families. Such poverty as this is a heavy trial—it is their *but*.

Or, are men rich? It would be hard to convince a poor man that evils of the mind are worse than evils of the body; but so it is. And riches are the most fruitful soil in which they grow. A man *may* be happy with a sick body or a scanty meal. He *cannot* with a sour temper or fretful spirit. What matter the palace-grounds of Ahab to the man who can envy Naboth his vineyard? Indeed, riches have their *but*.

Or perhaps there may be the splendid possessions, houses and lands, and no heir to inherit them! and so the princely owners sit amid them all, like Hannah, "grieved at heart." How often we see this *but*!

Or, in another direction still, the rich man may have his *but*. He has estates, tenants, territorial power, but one thing he lacks, which his position has taught him to covet—the capacity of mind which alone can make man lord and governor amongst his fellows. He has a commanding situation, but not commanding talents; while some, dependent on his bounty, may feel—"Only give me that man's outward advantages, and what could I not do and be?" Each has his *but*.

And this last thought suggests a fruitful field of illustration to the truth before us, in the *buts* which attend the lot of some of the most envied of the world, its master-minds and spirits—the men who *have* the noble heritage of commanding talents!

Oh! the instance after instance which might readily be given, in which the foremost geniuses of this and other ages have had some terrible *but*—some excruciating bodily pain, some corroding canker in their home, or perhaps some fearful mental malady, the heaviest *but* of all.

This *but* is not always one you can see. Your next-door neighbour, your closest friend, may have one you never dream of! The smiling face often is the mask of an aching heart. A restless mind is hidden frequently behind phrases of contentment; but there it is, a something—too much work, or too little, or ill health, or a comfortless home; a family too large for the income, or a splendid income and no son to succeed to it, or children that turn out badly, or unkind neighbours, or no neighbours to speak to. Why continue the endless list of them, these *buts* of human life? Like Naaman the Syrian, every man has his *but*.

III. Let us pass to the important consideration, Why it should be so? and ask why our heavenly Father, who could have spared us these bitters in the cup, has so arranged our lots that there is no cup without the bitter in it? But first observe that it is not God, but our sin, that has brought sorrow and trial upon us; and also, that when we have ruined ourselves, out of our very trials and distresses His goodness brings to all that believe comfort, profit, and salvation.

And now let us go on to speak of some of the lessons which the *buts* of our condition may well serve to teach us.

Do they not teach us a lesson against envy? The young, perhaps, covet personal beauty, a handsome countenance, that engaging manner which attracts and wins at sight. Let them remember Absalom, and what they did for him, and what, too, they have done for thousands before and since his time. They ruined them! Parents, perhaps, covet brilliant talents for their sons. Ah! often the very cleverness is the herald of the early grave, or of a grave far worse than that of the churchyard—the grave of every hope and promise for earth and heaven!

Do they not also teach us a lesson of contentment? We should make mistakes, indeed, if we could interfere with God's arrangements. How often a man dates back all the true joy and peace he has ever known to what, in his utter blindness, he deemed the one misfortune of his life. Some painful accident, some sharp bereavement, some great and sudden reverse, something of which at the time he said,—“All this is against me!”

Naaman's life is an example in point. He little thought in his early days that the leprosy which seemed to embitter his life was its crowning mercy.

It brought him to the prophet in Israel; and is there not reason to hope that it brought him to the prophet's God? that the little captive maid had not been sent into the Syrian captain's house in vain, and that her master returned to his home “the servant of the Lord?”

And so, not with Naaman only, but, as a general truth, we learn that where God looks most cruel He is often most kind, and that when He sends, as it sometimes pleases Him to do, a succession of *buts*, stroke upon stroke, trouble after trouble, embittering the earthly comforts of His people, He is only leading them by this means to higher and spiritual ones.

One last lesson let us learn, and that is, where the true *but* to our enjoyment lies—the true hindrance to human happiness. It lies within the soul. Yes, deep in every human soul lies a leprosy, more loathsome and deadly than that of Naaman the Syrian—the leprosy of sin.

And, God be thanked, there is a perfect remedy. Not in streams of human cleansing, but in “the fountain opened from Emmanuel's veins.” *There* is a stream whose healing virtue never fails. *There* the guilt of a sinful life may all be washed away. And *there* the old heart, cleansed of its corruption, may be changed into the softened, simple, humble, trusting heart, the new heart of a child of God.

*There*, spiritual leper, wash and be clean!

# THE PARISH MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1861.

PARISH MAGAZINE.—*Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the St. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Dépôt, Blackwellgate.*

## ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.—THE NEW CODE.

EVERY nook and corner of England is now fairly aroused upon the Educational question; and the first result of the excitement has been the suspension of the Minutes resolved upon at a Meeting of the Privy Council in July last, till the end of March next year—thus affording time for their dispassionate consideration in the country and for their discussion in the Houses of Parliament. In the interval, Managers and Teachers should ascertain by reference to their Registers what will be the pecuniary effect of the application of the New Code in their respective schools; for it is idle to disguise the fact that pounds, shillings and pence are at the bottom of the existing dismay and agitation. If it is capable of demonstration, as some say, that the majority of our Elementary Schools must tumble to pieces under the proposed system, let the facts be collected; and we may rest assured that the House of Commons will not withhold funds which are necessary for their efficiency and existence. Too much has been already expended to permit of the House rendering futile all the exertions of the past and present. It is to be hoped that the Diocesan Committee appointed last Wednesday will diligently set itself to work for the purpose of collecting the facts which may help the friends of Education to arrive at sound conclusions upon the merits or demerits of the New Code. The *Durham Advertiser* gives the following report of the meeting of School Managers:—

“A meeting of gentlemen connected with Church of England schools, was held in Durham on Wednesday last, to consider the probable effects of the revised code of education upon elementary schools. There were present:—The Ven. Archdeacon Bland in the chair, the Hon. and Rev. John Grey, C. Wood, Esq., Revds. Temple Chevallier, J. Cundill, G. E. Green, G. P. Wilkinson, Charles Carr, J. Richards, W. H. Bulmer, H. B. Tristram, Ed. Cheese, J. G. Cromwell, S. B. Brasher, J. L. Low, J. Hick, J. P. De Pledge, C. W. King, T. Crossman, J. Dingle, C. J. Carr, J. Nicholl, &c., &c. After some discussion, the following resolution was carried unanimously:—‘That this meeting do adopt a memorial to the Lord President of the Committee of Council on Education, respectfully representing the grave anxiety with which this meeting contemplates the new Minute on Education.’ The following is a copy of the memorial adopted:—‘That your memorialists have had under their consideration the Revised Code of Education lately issued, and while they admit that certain improvements might be made in the present system, they feel great anxiety about the possible results that might follow from any sudden change in its operation. They, therefore, most respectfully but most earnestly pray, that no change whatever in the Old Code shall be made until Parliament shall have had full opportunities for discussing the subject, and more especially, your memorialists desire to represent that no change whatever should be made in the amounts now paid to certificated masters and mistresses, or to pupil teachers, unless some satisfactory expedient can be devised for preventing the smallest appearance of want of good faith with a large body of deserving persons.’ The following gentlemen were then appointed a committee to examine the Revised Code, and to make a report thereon to a general meeting of managers to be duly convened: The Hon. and Rev. J. Grey, Houghton-le-Spring; Rev. J. P. Eden, Bishopwearmouth; W. Henderson, Esq., Durham; J. H. Hartley, Esq., Sunderland; Rev. R. H. Williamson, Lamesley; Rev. J. Cundill, Durham; Rev. J. G. Cromwell, Durham; Rev. W. H. G. Stephens, Darlington; Rev. G. E. Green, Bishop Auckland; Rev. C. W. King, Durham; Rev. H. B. Tristram, Greatham Hospital, Stockton-on-Tees, with power to add to their number.”



## ST. CUTHBERT.—THE RESTORATION.

THE first meeting of the Parishioners and Inhabitants for considering the condition of the Church, was held on Thursday, October 3rd, and we may, accordingly, take for granted that a serious attempt will now be made to put the venerable fabric of this Church in a secure and seemly state. The Incumbent narrated the proceedings of the Provisional Committee appointed in an earlier part of the year, and the circumstances which led to its appointment. Sometime in June, 1860, an architectural visitor to the Church discerned a crack in the corner of the N.W. pier which aids in supporting the tower and steeple. In October of the same year, further attention was directed to the condition of the edifice by the fall of a piece of stone work; but a careful examination of the cracks from time to time revealed no further progress in them till the violent gales of February and March, 1861. A perceptible advance in the cracks then took place. The Rural Dean for a second time came upon the scene, requesting the Churchwardens to take immediate measures to secure the safety of the edifice; and the same officials were subsequently cautioned by the Diocesan Vice-Chancellor as to the consequences resulting to them from a neglect of duty. The result of all this was the introduction of Mr Scott, the eminent architect, to inspect the Church; and in the report given by him to the Minister and Churchwardens, a very melancholy picture was drawn of the condition of the fabric. The cost of restoration was estimated at upwards of £6,000.

The Incumbent and Churchwardens, judging an attempt to raise the whole sum at one appeal to be hopeless, proposed in the first place to raise funds for rendering the edifice secure; and when that was accomplished, which, according to one theory, would require about £2,300, and, according to another, not more than £1,400, the work of reseating the Church would be taken in hand, the Duke of Cleveland's subscription of £1,000 being available for this object. After the Church had been re-pewed and made secure, other parts of the restoration would be carried out as the means were supplied.

After some discussion, it was ultimately agreed to form a Committee, embracing representatives of the three parishes in the town, for the purpose of raising the necessary funds to accomplish the different objects of securing, reseating, and restoring generally the ancient Church of St. Cuthbert.

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PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL SOCIETY.—After sermons preached by the Rev. G. G. Lynn, M.A., Vicar of Coniscliffe, and the Rev. J. G. Pearson, on Sunday, September 29th, collections amounting to £10. were made on behalf of this Society.

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## HOLY TRINITY.

THE TEA PARTY usually held at this time of the year in support of the Parochial Schools took place on Thursday evening, October 3rd; and it must be a matter of congratulation among the many warm friends attached to the Schools that the Mechanics' Hall—the scene of the gathering—was so well filled upon the occasion. The several tables were presided over by the ladies who supplied them; and the presence of the Church Choir was a valuable addition to the evening's entertainment.

Before the party broke up, several speeches were delivered by the Incumbent, the Rev. J. C. Raw, Rev. J. G. Pearson, and Rev. E. G. Charlesworth; and much concern was felt at the absence of the Master of Sherburn, who had been expected to take part in the proceedings. The sudden indisposition of the Rev. W. H. Chambers was also a cause of regret and disappointment to a great number of his old friends. Putting these two clerical disappointments aside, everything passed off to the satisfaction of all who were present.

## S T . J O H N .

**M**ANY of our Parochial Readers may not have seen the account of the Special Thanksgiving Service in the *Darlington and Stockton Times*, of Saturday, September 21; and we will, therefore, venture to transfer it to these pages. Coming from an independent and unknown writer, we are glad to receive such testimony to a Service which, although the first, will not, we hope, be the last :—

“On Wednesday evening last, a special thanksgiving service for the late bountiful harvest was held at St. John’s Church. The prayers were read by the Rev. W. H. G. Stephens, the incumbent; the first lesson, (Isaiah 28, 23rd verse to end), by the Rev. Mr Dudding, curate of Hurworth; the second, (2nd Corinthians, 9th chap., 6th verse to end), by the Rev. Mr Lourie, curate of St. Cuthbert’s; both the lessons and psalms were selected as suitable for the occasion. Appropriate hymns were sung by the choir and congregation. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. W. Elliot, vicar of Sockburn, from the 20th verse of the 8th chapter of Jeremiah, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.” The preacher commenced his discourse by allusion to the present bountiful harvest, reminding his hearers that they were met to acknowledge the hand of God in, and to thank him gratefully for, crowning the year with his goodness. The subject and necessity of personal religion was pressed forcibly upon his hearers of all ranks and all ages. The sermon, which was earnestly and eloquently delivered, was listened to with the deepest attention by the large congregation which filled the beautiful church. The thanksgiving offering was given to the National Society. All the clergy of Darlington and many of the country ones were present, but one old familiar face was missing, and he who loved to join his brethren on such occasions, and whose voice would have swelled the song of thanksgiving, then lay dead in a Foreign land. Upon the communion table were most appropriately laid, “yellow ears of ripened grain,” and also some beautiful flowers, touching, though silent reminders of His bounty, who causes the earth to bring forth not only bread to strengthen man’s heart, and to fit him for the duties of life, but also clothes the flowers of the field with beauty and fragrance to minister to his enjoyment.”

“God might have made the earth bring forth,  
 Enough for great and small,  
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
 Without a flower at all.  
 Our outward life requires them not,  
 Then wherefore had they birth?—  
 To minister delight to man,  
 And beautify the earth;  
 To whisper hope—to comfort man  
 Whene’er his faith is dim;  
 For whoso careth for the flowers  
 Will much more care for him.”

The offering of the congregation amounted to £4 9s 2d.

**ST. JOHN’S SCHOOLS.**—Sermons will be preached on Oct. 27th next (22nd Sunday after Trinity) at the church on behalf of the schools; and all must hope that liberal responses will be given by the congregations. The Rev. E. Castley will preach in the morning, and the Rev. W. Beckett, Vicar of Heighington, in the evening.


**ST. JOHN’S PAROCHIAL ASSOCIATION.**—About 80 members have already joined the association, and the first open meeting will be held on Tuesday evening the 8th of October; when a lecture upon “Things new, yet old” will be delivered by the Rev. W. H. G. Stephens. The chair will be taken at half-past seven o’clock precisely.

**CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.**—Divine Service every Sunday evening at six o’clock. Baptisms and Churchings on those evenings, and also on Tuesday afternoons at three o’clock. Notice of Baptisms and Churchings to be given over night or in the morning to Mr. Lee, Saw Mills.

# THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

## CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

	MORNING.	EVENING.
Oct. 2. Wednesday.		Hymn 190. Ems 180. " 100. Buttington 174.
Oct. 6. 19th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Psalm 113. Stockholm 193. Hymn 191. St. Michael 15.	Hymn 127. St. Cyril 191. " 20. St. Stephen 74. " 15. St. Cecilia 166,
Oct. 13. 20th Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 149. St. Cuthbert 152. " 121. Keble 112.	Hymn 38. German Hymn 144 " 130. Freyberg 47.
Oct. 20. 21st Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 154. Toronto 192. " 152. Beaminster 178.	Hymn 105. Fincham 185. " 77. Baden 161. " 100. Buttington 173.
Oct. 27. 22nd Sund. aft. Trinity.	Hymn 75. St. Athanasius 186. " 155. St. James 53.	Hymn 114. Prague 114. " 154. Toronto 192. " 15. St. Cecilia 166.
Oct. 30. Wednesday.		Hymn 149. St. Cuthbert 152. " 100. Buttington 173.
	Venite—Aylward. Te Deum—Hodge. Jubilate—Hayes.	Magnificat—Woodward. Nunc Dimittis—Woodward.

 The numbers after the names of the tunes refer to the Choir only.

The Canticles used at the Morning and Evening Services have been printed for the use of the Choir and Congregation. They are pointed according to the method adopted by the Church of St. John in chanting these parts of Divine Worship. They can be procured of Mr. John Graham, Bridge Terrace, for 2d. each.

## THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

Oct. 2	Wed. Litany Service and Lecture on Holy Com- munion at 7-15 p.m.	
6 19	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. Dan. 3—Mark 9. Even. Dan. 6— 2 Cor. 5.
13 20	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. Joel 2—Matt. 16. Even. Micah. 6— 2 Cor. 12.
18	St. Luke Evangelist.	
20 21	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. Habak. 2—Luke 6. Even. Prov. 1— Gal. 6.
27 22	SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.	Morn. Prov. 2—Luke 13. Even. Prov. 3— Phil. 1.
28	St. Simon and St. Jude. Apos. and Martyrs.	
30	WED. Litany Service and Lecture on Holy Com- munion at 7-15 p.m.	

THE HOLY COMMUNION is celebrated at Morning Service on the first Sunday, and at Evening Service on the second Sunday, of the Month.

BAPTISMS AND CHURCHINGS on Sundays at three o'clock in the afternoon; on Wednesdays and Fridays at half-past ten a.m. The last of the three rubrics before the service for the public Baptism of Infants directs that "When there are children to be baptised, the parents shall give knowledge thereof over night or in the morning." This notice can be given to the Clerk or Sexton.

A BIBLE CLASS will meet on Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, in No. 5, Brunswick Street.

A COTTAGE LECTURE is held at Mrs. Stevenson's, Chapel Street, every Thursday evening at Seven o'clock.





Alexander Wilson,  
WEAVER AND ORNITHOLOGIST.\*



ALEXANDER WILSON, born nearly a hundred years ago, was the son of a Paisley weaver, and spent his boyhood and youth at the loom. Like most Scotch lads he had been well schooled, and early learned to enjoy books. He was specially fond of poetry, and many a thread was broken while he was dreaming or talking about his favorite authors instead of minding his work.

He was also a rhymer himself, and ere long we find him travel-

\* Condensed from an interesting book, entitled *Difficulties Overcome: Scenes in the Life of Alexander Wilson*. Sampson Low, Son, & Co. London. 2s. 6d.

ling through Scotland, with the double purpose of selling muslins and getting subscribers to a volume of poems which he wished to publish. But he was not successful, and describes himself at this time as "a lonely pedlar, 'neath a load of silk and sorrows bent."

After three years' trial he gave up his roaming life, and returned to his loom at Paisley. He had now acquired considerable skill in ballad-writing, and some of his pieces were ascribed to Burns, the ploughman-poet, who was then attracting notice in the adjoining Ayrshire.

It would have been well for Wilson if he had contented himself with the local popularity of his harmless ballads; but, unfortunately, he allowed himself to make public some of his personal satires. The French Revolution was then at its height, and it fired many impatient spirits in this country with an eager desire for greater political freedom. Wilson caught this fever, and, forgetful of the Scripture caution, "Meddle not with them that are given to change," he joined himself with those who assumed the title of "Friends of the People," and he put forth many squibs, condemning those who wished to maintain existing institutions. In one of these he attacked a respectable citizen of Paisley, who prosecuted him for the libel, and he was imprisoned and compelled publicly to burn the offensive poem. In his later years he owned his error in this matter, pleading that they were written when he was only twenty-two, "an age more abundant in *sail* than *ballast*."

At the time, he was so galled by the public exposure that he resolved to leave his native country, and try his fortune in the land of boasted freedom and equality, and he worked with intense diligence at the loom until he had saved money enough to pay his passage.

He reached America in 1794, without a single letter of introduction, and only a few shillings in his pocket. For five or six years he maintained himself, sometimes by weaving, sometimes by hawking goods, and sometimes by keeping a school.

In 1802 he was engaged to be master of a school at Gray's Ferry, about four miles from Philadelphia, where there were Mr. Bartram's beautiful Botanic Gardens. Wilson was at this period of his life subject to fits of despondency, and his friends, wishing to divert his thoughts, urged him to try drawing, for which he had some taste; and they gave him some sketches of the human figure and some landscapes to copy, but he threw them aside in disgust, saying that he was too old at forty to learn a new craft. "Try birds," said Mr. Bartram. Wilson did so, and love gave him skill, for from his very boyhood he had delighted to watch and study the feathered creation; and, to the surprise and delight of his friends, he produced life-like portraits of his winged favourites.

And now he spent all his leisure hours in searching the woodlands round his home, gun in hand; and so studied, as he said, in "the great aviary of Nature."

This led to his determination to publish a complete account of the Birds of America; and after seven years, spent partly in literary drudgery for a bookseller of Philadelphia, and partly in long and most dangerous journeys, made for the purpose of collecting birds and studying their habits, he had the satisfaction of producing the



first volume of his *American Ornithology* in 1808: and when we consider that this great work was produced by a hard-working mechanic, scantily aided by friends, and without patron or private fortune, we must own that it is a grand monument of industry and perseverance.

Of the 278 species of birds figured and described by Wilson in this volume, we are told that 56 had not been noticed by any other naturalist, and were so extremely rare, that the specimens from which the figures were taken were the only ones he was ever able to obtain.

The collection of these birds was the fruit of many months of unwearied research amongst forests, swamps, and morasses, where he was exposed to constant dangers, privations, and fatigues. The next two years were spent in travelling through America, canvassing for subscribers for his book, which he proposed to complete in nine volumes, similar to the first, which he carried with him as a sample. He met with few encouragements and many rude rebuffs, but he did not give up the task he had put upon himself. In his travels he found constant interest in pursuing his study of his feathered favourites, and in 1810 he brought out the second volume of his book.

No sooner was this volume issued, than the indefatigable author started for Pittsburgh on his way to New Orleans; and, in spite of the warnings of his friends, he set out in a small open skiff, which he named "The Ornithologist." His stock of provisions consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial; and in describing the voyage in a letter he says, "My gun, trunk, and great-coat, occupied one end of the boat. I had a small tin to bale her, and to take my beverage from the Ohio."

In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection—exposed to hardships all day, and hard berths all night—to storms of rain, hail, and snow, Wilson made a voyage of 720 miles to Louisville. Here he sold his boat, and went on foot 72 miles to Lexington, where he bought a horse; and, still all alone, he resolutely explored a most dangerous district of country, till he came to Natchez, 678 miles from Lexington.

After a short stay at Natchez he pushed on to New Orleans, a distance of 252 more miles, and on the way he secured many beautiful and hitherto unknown birds. From New Orleans he took ship to New York, and soon reached Philadelphia. In describing this journey he says, "I have slept for several weeks in the wilderness alone, in an Indian country, with my gun and pistols in my bosom, and have found myself so reduced by sickness as to be scarcely able to stand, when not within 300 miles of a white settlement. I have by resolution surmounted these and all other obstacles in my way to my object, and now begin to see the blue sky of independence open around me."

Exhausted with the fatigues he had undergone in his journeyings, which amounted in all to more than 10,000 miles, Wilson spent the years 1811–12 at the Botanic Garden of his friend Mr. Bartram, and the publication of his great book went on rapidly, and he was cheered by finding that its merits were appreciated by many learned persons;



and that almost all the royal personages of Europe were amongst his subscribers.

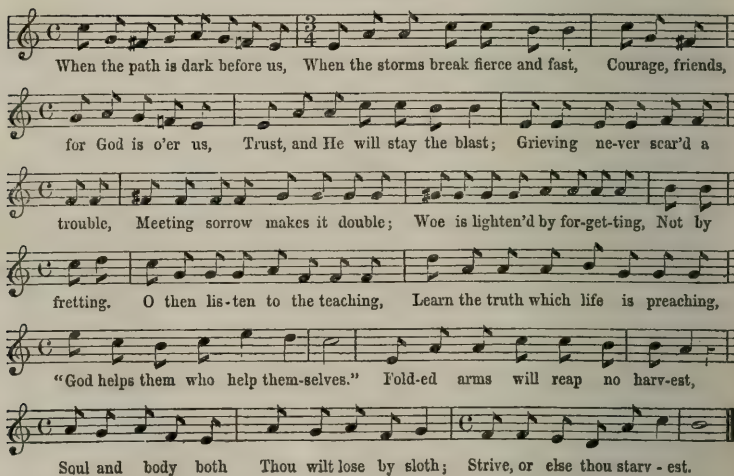
Early in 1813 the seventh volume was completed, and then he set out to gather further information for the eighth volume, which was to treat mainly of water-fowl. This expedition lasted nearly four months; on his return he applied himself to prepare the letter-press, but before he had finished this work he was seized with an illness, of which he died after a few days, on August 23, 1813, being in the forty-eighth year of his age.

In accordance with his own expressed wish he was buried in "a place sacred to peace and solitude, and where the birds might sing over his grave."

The moral of his life is, that a stout spirit and a resolute will, "heart within and God o'erhead," if bent on a work worthy of them, can achieve what seem at first sight to be absolute impossibilities!

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**God helps them who help themselves.**

**A LABOUR SONG.**



When the path is dark before us, When the storms break fierce and fast, Courage, friends,  
for God is o'er us, Trust, and He will stay the blast; Grieving ne-ver scar'd a  
trouble, Meeting sorrow makes it double; Woe is lighten'd by for-get-ting, Not by  
fretting. O then lis-ten to the teaching, Learn the truth which life is preaching,  
"God helps them who help them-selves." Fold-ed arms will reap no harv-est,  
Soul and body both Thou wilt lose by sloth; Strive, or else thou starv - est.

O then listen, &c.

Face the world and it will dread you,—  
Force is what it most doth feel;  
Quail before it, it will tread you  
Down like dust beneath its heel.  
Craven-hearted cowards falter,  
Waiting till the world may alter;  
Brave God-fearing men offend it,  
But they bend it.

O then listen to the teaching,  
Learn the truth which life is preaching,  
"God helps them who help themselves." J. C. K.

## Benefit Clubs and Lodges.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN WILL WISE AND SAM SILLY.

BY THE HON. AND REV. W. H. LYTTTELTON.



WILL WISE. Well, Sam, I am quite surprised to see you. I did not think you would be so punctual.

S. S. Why, I'll tell you how it is, Will:—That day when I went to the *Fox and Goose*, I heard that the Fox-and-Goose Club had stopped payment. It was an oldish club, too. It is a bad business, Will. Why, there is old Nathaniel Noodle, my uncle, who has paid into it these twenty years, and now has lost all his money.

W. W. I could have told you that would happen, Sam. That Fox-and-Goose Club never was *certified*, nor *registered*.

S. S. What do you mean by them long words?

W. W. I will tell you if you will keep awake. You sit up and attend.

S. S. (*sitting up*). Yes, yes, it's all right. I am wide-awake enough. You go on. What is *registering* a club, and what is the use of it?

W. W. To *register* a club, is to have its *rules* inspected by Mr. Tidd Pratt, the officer appointed by Government for this purpose; to see that the rules are according to law. All clubs that are registered have Mr. Tidd Pratt's certificate printed at the end of the rules.

S. S. And what is the use of all that?

W. W. Why, if a club is *not registered*, the *magistrates and courts of law* won't do anything to protect it. They can't, because the club is not sanctioned by law. So if the *treasurer runs off with the box*, you have no redress; the police can't seize him, nor any one do anything for the club, *because it's not registered*.

S. S. O but our treasurer is Sharp, and he'd never do such a thing. I'd as soon trust him as you, Will.

W. W. Ah! really; but suppose Sharp has a misfortune, do you think he is honest enough to pay the loss to the club out of his own pocket? You see, you depend on Sharp's honour and good fortune; but a sound club depends on the *law*, because it's——

S. S. Certified?

W. W. No, not certified; I tell you that is quite another thing—*Registered*.

S. S. Oh, registered. *Because it is registered you can bring an action against the treasurer if he cheats you*. Well, and then, *besides being registered* and having Mr. Tidd Pratt's signature to the *rules*, you must get Mr. Ansell, or some such man—a Hacty-Hurry as you call him,—to look at the *tables* and certify that they are safe. Well, I'm sure I'd never take all that trouble. What's the good? I'd trust Sharp, and our Secretary and Committee, every bit as soon as your London big people.

W. W. Well, Sam, you may do as you like. If you have got really wise and intelligent men of business, who are good,

honest people, too, on your committee, why that is a great point no doubt. The best club in the world is no good without that. Management is very important indeed in all clubs. But *if you have ever such good managers, and yet your club is not registered and certified, I shall not join it.* I think it is the foolishhest thing a man can do, when he can get a safe club, to join one of your tumble-down concerns, that may look ever so smart, and yet break down any day. If you want to see what makes a club safe, by the by, I'll tell you what you should do;—get a “Catechism on Clubs,” by Mr. Lea, of Droitwich.\* You can get it at any good book-shop for threepence, and it tells you all about it.

S. S. I dare say that Catechism is desperate dull reading. I like a story-book you know, Will; none of your dry, dull, reasoning books. I never sit long to read such a book as that. And a Catechism! why it's as if I was a child.

W. W. (*to himself*)—Here he is at *names* again; this book is called a Catechism, so that sets him against it.)

S. S. (*continues*). I have left school this long time. I'm a man, Will.

W. W. Why, you look like it, I know; but I doubt whether you are one in your mind.

S. S. Not a man!

W. W. No, a mere child; and you always will be, I think, till you have suffered for it a good deal.

S. S. Well, you may think as you please, I must walk on.

W. W. I will tell you another thing before you go:—the *benefit members ought properly to attend to the business of their club themselves*: they may get the help of gentlemen and good men of business, which is very useful; but they should *attend the committee meetings themselves*, and also keep an eye upon those who receive sick pay, to see that they do not take any unfair advantage, and that they are really ill enough to require sick pay.

S. S. Oh, I leave all that to Sharp.

W. W. Why, Sharp can't be everywhere. Besides, men are much best watched by men of their own class and neighbourhood, who can find out all about them. But I know you would never attend to such things, Sam; you are so lazy; they all say you have no strength or perseverance: I never saw a weaker man in those matters.

S. S. (*Very angry.*) Weak! no perseverance! I wonder what you'll say next. Well now, I'll tell you what, I'll take to attending the committee-meetings from this day; just to bring you men to your senses.

W. W. I am glad to hear you say it, Sam. I shall expect to see you vastly improved. When a man attends any business like that, it makes him wiser and stronger in character; a firmer, graver kind of man, more useful to other people, and therefore happier in himself.

S. S. Ah, I am quite wise enough—wiser than some of those men, I know; but I'll attend, Will, you'll see.

W. W. I am glad of it Sam. (*to himself*). I know what he'll do



—he'll attend for about two or three months, and then get tired of it and give it up. Men like him are "like a reed shaken in the wind." You can never depend upon them two months together. They use everything as children do toys, as long as they are *new*, and then throw them away, and take to something else.) I shall ask you about it this time next year, Sam, mind that.

S. S. To be sure—I a weak man! I never heard such a thing! It is wonderful how foolish people are.

W. W. You had better look into your club rules, Sam; it is not *registered* or *certified*.

S. S. Our club! I tell you it is the best in this country; there is not another within twenty miles so good. You ask Sharp. (*Puts his hands in his pockets, and walks off whistling.*)

W. W. The very thing he said at first! That is always the case with these foolish people. You may talk to them by the hour, and they may not be able to answer you; and yet it has no effect upon them; because they are not used to govern what they *do* by what they *think*. Poor Sam! I am afraid he'll come to trouble. He is not so happy or so good a man now as he was three years ago; and I am afraid it'll be worse next time I see him. Well, it can't be helped; we must do what we can to keep such people straight: but no one can force another, "every bucket stands on its own bottom." As the old proverb says, "one man can take a horse to the water, but ten can't make him drink;" that depends on himself. So it is in these things, and so it is in more serious things. God makes our lot depend in a great degree upon ourselves, now, and to all eternity. God help us all, and make us wise betimes. (*Walks away, looking grave.*)

[From this conversation I hope all whom it may concern will learn the following facts about clubs:—

1st. That no club is safe unless it is *registered*, and so made *legal*.

2nd. Its tables must have been *certified* by a good actuary, to make sure that the payments are sufficient.

3rd. The committee-meetings should be held and all payments made in a school-room, or in a private house, not in a public-house.\*

4th. If any intelligent gentleman, who is a good man of business, can be got to attend the committee-meetings, so much the better. But some of the most intelligent benefit members should attend also; and visit the sick sometimes, to see that they are really sick, and unable to work.

We should also do all we can to explain to working men, that *if they wish clubs to last they must all agree, if possible, that young men shall join old clubs*. For as things are now, when young men see many of the members of a club grown old, they will not join it; but set up a young club of their own. What is the consequence? Not only the old club breaks, but when those young men grow old themselves *the same thing happens to them*. There is no remedy for this but an intelligent public opinion among working men, *leading young men to join old clubs*. These things should, if possible, be taught in schools, both to boys and girls in the elder classes.]

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\* According to a recent official return, in Herefordshire 136 Friendly Societies have had their rules certified since 1793. Of these 123 societies were held at public-houses, and no less than 42, or about *one in three*, have been dissolved, while of the remaining thirteen held at schools or private houses only *one* has been dissolved.

## The Ivy.



OME people will scarcely recognise the leaves of this plant as those of the common Ivy, so accustomed are they to look upon an Ivy-leaf as one cut into three or five deep segments, whereas those of the flowering branches are, for the most part, egg-shaped. The difference in the appearance and manner of growth, according to the age of the plant, is so great, that formerly there were supposed to be several varieties of Ivy; but it is now admitted that there is only one kind, a native of England. In its infant state the Ivy creeps along the ground, putting out roots at the joints of the stem; when more advanced it quits the ground, and climbs walls and trees, its rootlets



being merely holdfasts. In its next stage it assumes the appearance of a tree (which at this season of the year is covered with blossoms); the branches are smooth, and without holdfasts; and the lobations of the leaves are slight, or entirely wanting. In its old age the Ivy ceases flowering; it again, as in its infancy, supports itself by means of suckers, and the leaves are wholly egg-shaped.

The climate of Great Britain is particularly favourable to the growth of Ivy. Sir Walter Scott says,—

“ Oh the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,  
They flourish best at home in the north countree.”

R. B.

## The Serpent.

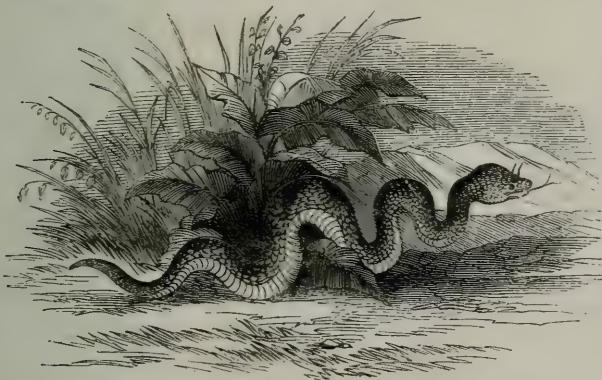
BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



HERE are several words in the Hebrew Bible which denote different kinds of serpents; these are variously translated in our English version by "adder," "asp," "viper," "cockatrice," &c.

It was under the form of a serpent that Satan tempted our first parents to disobey God (Gen. ii.); hence our great spiritual enemy is frequently called a serpent (2 Cor. xi. 3: Rev. xii. 9, 15; xx. 2). The serpent is in Holy Scripture often used as an emblem of wicked men: see Ps. lviii. 4, and numerous other passages. Strong drink is said, in Prov. xxiii. 32, to "bite like a serpent, and to sting like an adder."

In Gen. xlix. 17, it is said that "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." The adder here alluded to is doubtless the horned snake of Egypt and Arabia (*Cerastes Hasselquistii*); it is a most dangerous species, and deadly poisonous; it frequents cattle-paths, and springs out and fastens itself on the heels and legs of any



animals that pass near its hole in the sand. The passage in Ps. lviii. 4, 5, in which the wicked are compared to "the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear" and refuseth to be charmed, has been, and is, often strangely misunderstood. It is gravely asserted, even in modern books, that the adder will actually stop up one of its ears with its tail, while it applies the other to the ground, lest it should hear the charmer's voice! Unfortunately, however, for this explanation, it is well to state, that no serpent whatever possesses external openings to the ear. Others, again, have supposed that some species of serpent of unusual natural deafness is signified. If this were the case, where is the force of the Psalmist's rebuke, the point of which clearly consists in the fact, that the wicked were capable of receiving instruction, but wilfully refused to do so? "None are so deaf as those who *won't* hear." The true explanation of the passage is as follows:—Serpents hear very imperfectly any ordinary sound, but they are capable of hearing the *shrill* sounds which the serpent-charmer produces, either



bý his voice or on his instrument, and hence the secret of their being charmed: the sound strikes them as something unusual, from their comparative deafness to ordinary noises. But the deafness of the adder, in the passage we are considering, was not a natural but a wilful one. We learn, from well-authenticated facts, that sometimes specimens of cobras resist every effort of the charmer. Now, the wicked man is compared to such a specimen. The adder ought to have yielded to the charmer's song, but it would not; it may be, therefore, called "deaf"—wilfully and obstinately refusing to hear. The "flying fiery serpents," that bit the rebellious Israelites in the wilderness (Num. xxi. 6-8), in all probability denote the species which Niebuhr found near Basra, and which the Arabs call *heie thiare*, i.e. "flying serpents," from the habit that these snakes have of springing from date-trees, &c., on to the ground, for such a thing as a winged snake has no existence in nature.

"Cockatrice," which occurs in our English Bible two or three times, is a rather unfortunate translation of the Hebrew word, which is rendered "adder" in Prov. xxiii. 32. The cockatrice is a fabulous animal, and the accounts given of it are worthy of no credit.

### "Clouded Light."

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—*Job*, xxxvii. 21.



WOULD we but see it, through each cloud there beams  
A light which cheers the darkness, and illumines  
The pitchy rack, till darkness' self assumes  
The tone and colouring of the heavenly gleams.

We must know Sorrow till we reach the shore

Where cease the tears to fall, and sobs and sighs  
From the grief-laden bosom never rise,  
But sadness flees away and is no more.  
We look upon the cloud, then turn away  
From what appeareth to the outward eye  
A grim sad veil athwart the happy sky:  
Oh! if a little longer we would stay  
And gaze upon the cloud, soon Faith would see  
The darkness pierced by Love's enlightening ray:  
Soon would the mists and murky shadows flee;  
Soon would the night of woe break into joyful day!—c. w.



HE is at once the greater and the better man who can lead the life of repose in the midst of cities. "Repose!" said Arnault to his friend Nicole, who sought to fly from the turmoil of life. "Repose! won't you have the whole of eternity to rest in? This is a world of toil and struggle: our life is a march; the fight after all is but brief; the march not long; and it becomes us to take our part in the brunt of the battle, and not to shrink from the toil we are called on to bear."

## The Two Giants.

A DREAM-ALLEGORY.



AM the son of a London physician, and am just now passing through that unfledged state of being which lies between the end of college life and the solemn entry upon holy orders.

A sharp touch of typhus had left me as typhus is accustomed to leave people—more especially us Londoners—weak, restless, cross, and very poor company indeed, whether for myself or for my friends. “He must have a fortnight at the seaside,” said my worthy father, whose word on these matters was of the very essence of law; “he must go down to the seaside for a fortnight, or one of these fine mornings we shall have a relapse.” Off I went, accordingly, to Netherbourne—a charming little watering-place on the Netherset coast, and within a week I was myself again. But Netherbourne turned out to be so exactly “the thing” for me, in every way, that a longer stay was advised, and the end of the third week found me still enjoying life beside the sounding sea.

One lovely May evening I walked out to the cliffs, after attending evening prayers at St. Catherine’s. St. Catherine’s was a fine old perpendicular building, with an old-fashioned and worthy rector, who belonged to no party, but chose to have prayers twice daily in his church. The first lesson that afternoon had been Isa. xxxv.—a chapter which I take to be one of the noblest and sweetest in the whole Bible. It struck with a rare force that day upon my convalescent spirits. Especially was my fancy held captive by the last verse—“Songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and *sorrow* and *sighing* shall flee away.” The strain of half thought, half feeling, which these words had set a-ringing in my heart, had not yet wasted its strength when it was broken in upon by the concluding benediction—“Be with us all, evermore. Amen.” But presently after it was again prolonged and revived, as the organ played, by way of voluntary, that immortal air of Mendelssohn’s, in which the same words are embodied. When the music stopped I strolled out to a favourite nook of mine, among the heath and gorse that crown the sandcliff by the sea. And there—what with the waves, and the soft air, and the stilling effect of the service just over—in five minutes I was asleep and dreaming.

In my dream I was at first tossed to and fro, from one fancy to another, until I found myself in the middle of a large and jostling crowd. Every one seemed to be pressing up to a great gate of noble appearance, but guarded by two giants, of vast stature, who carried halberds and wore the blackest mail-armour. Hard by the gate, and in the side of a lofty wall that ran to right and left of it, was a kind of office; and I could see, graven in large letters above the opening in the wall, “They shall obtain joy and gladness, and Sorrow and Sighing shall flee away.” Then it was made plain to me, in my dream, that this was the gate of Heaven, and that the two giants who scowled at the crowd, and ever and anon dealt them blows with the halberds, were Sorrow and Sighing. But when all the people in

the crowd should have obtained joy and gladness—the obtaining which was signified by a bright mark imprinted on their foreheads—then the two giants were to be overcome, and they would flee away, leaving the gate free to be entered by us all. Knowing this, I was soon terrified to find that not all who went up to the opening in the wall obtained the mark, but only a very small part of them; and that many went up and came away unmarked, while many more neglected to go up at all. Of these, some boasted that Sorrow and Sighing should be overcome by weapons of their own, and laughed at the seekers of joy and gladness. Three special boasters did, in reality, attack the giants, and got for their pains three several rebuffs. The first carried in his hand a goblet of wine, and poured it out at the feet of Sorrow, saying, “With this draught I thee charm, that thou shalt fall down entranced, and leave the gate free for us to enter in.” But Sorrow said, “Thou shalt pour out draught upon draught, until thou make a pool, wherein thyself shalt be drowned, but us thou canst never charm.” And he was presently drowned in a pool at their feet. The second boaster brought with him harps and viols, and all kinds of music, and stood before Sorrow and Sighing, and said, “With music and dancing ye shall be charmed, until the sweet sounds break your power, and ye leave the gate for us to enter in.” Then Sighing laid his halberd upon the top of a harp and crushed it into little splinters, saying, “Ye see the might of our arms. Lo! with music and dancing we may be mocked, but never charmed from our guard.” The third boaster came up to the gate, loaded with money-bags; and, brandishing these in the face of Sorrow and Sighing, he shouted aloud, that their power should now be withered. And Sorrow did but snatch the heavy bags from his hand, and in a moment had beaten the breath from his body.

At last, a majestic figure appeared among the crowd, who, moving quietly from man to man, exhorted one by one to press earnestly to the opening in the wall. And, even as I watched, the number was accomplished; and the noble stranger, advancing to the gate, demanded of Sorrow and Sighing that it should be opened. “For these,” he said, “have obtained joy and gladness.” Then the gate opened, and they passed in with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. And when the Master passed in last of all, as to His own domain, he made a sign, and Sorrow and Sighing, were changed into statues of stone, that they might stand at the door for an everlasting memorial of what had been of old. Last of all, the long procession filed away towards the far purple hills in that happy place, and a soft music came from within the gates, as of those who sang, “Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Joy on their heads shall be for everlasting.”

I awoke with a start, for the breeze was freshening and had aroused me. But I woke with the strain solemnly sounding in my ears, and I went home musing on the hope that, when I die, it may be sounding still.

H. M. M.



## Short Sermon.

### Joy and Help in God's House.

BY THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON ALLEN.

Ps. xxvi. 8. — *Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.*



THE subject of this short sermon is the excellency of that public service in which we are called upon regularly to join in our parish church; and I hope that, under the blessing of the Most High, it may be the means of quickening our feelings of sympathy with this expression of the Psalmist's thoughts, as given in the text: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." May God give us His blessing in this and in all our purposes, for our Saviour's sake!

Sure I am that the more we rightly value our Prayer-book, the more shall we be helped towards heaven. The service which is appointed for our use in the Book of Common Prayer will be found, by the help of the Holy Ghost, to tend eminently to the glory of Almighty God and to the true spiritual profit of us the creatures of His hands.

These are not, indeed, two objects, but one object. Whatever tends to our own spiritual improvement (to the increase of our humility, our purity, our charity, our truth), must also directly tend to the glory of Jehovah.

Prayer is as the breath of the soul—that by which the life of religion is kept up in our hearts. When we confess our sins unto God, acknowledging the truth concerning ourselves, humbling ourselves before Him: when we bring our needs unto God, and in the utterance of the secret cravings of our affections draw down, in answer to our earnest supplications (offered through Jesus), full supplies of mercy and of grace: when, by the help of God's Spirit, we open our lips in words of praise and thanksgiving: when we make solemn profession of our faith: when we listen devoutly to God's Holy Word read and preached, and honestly say to ourselves, "This is for *my* reproof, for *my* correction, for *my* instruction in righteousness," then may we hope that that Divine Word so received (in accordance with God's will) will prove the seed of our spiritual life—that these services will be, indeed, the means for the salvation of our souls.

Now to put this matter shortly, there are, as I think, four special reasons why we should value our public services in church—(1) Because they are scriptural; (2) because they are primitive; (3) because they are joined in by many congregations all over the world; (4) because they are eminently fitted, when used aright, to meet our wants, and to quicken our desires after holiness.

First, I say that the services of our Church are scriptural. Need

I add many words in confirmation of this truth? The opening sentences that pass the minister's lips at the beginning of our service are sentences of Holy Scripture. The Psalms—that manual of devotion which was used by our Lord himself—come over again and again. The lessons out of the Old Testament and out of the New Testament, the Epistle and the Gospel, the Ten Commandments, the many short verses of Holy Scripture scattered here and there, the exact conformity of every part with the teaching of Holy Scripture, so that for every separate sentence of our Prayer-book\* some answering sentence of Holy Scripture might be aptly quoted—all these things tend to show clearly and luminously what is, I think, the special glory of the Church of England; namely, that in all her teachings she is pre-eminently the Scriptural Church—asking for no obedience except that which she can claim on the authority of Holy Scripture, charging it upon her ministers that they teach nothing as required for salvation except that which can be concluded and proved by the Scriptures; and bringing more of Holy Scripture prominently forward in her public service than has been brought forward by any body of professing Christians throughout the entire world.

But, secondly, the Church of England's service is primitive. Some of the passages that we now use in our prayers have been used, as we can show, in the assemblies of believers from the very earliest times. Our great Reformers, three hundred years ago, seem to have been under the special guidance of God's Spirit: they were well acquainted with the teaching of the ancient Church, and whatever had been said most holily and most happily in the ancient Prayer-books that our Reformers chose out. To use the words of an eminent writer on our Prayer-book, Dean Comber, which words apply generally to the character of its teaching—"No church was ever blessed with a form of prayer so comprehensive, so exact, so free from fault, and from occasions of stumbling; which is so judiciously contrived that the wisest in the use thereof may exercise at once their knowledge and their devotion, and yet this form of prayer is so plain that the ignorant in the use thereof may pray with understanding. Its doctrine is pure and according to the ancient pattern, its language significant and perspicuous, most of the words and phrases being taken out of Holy Scripture, and the rest are the expressions of the first and best ages, so that whoever takes exception must understand the language of the Holy Ghost, or find fault with the Church's teaching in the time of her greatest innocency. Indeed, the greatest part of these prayers are primitive, or corrected and amended versions of the most ancient liturgies of the Eastern and Western Churches, so that Grotius (one of the greatest of modern scholars, but no member of our Church, being bred in Holland, and made minister of the Queen of Sweden) said that the English Liturgy comes so near the ancient pattern, as that none of the Liturgies of the Reformed Church of Europe can compare with it; and the framers of our Liturgy were men who counted not their lives dear to them: some died at the stake as witnesses to the truth, others suffered bonds and exile for their faithfulness to the truth. Their

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\* See Bailey's *Liturgy compared with the Bible*.

Church learning was great beyond that of living men, and the more our faculties are cultivated the more shall we discern the close logic, the pleasing rhetoric, the pure divinity, the very marrow of all the ancient doctrine and discipline, and yet all made so familiar as that the humble and unlettered Christian can safely say *Amen*."

Seeing now that our public service, as we find it in our Books of Common Prayer, is truly scriptural, and in the best sense primitive, representing the teaching of the Church in her purest and earliest times, so also does it recommend the use thereof to my mind, that, through the growth of our empire and the work of our missionaries, our Prayer-book is being gradually used in one congregation or other in almost every country that is visited by our ships, so that wherever the sons of England go forth to colonize, they may hope to be comforted and helped by the ministrations of our Prayer-book. Over the vast continent of North America you may join with congregations who are worshipping according to our familiar forms. At the Cape of Good Hope; in the missionary stations of West Africa, of China, and India; in the Churches on the sides of the globe that are opposite to us, as Australia and New Zealand; in the distant islands of Polynesia, the words of our Prayer-book are to be heard. Our brothers or our sisters go away to distant climes; their day may be brightening, as our night is closing in, but guided by the same marks in their calendar as guide us, they will be found reading the same lessons from Holy Scripture, and using the same prayers, as we and our fathers before us have done for many centuries, in our Catholic Liturgy; so that we may, as I hope, in humility and with truth apply God's words, as uttered by the prophet Malachi, chap. i. 11, to the teaching and services of our Prayer-book, spreading as we see that teaching to do around the surface of our globe:—"From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering: for my name shall be great among the Heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts."

I have spoken to you of the Scriptural character of our Liturgy; of its being formed after the pattern of those used by the Church in her best and purest times, while the memories of the teaching of our Lord and of His Apostles were still fresh; of its being used in numberless places scattered over the surface of the globe, so that myriads join in it every week as a reasonable service. It remains on this part of our subject that I speak of our Liturgy as being eminently fitted, when used aright, to meet our wants, and to quicken our desires after holiness.

To meet our wants. Do we as humbled penitents groan under the burden of our sins? What words can suit our feelings better than the words of our confession of sin?—"We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep: we have left undone the things we ought to have, and we have done the things that we ought not to have done." Or, again, those words in the opening sentences of the Litany, "O God the Father, hear us from heaven, thy dwelling-place; have mercy on us, miserable sinners."

Do we want anything for ourselves or for our brethren? Surely



in the Litany there is that which exactly fits our needs in all time of our tribulation, in all time of our well-doing; yea, we may go further and say, in the hour of death and in the day of judgment. We are taught to pray for mercy and for grace; and then, how full and suitable are the intercessory petitions!—leading us to pray for our sovereign and her family, for our ministers, for our nobles, for our magistrates, and for all men; for those who are in trouble, for those who are our enemies. Every one who needs our prayers is brought under our recollection; and we may humbly feel that we do them the best of service when we give them unfeignedly our earnest supplications.

So, again, the wants of time, and the wants of eternity—the kindly fruits of the earth, and the grace of true repentance and the forgiveness of our sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost for the amendment of our lives;—all are made mention of in the prayers of our admirable Liturgy; and similarly, as meeting other states of feeling, when we rejoice, how directive as well as jubilant are the Psalms! “O, come let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.” And when our hearts are swelling with gratitude, how full and general are the expressions of the thanksgiving! reminding us, as it does, of the blessings of this life—of God’s inestimable love in the redemption of the world, of the means of grace, and of our hopes of glory.

Surely, brethren, the words of our public service, when rightly offered, through the intercession of Jesus, by humble hearts, as sensible of the sacred presence of the Most High, will be found by us, as we go forward in life, to be increasingly a help towards heaven.

The more we use these holy prayers, the more shall we love them. And there is something in the *alternate* way of praying to God, the minister on the one side and the people on the other, each taking responsive parts, in the prayers and in the thanksgivings; which, as it is according to the earliest pattern, so is it also, when heartily joined in, eminently fitted to fix our attention on the work about which we are employed, and to stir us up and quicken the devotion of us all; for as one coal kindles another, so the heat and zeal of the one may help to warm and enliven the other. The Minister may help the people, and the people will help the Minister. A long-continued prayer, when we join not with it, will be apt to work dulness in the hearers’ mind; for the edge of the attention is soon blunted, and we have to guard against temptations to weariness and impatience: but the forms of our Liturgy, when rightly used, are, as is testified by the experience of ten thousand of the saints, eminently fitted to guide our thoughts and our judgments aright: to support and strengthen us in our efforts to rise into the presence of the Most High: to feed and nourish our souls with the pure milk of God’s word—with that which is in truth the bread of life; and in the use of these services, the more we are engaged therein, the more shall we be refreshed by those pure and living waters, which flow out from the sanctuary—a healing stream, by the side whereof there grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; but it shall bring forth new fruit every month, and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaves thereof for medicine.

THE  
PARISH MAGAZINE  
FOR NOVEMBER, 1861.

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SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

A DEPUTATION of this Society, consisting of the Rev. J. W. Warr, of Liverpool, and the Rev. J. W. Hick, Organizing Secretary for the diocese, attended a meeting in the St. Cuthbert's Boys' School, on Tuesday evening, October 15th, at which several of the Parishioners and others friendly to the cause were present. It was exceedingly gratifying to hear from the chairman (the Rev. J. G. Pearson) that the withdrawal of the Queen's letter, so far from diminishing the Society's income, had produced a remarkable increase, by stimulating the exertions of Church-people. Since 1856, the receipts had been almost doubled; the Diocese of Durham and the town of Darlington having kept pace with the rest of England in the progressive movement. The speech of the Rev. J. Warr was earnest and judicious; the matter of it admirably arranged and derived principally from his own experience as a Missionary in Canada. The Society, it appears, is carrying on a good work at Liverpool by means of its Chaplain, whose principal duty is to receive the emigrants in the town, to give them advice when on shipboard, and, where practicable, to hold services immediately before starting or as the ship is sailing down the river. The contrast which he drew between the state of the Lodging Houses and the accommodation for passengers in the vessels as they are now, and as they were some years ago, was gratifying in the extreme. Every care is now taken to guard the innocent and young from the dangers incident to the emigrants' voyage. The Parish to which Mr Warr was assigned by the Bishop of Toronto was situated near the Lake Ontario; and his arrival had been looked for with an eagerness, and pleasure so great, that an array of carriages and carts lined the shore near the landing-place to carry himself, family, and baggage, home, as he was told by his future Parishioners, who flocked on board to greet their Pastor. The same kindness and good feeling were manifested towards him during his incumbency; and it was with great reluctance that he returned to England. The Church Building Societies in the inland parishes of Canada, we were told, are of a primitive formation, but not the less efficient to execute their work on that account. In a parish no less than five Churches were erected through the unassisted efforts of one Society composed exclusively of the Parishioners themselves. Not many parishes of England would be desirous to undertake the same task, one might say; but things are done differently in Canada. The Church is young, vigorous and elastic there, in full synodal action with Clergy and Laity—talking, voting, and working together to make her a living reality. The local Treasurer (Rev. J. G. Pearson) will be happy to explain the constitution of these Canadian Church Building Societies to any enquirer, upon the receipt of an ordinary subscription. The collection of the meeting exceeded four pounds.

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ST. JOHN'S PAROCHIAL ASSOCIATION.

THE first lecture in connection with the Association was delivered by the Incumbent on Tuesday evening, October 8th, the Rev. J. Marshall presiding. The Chairman made some apposite remarks upon the Scriptural character of

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the Prayer Book, and upon the union of Clergy and Laity in the constitution of the Church. Mr Stephens took for his subject "Things new yet old;" and observed that his hearers would doubtless anticipate that he was going to speak upon things not ordinarily known, and which for that reason were new, though in themselves might be very old. There were such things as old family relics, treasured up and handed down from generation to generation. Stories of departed grandeur, power or wealth often hung upon them—old pleasurable associations connected with them. Relics and Stories like these were in one sense old, and in another, new; for there was an air of novelty about them to the persons who saw and heard them for the first time. The things upon which he was intending to speak were 300 years old and many some hundred years older; at the same time he dared say, they would be new to the greater number of his audience. Differing from many olden things, his had great durability and strength, and were even better adapted for modern use than for the times when they originated. He referred to the olden principles and usages upon which the Church of England was based, and lamented the ignorance respecting them which generally prevailed. It was one of the fundamental characteristics of the English Communion that the Clergy and Laity together constituted the Church. Some years ago it was generally taken for granted that the Clergy were the Church—an error springing from the apathy of the Laity, and fostered by the language current about persons "entering the church." On the contrary, the Reformers drew up the articles, and framed the services after the spirit of Acts ii. 42 and 47 verses; 1 Cor. xii. 27; 1 Cor. xii. 13; 1 Peter ii. 9. But though the Clergy and Laity together made up "the body of Christ;" in other words, the Christian Church, yet after the example of the Jewish and Apostolic Churches, different duties were assigned to each. At some length the lecturer proved from the New Testament that the office of public preaching and of ministering the Sacrament in the congregation was never assumed indiscriminately by the early disciples, but by those only who were called and authorised to take upon them the work of the ministry. Many of our own days, however, while quoting the Word constantly, acted in direct opposition to its teaching and examples; and things were come to the pass that any and everybody were, in their estimation, at liberty to assume the ministerial office. On the other hand, to the laity were assigned parts and duties peculiarly their own; and they would be surprised to hear the important position which the people held in the Church of England. In illustration of this, the mode of appointing Deacons, Priests and Bishops was narrated; and by reference to the ordinal in the Prayer Book, to the Canons of the Church, and to the testimonials, it was shown that no man in the English Church could be ordained a Deacon till the Laity had twice consented, nor Priest before the same consents had been given and from the same quarter. In the next place, onerous and various duties were assigned to the Churchwardens as if to identify the laity still more nearly with the church, such as the exhorting people to come to divine service, to provide the proper furniture of the Church, as well as the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper, the Service-books, to collect the Alms at the Offertory, to see that Curates are duly licensed, and that strange Preachers have authority to officiate, and various other important duties which were particularized. In the celebration of Divine Service, also, the people were privileged to bear a prominent and public share—different parts of the Liturgy being defective, and some, cold and dead, without their audible participation in it. Indeed, if one looked at any part of the Church of England, the two elements of Clergy and Laity in the "One body" are plainly discernible. The practical conclusion drawn from this theory of the Church was the imperative obligation of the laity, no less than that of the Clergy, to render efficient the Church's mission by doing what in their power lay in their respective callings.

THE SECOND LECTURE took place on Tuesday evening, October 22nd, at which the Rev. W. H. G. Stephens presided. After the usual prayer and hymn, the Chairman expressed his regret at their being obliged to meet that evening as arranged several weeks previously; but it had been found impossible to postpone it, owing to the numerous engagements of their lecturer. He was wanted in different parts of England, and they must take him when he was disengaged; which they must not always expect to square with their convenience.

The Rev. John Brame, Travelling Secretary of the Additional Curates' Society for the province of York, remarked upon the erroneous notion afloat, which exclusively




applied to foreign countries and to our distant possessions the work of the missionary. The spiritual condition of our people at home was such that one of the greatest obstacles which hindered the evangelization of the heathen arose from the character of the emigrants, and of our countrymen who came in contact with the heathen; and a "mission" was nearly as much needed at our own doors as in the parts beyond the seas. The more the Church is strengthened at home, in the same degree will her operations abroad be beneficially affected; it was not the weakly mother which produced the strongest offspring. There were many people who imagined that the endowments of the Church rendered unnecessary the contributions of the people, whereas, in fact, they were not adequate for the various wants of the Church, or anything like being adequate. Nor would he wish them to be so; because in his opinion the efficiency of a church, as regards her means, depended upon her having two sources of income, voluntary and endowed. Endowments at the present day originated in the voluntary offerings of the people ages ago; and it was no reflection upon their liberality to say that they were insufficient to provide pastoral superintendence for the present day. At the Reformation, millions were confiscated and bestowed upon titled and untitled favourites of the Crown; and thus the spectacle was frequently exhibited of magnates living and feasting in castles upon the property of the Church, whilst her ministers, beggared and neglected, were labouring amongst tens of thousands congregated in a parish. Besides this spoliation, the population was now twenty millions, being four times as many as existed in England in the middle of the 16th century, the property of the Church not increasing in the same proportion. The towns were the worst endowed; and Clergymen with incomes, which a third-rate clerk would spurn, were sent to minister in parishes containing thousands. At the beginning of the century, out of every 100 about 23 persons lived in towns; but the progress of trade and commerce had been so great that in 1861 one half of the population was living in the large towns of England. The efforts and attention of the Additional Curates' Society were principally directed to supply the crying wants of the overgrown parishes: and upwards of 420 Clergy were now labouring in poor and populous places through its agency. Much had been already done to repair the neglect of the past; but it was a lamentable blot upon the escutcheon of the Church of England to find in the present year one Church only for every 7,000, and one Clergyman only for every 6,000, of the population. Fifteen hundred additional Pastors were immediately needed to render the proportion between Clergy and people in anywise satisfactory. Many of the olden ties which connected the people with their Church had been broken by recent legislation; but the living tie still existed in the active, self-denying Clergyman; and if the Church is to regain her old ascendancy in the minds and affections of the people it must and can only be effected by the increase of an earnest, laborious ministry, such as it had been the aim of the Additional Curates' Society to establish, irrespective of all selfish, party feelings, throughout England. Mr Brame brought to a close one of the most eloquent and powerful lectures we have ever heard by urging upon his hearers the duty of Almsgiving; and instanced West Leigh and St. Alban's, Manchester, as places where the people recognised the duty and, as in the times of the Apostles, "on the first day of the week laid by in store, according as God had prospered them" for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom and for the promotion of his glory. At the close of the lecture, the Chairman announced that the subscriptions and household offertories would be received in the last week of November; and that the next meeting of the Association would take place on the first Tuesday in December.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.—The autumnal Sermons and Collections for the Schools took place at the Church, last Sunday, October 27th, but notwithstanding the earnest appeals made by the Revs. W. Beckett and E. Castley, the Minister and Churchwardens have not the satisfaction of handing to the Treasurer as much as they had anticipated by £1 5s. 4d. Ten Pounds, they think, should be the half-yearly offering of the Congregation in recognition of the union between religious and secular instruction as imparted at the schools. And as the collections on Sunday were £8 14s. 8d., the next must reach £11 5s. 4d. to discharge this congregational obligation. The Treasurer begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following Subscriptions and Donations: Mr. J. W. Wooler, £1 1s.; Mr. Luck, 5s.; E. Backhouse, Esq., 10s.

CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

|                                   | MORNING.                                                      | EVENING.                                                                      |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Nov. 3. 23rd Sund. aft. Trinity.  | Psalm 121. Irish 52.<br>Hymn 191. St. Michael 15.             | Hymn 141. Innocents 145.<br>" 185. St. James 53.<br>" 59. Tallis' Canon 132.  |
| Nov. 10. 24th Sund. aft. Trinity. | Hymn 89. Avison 95.<br>Psalm 122. St. Ann 28.                 | Psalm 156. Beaminster 178.<br>Hymn 85. Ems 180.                               |
| Nov. 17. 25th Sund. aft. Trinity. | Hymn 190. St. Bernard 179<br>Psalm 84, pt. 2. St. Stephen 74. | Hymn 6. Cudworth 4.<br>Psalm 100. Old 100th 121.<br>Hymn 100. Buttington 173. |
| Nov. 24. Sun. before Advent.      | Hymn 3. Eignbrook 103.<br>Psalm 127. Abridge 27.              | Hymn 27. Luneberg 146.<br>" 177. London 55.<br>" 15. Sheffield 194.           |
| Nov. 27. Wednesday.               |                                                               | Hymn 194. Melcombe 114.<br>" 165. Keble 112.                                  |
|                                   | Venite—Aylward.<br>Te Deum—Hodge.<br>Jubilate—Hayes.          | Magnificat—Woodward.<br>Nunc Dimittis—Woodward.                               |

 The numbers after the names of the tunes refer to the Choir only.

The Canticles used at the Morning and Evening Services have been printed for the use of the Choir and Congregation. They are pointed according to the method adopted by the Church of St. John in chanting these parts of Divine Worship. They can be procured of Mr. John Graham, Bridge Terrace, for 2d. each.

THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|        |                                                                   |       |                   |       |                    |
|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|-------------------|-------|--------------------|
| Nov. 1 | All Saint's Day.                                                  |       |                   |       |                    |
| 3      | 23 SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.                                           | Morn. | Prov. 11—Luke 19. | Even. | Prov. 12—Col. 3.   |
| 10     | 24 SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.                                           | Morn. | Prov. 13—John 2.  | Even. | Prov. 14—2 Th. 1.  |
| *17    | 25 SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY.                                           | Morn. | Prov. 15—John 9.  | Even. | Prov. 16—1 Tim. 6. |
| 24     | SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT.                                             | Morn. | Prov. 17—John 16. | Even. | Prov. 19—Philemon. |
| 27     | WED. Litany Service and<br>Lecture on Holy Communion at 7:15 p.m. |       |                   |       |                    |

\* The Collect, Epistle, and Gospel of 6th Sunday after Epiphany to be used this day.

THE HOLY COMMUNION is celebrated at Morning Service on the first Sunday, and at Evening Service on the second Sunday, of the Month.

BAPTISMS AND CHURCHINGS on Sundays at three o'clock in the afternoon; on Wednesdays and Fridays at half-past ten a.m. The last of the three rubrics before the service for the public Baptism of Infants directs that "When there are children to be baptised, the parents shall give knowledge thereof over night or in the morning." This notice can be given to the Clerk or Sexton.

A BIBLE CLASS will meet on Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, in No. 5, Brunswick Street.

A COTTAGE LECTURE is held at Mrs. Stevenson's, Chapel Street, every Thursday evening at Seven o'clock.

CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.—Divine Service every Sunday evening at six o'clock. Baptisms and Churchings on those evenings, and also on Tuesday afternoons at three o'clock. Notice of Baptisms and Churchings to be given over night or in the morning to Mr. Lee, Saw Mills.



**Johanna Sebus,  
THE BRAVE MAIDEN OF THE RHINE.**

FROM THE GERMAN.



HAT a brave woman's heart can do, in which the love of Christ dwells through a living faith, the following true story of female heroism will prove:—

In the Duchy of Cleves, where the Rhine slowly flows, like a weary old man, through a wide-spreading flat country, its shores are girt by lofty embankments, for the river is not always so quiet and peaceful. There are times when he is rather like some wild and fiery youth. For instance, when heavy rains have swollen his waters, or when the thick covering of ice, which he has borne through the winter, breaks at last with a



sudden thaw. Such times are bad for these flat shores, even though strong embankments inclose the broad bed of the Rhine; for if the rush of waters is too powerful, or the masses of ice which are floated down by the stream dash against each other and the banks in all directions, then the river breaks down the embankments, and lays under water the whole country, and all human habitations for miles around; and it has even happened that the whole stream, bursting through a broken embankment, seeks a new bed, and sweeps away before it houses, and cattle, and everything which has the misfortune to stand in its way.

It is a terrible sight when the river has thus become a broad lake, and one can only see the tops of the trees, the chimneys of the houses, and the towers and roofs of the churches, standing out above this wide wilderness of waters. Then the heavy heart inquires: "What has become of the poor people who dwelt there? Were they saved in time, or has the wild Rhine buried them in its floods?" Alas! many lives have already been thus sacrificed, and many more will be, whenever again the river breaks down its embankments. Whoever remembers the winter of 1809, will recollect that it was one of the severest that had been for years. The snow in the hard-frozen land had reached a height of a foot and a-half, and was most firmly cemented together. The Rhine was coated with ice of unusual thickness and solidity, so that even heavily-laden waggons could pass over it without danger. In the middle of January there came a thaw. The enormous body of water from the melting snow, which could not penetrate into the frozen earth, rushed down through every furrow, and brook, and stream, and river, to the Rhine. The waters thus increased, speedily broke the thick ice-covering which was over them, and then the flood rolled the mighty masses of ice over each other, and against the embankments. Above the town of Cleves the embankment gave way, and the swollen river overflowed the whole country, and increased to such an extent that many houses in the lower part of the town were standing with the ground-floors quite under water.

If things were so bad within the town, they were worse in the flat, open country. In many villages the people sat on their roofs; the women and children, benumbed with damp and cold, cried for help. Their cattle were all drowned, their store of provisions all destroyed, and for their poor, wretched lives, there was no deliverance, for the waters were undermining the foundations of the houses, so that every moment they expected them to fall in and bury them in the floods. Some who had seized a branch, or a floating piece of furniture, swam helplessly round, till, benumbed with cold, they slipped off, and sank in the waters, and were released from all earthly sorrow. Boats manned by brave watermen, indeed, rowed around, and strove to save the poor unfortunates; but they were too feeble to cope with the wild stream of the unchained floods, and not a few of these, too, were drowned through the upsetting of the boats.

But soon the disaster below Cleves became still greater, for at the Spey, about a mile further down than Cleves, several embankments gave way at the same time, and the raging flood tore up and carried away everything with it—houses, cottages, men, and cattle.

Not far from this place stood the house of a widow named Sebus; she, her brave daughter Johanna, and the widow Van Beek, with her three little children, dwelt there. Johanna was a girl of seventeen years of age, strong in body, of a handsome countenance, but, what is worth more than all, of pure heart and conduct, full of true love and unfeigned faith in Christ, her Redeemer and her Lord. Although the water had already risen very high, and was even now over the embankment of Clevesham, yet the women had no idea of the magnitude of the danger. They could easily have saved themselves had they imagined that which so soon, and suddenly as lightning, came upon them. A rush of water, which had been inclosed by a barrier of ice higher up, broke the embankment of Clevesham. Then the roaring, foaming torrent, burst with irresistible power into the house of the widow Sebus, and a paralysing dread seized the women. Johanna alone retained her presence of mind, and lively trust in God. Without a moment's delay she seized her old mother, helpless through terror, and wading through the water, bore her on her back to a hill about two hundred paces distant from the house, which stood out above the floods as a place of refuge.

When the courageous maiden had saved her beloved mother, she said to her,—“Now, I will hasten back to the rescue of widow Van Beek and her children. Then I will fetch our goat, so that you may not want for milk, dear mother.

“Stop, child, stop! it is too late!” implored her mother; but Johanna was deaf to her entreaties.

“I must save them,” cried the noble girl, as she stepped boldly through the foaming waters towards an hillock some distance off, where widow Von Beek and her children had taken refuge, but over which the flood was, from minute to minute, rapidly rising. Johanna fights—she struggles with the waters—at last she reaches the hill. But, alas! now her sorrowing mother sees that a return from thence is no longer possible, for the flood is increasing so fearfully, that now, were she to leave the hill, the waters would be over her head.

Widow Von Beek sank into inconsolable despair when she beheld death gradually and swiftly drawing nigh. Covering her head and the heads of her children in their clothes, she cast herself with them headlong into the wild, raging waters. Johanna stood there alone, calm and still, with clasped hands. One glance she cast over to where her beloved mother despairingly was wringing her hands; another she raised up to that heaven to which she so soon hoped to go. Her lips moved gently in prayer, her features seemed illuminated by a heavenly glory; and then, a mighty wave tore away the earth hillock on which she stood, and buried her in the foaming waters!

When the floods had subsided, they found the corpse of the noble maiden near the church of the village of Rindern, and there she was interred. Her mother was saved, but deep sorrow ever after dwelt in her soul. A new house was built for her near the place, where afterwards a monument was erected to her brave and pious daughter; but her heart broke before the house was finished. Many, many mourned for the noble-minded maiden, whose memory long endured in all their hearts, while, on the spot where she died, a monument serves to keep her deed of love ever in remembrance.

## Troubles and Blessings.



OUR troubles ! what are they ? Let's drive them away,

By counting the blessings of every day :

The work is so scarce, and the weather so cold,

The children so hungry, the clothes are so old,

The wages so low, and the prices so high,

There is little to spend, and a great deal to buy.

Though the work may be scarce, yet there's something to earn ;

Though the winter is cold, yet the weather will turn ;

Though the little ones cry when we can't give them bread,

We can trust them to Him Who the young ravens fed,

Who clothes the white lilies they pick in their play,

And watches His children by night and by day.

Though wages be low, there are many who still

Have no work to do, though they have all the will :

Though prices be high, and the rent we must find,

Perhaps we've a landlord who's patient and kind,

And in spending our money, if things are well bought,

We shall find that it brings us far more than we thought.

It may be we've health and have plenty of friends —

Of the blessings of this world the best that God sends ;

We've the green earth beneath us, the blue sky above,

The bright sun to cheer us, and hearts full of love :

If we would but perceive it, we've things of our own

Might be envied by monarchs who sit on a throne.

There are briars and brambles in every one's lot,

From the palace of wealth to the labourer's cot ;

But the roses and thorns both spring from one root,

And the rough-looking bramble bears blossoms and fruit ;

And the life that seems hardest with grief and with care,

May train us for heaven by patience and prayer.

There are many who wander and wearily roam,

There are many who sigh for the blessings of home ;

But whatever their troubles, their pleasures how small,

There is one place of refuge stands open to all —

There each will be welcomed, as friend and as guest,

In the House of our God to find comfort and rest.

Whate'er we may lose there's one thing will endure —

A character honest, a mind that is pure :

While good makes us thankful, and sin makes us sad,

We still have occasion to hope and be glad ;

And instead of complaints, when in sorrow we mourn,

Let us think we've a Pattern how all may be borne.

If we comfort the hearts that have worse things to bear,

We shall lighten our own of their burden of care ;

'Twill remind us, when tempted our griefs to rehearse,

There is nothing so bad but it might have been worse.

So our troubles will vanish, our cares fly away,

In recounting the blessings of every day.



## The Cannibal Fans of Africa.



CHRISTIAN people are very loth to believe that any human beings exist so degraded as to eat each other. We shudder when we read of shipwrecked mariners driven, by the maddening pangs of hunger and thirst, to cast lots which of their number shall be put to death, that the rest may be kept alive by eating his flesh and drinking his blood.

But a recent traveller in Africa, M. Du Chaillu,\* assures us that he has visited, and sojourned for a season, with the *Fans*, a tribe of Africans, who regularly, and as a matter of course, eat human flesh.

At first, the Fans thought that the man with the white skin and straight hair must be a spirit, and shrunk from him in terror; but by degrees, when he had given them some strings of white beads, they were emboldened, and welcomed him to their villages and hunting expeditions.

M. Du Chaillu found the Fan men strong, tall, well-made, and active. They were almost naked. They had no cloth about the middle, but used instead the soft inside bark of a tree, over which, in front, was suspended the skin of some wild-cat or tiger. They had their teeth filed, which gave the face a ghastly and ferocious look, and some had the teeth blackened besides. Their hair, or "wool," was drawn out into long thin plaits; on the end of each stiff plait were strung some white beads, or copper or iron rings. Some wore feather caps, but others wore long queues, made of their own wool and a kind of tow, dyed black and mixed with it, and giving the wearer a most grotesque appearance.

Over their shoulders was suspended the huge country knife, and in their hands were spears and the great shield of elephant-hide, and about the necks and bodies of all were hung a variety of *greegrees*, or charms, which rattled as they walked. These charms consisted of fingers and tails of monkeys; of human hair, skin, teeth, bones; of clay, old nails, copper chains, shells; feathers, claws, and skulls of birds; pieces of iron, copper, or wood; seeds of plants, &c.

The women were much smaller than the men, and very ugly; and most had their bodies painted red, and their teeth filed sharp. They carried their babies in a sling or rest, made of some kind of tree-bark, and fastened to the neck of the mother.

"Such" (writes the traveller) "were the strange people who crowded round about me, examining every part of my person and dress that I would allow to be touched, but especially wondering at my hair and my feet. On my feet I had boots; and as my trowsers lay over these, they thought, naturally enough, that these boots were my veritable feet, and wondered greatly that my face should be of one colour, and the feet of another. I showed myself to as great advantage as I knew how, and surprised them very much—as I wished to do—by shooting a couple of swallows on the wing. This was thought a wonderful feat."

The traveller ventured to trust himself in the villages of these savages. Here is his account of some of the horrors he saw in them:—

"As we entered the town I perceived some bloody remains, which looked to me to be human, but I passed on still incredulous. Presently we passed a woman who

\* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.* London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. From which these extracts are kindly permitted.



"NDIATAI, THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL FANS."

solved all doubt, for she bore with her, as if from market, a piece of the thigh of a human body.

"The whole village was much excited, and the women and children greatly scared, at my presence. All fled into the houses as we passed through what appeared the main street—a long lane, in which I saw here and there human bones lying about. At last we arrived at the palaver-house. Here we were left for a long while, though we heard great shoutings going on at a little distance. I was told by one of them afterwards, that they had been busy dividing the body of a dead man, and that there was not enough for all.

"Presently the people flocked in, and before long we were presented to the king. This personage was a ferocious-looking fellow, whose body was painted red, and whose face, chest, stomach, and back, were tattooed in a rude but very effective manner. He was covered with charms, and fully armed, as were all the Fans who now crowded the house to see me. All wore queues, but the queue of Ndiayai, the king, was the biggest of all. Brass anklets jingled as he walked. His beard was plaited in several plaits, which also contained white beads, and stuck out stiffly from his face. His teeth were filed sharp, and coloured black; so that the mouth of this old cannibal, when he opened it, put me in mind of a tomb. By and by I was conducted to my house. The village consisted mostly of a single street, about 800 yards long. The houses were small, only eight or ten feet long, five or six wide, and four or five in height, with slanting roofs. They were built of bark, and the roofs were of a kind of matting made of the leaves of the palm-tree. The doors run up to the eaves, about four feet high, and there are no windows. In these houses they cook, eat, sleep, and keep their store of provisions, the chief of which is the smoked game and smoked human flesh, hung up to the rafters.

"Towards evening we retired to our houses. I called the king into mine and gave him a large bunch of white beads, a looking-glass, a file, a fire-steel, and some gun-flints. His face was fairly illuminated with joy, and he took his leave highly pleased. Presently afterwards one of the queens brought me a basketful of bananas. Some of these were already cooked, and these I at once refused, having a loathing of the flesh-pots of these people. I stated at once my fixed purpose to have all my cooking done for me in my own kettles, and did not mean to be involved in man-eating, even at second-hand.

"While I was talking with the king one day, the Fans brought in a dead body which they had bought in a neighbouring town, and which was now to be divided. I could see that the man had died of some disease. I remained till the infernal scene of cutting up the body was about to begin, and then retreated. It made me sick all over.

"Eating the bodies of persons who have died of sickness is a form of cannibalism of which I had never heard among any people; so that I inquired if it was a general custom among the Fans, and I was informed that they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who, in return, buy theirs.

"Till I heard this, I never could believe these two stories which are told of them:—A party of Fans, who came down to the sea-shore, once actually stole a freshly-buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them. And, at another time, a party of them conveyed a body into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them."

These Fans, as you would expect, are terribly ignorant and superstitious. They believe in witchcraft, and commonly put to death those accused of it. They have great faith in charms, and even little children are covered with these talismans, duly consecrated by the doctor or greegree-man of the tribe. Their gods are huge idols—one in each village; and their worship consists in rude dances and singing. Yet, in spite of their hateful habit, which brutalises them beyond all other heathen nations, the Fans are hospitable and energetic, and have both courage and ingenuity.

God grant that the fearless and enterprising traveller may be the pioneer of the teachers of Christianity and concomitant civilisation; and soon may the light of God's truth shine in these "dark places of the earth," which now "are full of the habitations of cruelty," and of loathsome uncleanness!



## The Ostrich.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



THE Ostrich (*Struthio camelus*) is frequently mentioned in the Bible.

It is the largest of all known birds, and so swift, that its capture is often made at the cost of the lives of one or two horses.

The ostrich utters a loud cry, which is sometimes mistaken for the roar of the lion. This loud wailing is referred to in Micah, i. 8,—“I will wail and howl . . . I will make a mourning as the ostriches.” The ostrich has been from the earliest times considered by the Arabs to

be a foolish bird; indeed, where we should say, “Silly as a goose,” the Arabs would say, “Silly as an ostrich.” This bird, however, is by no means devoid of cunning and sagacity; and nothing short of dogged perseverance will enable the hunter to take it; ambuscades and artifices are of no avail against its extreme wariness.

The eggs of the ostrich are deposited in a hole scratched in the sand, and are then covered over to the depth of about a foot. It is often said that the ostrich does not sit on her eggs, but that she leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun: this is not the case, however, excepting just within the tropics, where the eggs are left for some part of the day. At some little distance from the nest the old birds place other eggs, which are destined to serve as food for the young when hatched; these are, doubtless, “the eggs which a foot may crush,” referred to in Job, xxxix. 16.

The ostrich, though when undiscovered by man it shows great care for its nest or young, will often forsake them when molested. This fact, coupled with the apparent neglect of the supernumerary eggs, which are seen to lie scattered about on the surface of the sand, will explain the cruelty attributed to this bird in Lam. iv. 3, and the passage of Job referred to above.

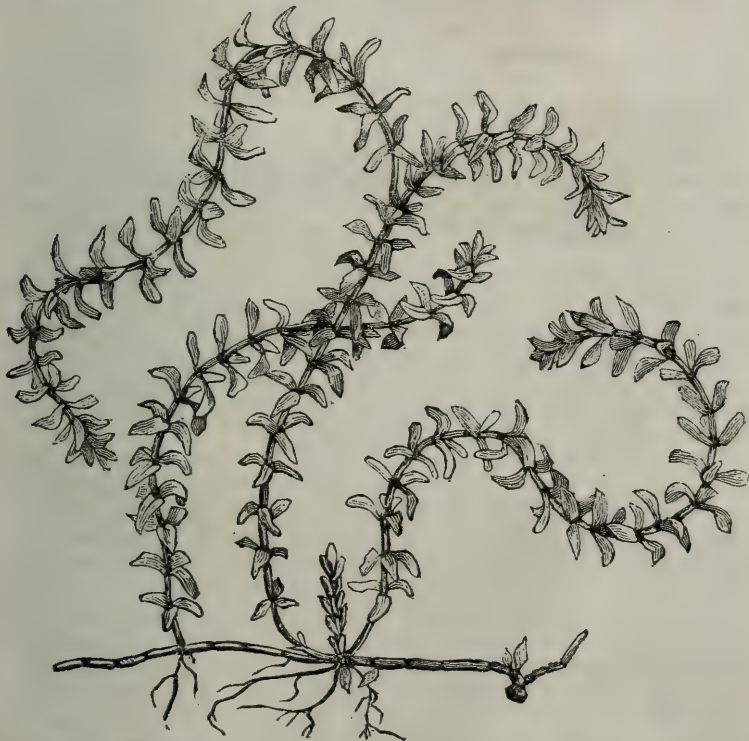
The ostrich (the Hebrew word is wrongly rendered “owl,” in our version, Lev. xi. 16) was not allowed by the Levitical law to be eaten; but its flesh is used by the Arabs of West Africa, and is said to be sweet and wholesome. Ostriches will swallow iron, stones, glass, &c., which they do, no doubt, to assist the action of the gizzard. Dr. Shaw saw one of these birds swallow several leaden bullets scorching hot from the mould!

The plumes so much prized are the white feathers of the wings.

## The American Water-Weed.



NEW water-weed made its appearance in rivers and streams in different parts of England in the year 1852, which was so rapid in its growth that it threatened to become a hindrance to river and canal navigation. In the Cam, barges had to be drawn by extra horses; and in some parts of the Trent, and elsewhere, fishermen were unable to use their nets. It was observed, that when fragments were detached from the brittle stems they became independent plants, producing roots as they travelled down the stream, or clung to the sides by the numerous teeth with which the leaves are furnished. There are various opinions respecting its introduction into this



country. Mr. Babington thinks that the seeds must have adhered to some American timber. It is well known that timber is floated down the American rivers, and if but one seed found its way into a crevice in a log of wood, on its way to England, it is sufficient to account for the numbers of plants which now exist, especially as our water-courses form an almost continuous chain. It does not increase in America as with us, the sluggish state of our rivers encouraging its growth; though here it seldom flowers, and never produces seed. It is known to boatmen as Water Thyme.

R. B.

## Highland Reapers.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, AUTHOR OF "GLENCREGGAN."



It is the twelfth day of September, and the weather continues as gloriously fine and bright as it has been nearly every day for the last five or six weeks. The fields are cleared of the golden grain; the stack-yards are filled with mighty ricks; many harvest-homes have been held, with more of drunkenness (alas!) and sottishness than should be found in the rejoicings of Christian husbandmen; and a few Harvest Festivals have been held here and there in which the Lord of the Harvest has been paid the honour due unto His name, and in which the rich and poor have met together with one accord, and have found their holiday all the more enjoyable from having been begun as a holy day. Once again, by God's goodness, and in a manner as unexpected as it is undeserved, are we spared the prospect of a famine of bread, and have seen the valleys standing thick with corn, to fill our hearts with food and gladness.

Surely, our farmers have never known a more favourable season for the ingathering of their crops. It is as a Huntingdonshire farmer said to me only this morning,—“We finished harvest last night—cleared up the last of our beans, and everything; and, from the beginning to the end, we have not had half-an-hour's hindrance from bad weather.” But, although such a fine harvest month has rarely been known in England, yet it has been far different in Scotland and Ireland. So mysterious are the works of God, that, while England has been blessed with the most seasonable harvest weather, the sister kingdoms of Ireland and Scotland have been visited with continuous and heavy rains, which in some districts have destroyed the potato-crops and seriously injured the grain.

Cantire (where the sketch of the *Highland Reapers* was made\*) is the name of the peninsula that forms the southern part of the county of Argyle, and it is a very interesting though but little-known district of the Western Highlands. The Scottish monarchy first began in Cantire thirteen hundred years ago, and its chief town, Dalruadhain (which is now called Campbellton), was the capital of the Scottish kingdom three hundred years before Edinburgh sprang into existence. It was a chief territory of the powerful Lords of the Isles, and contained some of their most important castles and strongholds; and it was the first part of Western Scotland where Christianity took root: for thither (from Ireland) went St. Kieran, and his pupil the famous Columba, who preached the Gospel in Cantire before its good tidings had been proclaimed in Iona, or in any other part of the Western Highlands and Islands.

Cantire is a Gaelic word, and signifies “the land's end;” and it is the end of Scotland that comes nearest to Ireland. Gaelic is the old language of Scotland, and is still spoken by most of the Cantire people; and, on Sundays, they have generally one service in Gaelic

\* See *Glencreggan; or, a Highland Home in Cantire*. By Cuthbert Bede. With 3 maps, 8 chromo-lithographs, and numerous woodcuts from designs by the Author. 2 vols. post 8vo. Longman and Co.



and another in English. When you hear them talking with each other in the harvest-fields it will be in the Gaelic language that they are conversing, although they can speak to you in English as well. So, in this respect, they perhaps are cleverer than you may be; for they can converse in two languages, and you may only be able to talk in one. But their English is sometimes difficult to understand.

The Highland women work in the corn-fields quite as much as the men do. They generally wear a loose cotton jacket and a short dark-blue petticoat, and they look very picturesque as they move about among the corn, sickle in hand. Wordsworth wrote a beautiful poem about a

“Solitary Highland lass  
Reaping and singing by herself;”

and describes her as

“Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.”

The Hebrides are the Western Islands of Scotland, and the six

most southern islands (including the large islands of Islay and Jura) are plainly visible from Cantire, and, washed on all sides by the Atlantic Ocean, make a beautiful feature in the seaward views. The older Highland women wear a large white cap, called “the mutch,” and the younger girls very rarely wear anything on their heads, unless it is in the corn-fields; when they will,



perhaps, put on a “wide-awake hat,” like the damsel in the sketch. At other times they will throw their plaids or cloaks over their heads, by way of a bonnet. It is only in the harvest-field (and on Sundays and state occasions) that the women wear shoes and stockings. They are obliged to do this among the sharp stubble, to prevent their feet being cut and maimed; but at their own houses, and out in the roads and streets, they, and their children, always walk about with naked legs and feet. Perhaps we may have something to say on this point on a future occasion, and also on the skill they show in training the feet.

## **Her Foundations are upon the Holy Hills.**



LOVE to gaze upon the *Church*  
Where dearest friends have often pray'd ;  
I love to gaze upon the *graves*  
Where dearest friends are sleeping laid.

There, as the ray of evening fades,  
Musing, unseen, I take my stand ;  
And fancy oft holds converse sweet  
With shadows of the sainted band.

I love the cheerful *Sabbath-bell*,  
Faint emblem of the call of God,  
Inviting all to come, and learn  
The path that leads to His abode.

I love the Church's *Form of Prayer*,  
Including all that sinners want ;  
I love her joyful *hymns of praise*,  
Sweet foretaste of angelic chant.

I love the *Doctrines* of the *Church*,  
All drawn from Scripture, God's own Word ;  
All guide to faith and holiness,  
All rest upon the Saviour Lord.

Her *holy Sacraments* I love,—  
Simple, significant, divine :  
Here sin's malignity is shown,  
Here the great love of Christ doth shine.

Her *Fabric*, too, I reverence —  
Good work of holy men of old ;  
In roof, arch, column, everywhere,  
Devotion's bounty I behold.

But at the crowded *Hour of Prayer*  
Its choicest features then I trace ;  
The place so solemn seems to say,  
" Surely the Lord is in this place !"

Thither I press with willing feet,  
And quick my cares and sorrows cease ;  
For *me* I see a Saviour bleed,—  
I hear " a still small voice " of peace.

Oh ! that all lov'd the Gospel Church,  
And pray'd for her prosperity ;  
That worshippers may fill her courts,  
And peace within her walls may be !

Our *Fathers* dearly loved the Church,—  
They thought her holy, just, and good ;  
Our Fathers proved their steadfast love  
In that for her they shed their blood.

The Church they loved, that same is ours;  
And can their children seek her harm?  
Their blessed spirits round her watch;  
God in her cause will bare His arm.

Ne'er, ne'er shall godless men prevail,  
Though hell with foes in league engage;  
Against our *nursing mother* Church  
Vain will be all their furious rage.

Though thrones should fall, and empires fade,  
And earth to very centre shake,  
The Church, built on the Rock of Christ,  
Shall stand till all the dead awake!

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## Short Sermon.

---

### Which is Wiser?

BY W. C. MAGEE, D.D. RECTOR OF ENNISKILLEN.

LUKE, xvi. 8.—*For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.*



THESE words are our Lord's comment upon the parable which He had just spoken to His disciples. The parable is that well-known one which describes the device of the unjust steward to escape the consequences of his dishonesty. This device was so ingenious as to force even the master, whom he had wronged, to praise him for the ingenuity of it. The lord—that is, the lord of the unjust steward, not our Lord, as too many suppose—commended the unjust steward “because he had done wisely.” Injured as he was, he could not help admiring the cleverness of the man who had injured him.

Now, it is this cleverness, this shrewd worldly wisdom of the steward, to which our Lord draws the attention of His disciples. He compares it with the wisdom of His followers, and pronounces it greater than theirs. “The children of this world,” He tells them, such as this steward, “are wiser in their generation than the children of light.”

Two questions arise for us out of this saying of our Lord's:—  
1st. Who are the children of the world, and the children of light?  
2d. Wherein are the former wiser than the latter?

The first question is easily answered. The children of the world and the children of light, are just those two classes into which all mankind are divided,—those who have chosen their portion in this life, and those who have chosen it in the next.

On the *one* hand, “the men of this world, who mind earthly things,” and those alone; who choose Earth instead of Heaven, Time



instead of Eternity, God's creatures instead of God their Creator. On the *other* hand, those who "are not of this world," whose conversation and citizenship is in Heaven; who have chosen Eternity rather than Time, the Creator before and above all creatures. These two classes include all men: to one or other each one of us belongs. There is no middle class. No man can be at once a man of this world and a child of light.

But, wherein are the children of this world wiser than the children of light?

Not, certainly, in the choice that they have made. This is so foolish, that the man who makes it is called in Scripture *the* fool. The most foolish, that is, of all fools. The fool who says in his heart, "There is no God;" the fool who says to his soul, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," are simply men of this world, who resolve to have no other Heaven, and no other God, than this present evil world. And yet it is these very men whom our Lord proposes to us as examples of wisdom. How is this? How are they wiser than those whose choice is so much wiser than theirs?

They are wiser "*in their generation.*" Not absolutely, that is, but relatively. Having regard only to the way in which they act in their day and generation, they act more wisely than the children of light do *in theirs*. The men of this world, having chosen it for their portion, show more wisdom with respect to it than Christians show with respect to that world which they have chosen for their portion. In short, our Lord proposes the wisdom of the men of this world in their management of things temporal, as an example to Christians in their management of things spiritual. He bids us be as wise in carrying out our choice of the next world, as they are in carrying out their choice of this world.

Let us see, then, how they excel us in this respect, and how we may imitate them with advantage.

In the first place, then, the men of this world are consistent and single-minded. There can be no success in any pursuit without this. A double-minded man is "unstable as water;" he never excels. The man of this world feels this: he knows that if he were to allow any thought of the other world to interfere with his devotion to this, he would so far fail in his great object, which is to possess and enjoy this world only, and accordingly he puts away such thoughts altogether. God is not in all his thoughts, Heaven is not in all his desires. The law of God is never regarded by him: the society of God's people he avoids; their opinions he despises. He never dreams of denying himself any gain, or any pleasure, for fear of what "the saints" might think or say of him, or because of what the Word of God says to him. The only thing that ever troubles him, the voice within, he stifles into silence. He has made his choice, and he abides by it, resolutely, consistently, with a single eye and a devoted heart.

Is it so with the child of light? He has chosen the world of light and life for his portion. Does he abide by his choice, and walk in light as becomes a child of light? Does he disregard the maxims, and despise the censure, of the men of this world? Does he resolutely exclude every thought of this world that interferes with his enjoyment of that other world to which he professes

to belong? Does he ever strive to escape from the atmosphere of earth, and rise to that of heaven, as the man of this world seeks ever to escape from the atmosphere of heaven for that of earth? In one word, does he, the child of God and child of light, find his true home in the light of God's presence, and his true joy in the smile of God's love? and does he seek them with as single, as earnest, as devoted a heart, as the man of this world seeks the joys it has to give, and the home it has to offer him? Or is he not too often wavering in his choice, distracted in his desires, half given to God half devoted to the creature, walking with uncertain gait, because with unsteady aim? Now "pressing forward to the mark of the prize of his high calling," now turning aside for some corruptible crown of this world's fading glories; now fearing God, and now seeking to please man; now all for the next world, and now nearly all for this. Is it any wonder that he so often falls short, that he fails so often of success in the heavenly life? He wants the first element of success—a single mind. Surely in this "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light."

Again, the men of this world are earnest in their pursuit of their great aim. They give themselves energetically to their business, whatever it may be, neglect no opportunities, despise no means of forwarding it. They know that industry is essential to success; they despise the idle trifler who cannot, or will not, "give his mind to his business," and they succeed accordingly. "They have their reward" for rising early and late taking rest, and eating the bread of carefulness, they "get on in life," and that is all they desire. How is it with the Christian? Religion is his great business; to lay up treasure in heaven is his great aim. Does he work at his business as the man of this world does at his? Is he diligent, painstaking, energetic, watchful for all opportunities, careful of all means of spiritual gain? Is he resolute in denying himself all indulgences that can interfere with his success in the great purpose of his life? or is he not too often "slothful in business," instead of "fervent in spirit"—negligent of opportunities, wasteful of means, self-indulgent, to the manifest hindrance of his spiritual life? And is he not, in consequence, too often poor, and miserable, and naked, when he might be rich, and increased with goods—clothed only in the rags to which indolence brings him, instead of in the fine linen of the saint's righteousness, to be bought with watching and prayer from God? Surely here, too, "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light."

Lastly. The man of this world is remarkable for his practical sagacity. Long habits of calculation, and a close regard for his own interest, have made him so shrewd and clear-sighted, so quick in deciding, so prompt in action, that he seems to have a kind of instinctive knowledge—a fine tact, by which he at once, and almost unconsciously, sees what is for his interest, and what is not. "His senses are exercised by long use to discern between good and evil."

But, are the children of light as practically sagacious as the men of this world? Have they come by long and constant practice of the rules of their art to be so skilled in them that they have no need at every moment to consult them? Or are they too often so little

skilled in the spiritual life that they are constantly at a loss for guidance—doubting, hesitating, anxious, when they should be prompt, confident, decided—learning the rules of their business when they should be practising them—having need that one should teach them the very first principles of the oracles of God? Surely here, again, the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.

And if this be so,—and who is there who does not feel that it is so?—If the children of this world are really so much wiser in their generation than the children of light are in theirs—Why is it so? How comes it that the one are so successful, the other so unsuccessful, in the aims they respectively pursue? The reason is very simple. The one believe with all their heart in the world they have chosen; the others do not. The man of this world makes it his god, looks up to it, believes in it, obeys it, loves it, with all his heart and soul. And he acts accordingly; his life is as single and as simple as his belief; he becomes altogether a man of this world, and of this alone. The Christian chooses God for his portion—looks to Him, believes in Him, loves Him; but not with his whole heart. This present evil world stands so full in his view, seems so great and so powerful, that he cannot always see it as it is, only the shadow of the invisible, the outward form and fashion that is fast passing away. He partly believes in it, and, therefore, he partly loves and obeys it. He only partly acts out his choice of another world, and another God, and, therefore, he only partly succeeds in leading the life which is not of this world, but is from God and in God.

Here, then, is the folly of the child of light and the wisdom of the man of this world. Let me close with a brief word of counsel to each:

To the “child of light,” we say: Make the man of the world your model, for the wisdom with which he pursues the end he has chosen. Be as single-minded, as zealous, as practically sagacious in your religious life, as he is in his worldly life, and you will succeed as completely as he does. You will become as truly a child of light as he is of this world. To the “man of this world” we say: Remember, you are wise only *in your generation*—wise for time—mad as regards eternity. You are earnestly, resolutely, wisely, with a most perfect selection of the best and surest means of success, working out your own perdition! The end of the course you are following is DEATH!—to that, and for that, you are working successfully. Consider, we beseech you to consider, that plain question of profit and loss which our Lord propounds to you and all men of this world,—“What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”





THE  
PARISH MAGAZINE  
FOR DECEMBER, 1861.

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PARISH MAGAZINE. — *Yearly Subscriptions, 1s. 6d. or 2s. Single Copies may be had at the ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS, the CHURCH INSTITUTE, of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, Bridge Terrace, Mr. L. HALL, Albert Street; and at the Christian Knowledge and National Societies' Depôt, Blackwellgate.*

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THE OFFERTORY.

**E**VERY one must regard with satisfaction the progress which is now being made in the Offertory movement. Some years ago, it was regarded as a party characteristic, and, consequently, met with little sympathy from many estimable Churchmen, who are now seen in the ranks of its warmest adherents. Happily, the prejudice is now generally extinct, and this scriptural institution is countenanced by all, and earnestly recommended by many, of the English Bishops. In the important city of Manchester, the proposed revival of the Offertory in all Churches has been zealously taken up; and a meeting of Clergy and Laity was held in the Town Hall, on Wednesday Nov. 6th, last. The objects, for which they met to consider the best means of promoting, are well stated in a letter circulated by Mr Duval, the Secretary, and the resolutions adopted by the Churchwardens in August, are eminently satisfactory as recording the opinions of many earnest and intelligent laymen holding an official position in the Church.

The objects of the movement, Mr Duval states, were—

“To induce Churches to adopt generally the system of ‘weekly offerings,’ as suggested by St. Paul (“On the first day of the week,” &c.), and enjoined by the Book of Common Prayer.

To effect, by the application of the Scriptural system of weekly offerings, church extension on self-supporting principles, and on a scale adequate to the vast and spiritually-neglected population of our town parishes.

To apply a portion (at least) of the surplus revenues of the Manchester Cathedral, primarily, to the restoration of the true parochial system of free and unappropriated churches in some of those parishes by endowments being substituted for pew-rents.

At a meeting of Churchwardens of the parish of Manchester, held at the Church Institute, on the 15th August, 1856, John Todd, Esq., senior Churchwarden, in the chair, a series of resolutions were adopted in favour of the three following desiderata:—

1. A weekly (or monthly) offertory from the whole congregation.
2. All collections in church for school, missionary, or other purposes, to be made in the way prescribed by the Prayer Book.
3. The annual distribution amongst every congregation of a printed account, showing the amount and application of the collections.

From this movement have resulted a more strict adherence to the directions of the Prayer Book and consequent considerable increase of funds for “pious and charitable uses;” the willing acquiescence of the laity whenever those directions are complied with; and a deep conviction of the great and irreparable loss inflicted on the church by not complying with them.

Hence, also, has sprung a “National Association for encouraging (amongst other objects) the adoption of the weekly offertory;” and also, more recently, a “society for promoting systematic beneficence,” formed under the auspices of Lord Carlisle, Sir Culling Eardley, Dr. Cather, and others, whose names are deservedly influential in the religious world.

The progress of this movement in Manchester during the last ten years, and the facts which have attended it, are such as to call for devout thankfulness to Almighty God, and to encourage those who, through good report and evil report, have not ceased to urge forward His work, as clearly set forth in holy scripture and by the Church of England.

Such facts are,—the entire success of the plan of collections at every service, in the St. Alban's school-room, which produce a sum greater absolutely than, and relatively to area four times as large as, the average yield of pew rents in each of the 67 churches in the parish of Manchester.

(2) The almost universal adoption of a monthly offertory from the whole congregation in churches where it had been before opposed.

(3) A weekly offertory at St. Mary's and St. Philip's, Hulme; Christ Church, Pendlebury; and other churches.

(4) The weekly evening collections in the Manchester Cathedral, by which the Sunday evening service is rendered self-supporting.

(5) and lastly. The almost entire subsidence of the party prejudices against the weekly offertory amongst Churchmen, and the growing favour with which it is regarded by Dissenters.

The time, therefore, seems to have arrived for a united effort in furtherance of the Christian duty of systematic giving to God, and in securing the freer access of all classes to Christian ordinances."

It is the intention of the Incumbent of St. John's, at the quarterly meeting of the Parochial Association on Tuesday evening, December 3rd., to bring the subject of the Offertory under the consideration of the members, and to recommend its adoption in the Church on the Sundays when the Holy Communion is celebrated. The system is familiar to a few of the members, who have already established a Household Offertory.

## ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.—THE NEW CODE.

THE Committee appointed by the School Managers of the County of Durham, at their meeting in an early week of October, to report upon the principles of the New Code, and its probable effect upon the Church Schools of the diocese, presented the result of their deliberations at an adjourned meeting of managers in the Town Hall of Durham, on Thursday, November 21st. The conclusions at which they had arrived are substantially the same as those formed by all other Diocesan Committees; and we do not remember such a unanimity of opinion existing upon any public question as upon the proposed scheme of the Privy Council. In the face of this united opposition from persons representing all shades of religious and political opinion, it is impossible, one would think, for the Government to maintain its ground; and those interested in the cause of Education may expect the withdrawal of the recent Orders in Council early next Session, and the adoption of fresh Minutes, embodying certain alterations in the Old Code, which the late report of the Educational Commissioners and the present discussion have established as being desirable for the welfare of our National Schools.

The leading points of the New Code to which the Committee took exception, were the dangerous exercise of uncontrolled power exhibited by the Minister of Education in its mode of issue—the upsetting of all arrangements with the existing managers and teachers of schools—and the extravagant estimation attached to the *results* as distinguished from the *means* of instruction. A minute and very careful examination of the Code convinced the Committee that so many elements of uncertainty surrounded the assistance offered by the Council, that the majority of our elementary schools would be withdrawn from government inspection; and that the check given to our Infant Schools would be irreparable for many years. It was at the same time most consolatory

to the Committee to observe that very many details are so egregiously impracticable that a year's working of the proposed Code would be enough for its burial under the official weight of absurdity and contrariness which are exhibited by them.

At the adjourned meeting, it was resolved that petitions be presented to Lord Palmerston, and to the House of Commons, against the adoption of the New Code as it is at present framed; and it was recommended, with a view to give weight to these memorials, that parochial petitions should be forwarded to the House of Commons in support of the same opinions. If such petitions as these were universally adopted the opposition to the New Minutes would be materially strengthened.

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### ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

A VESTRY Meeting was held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 19th, for the purpose of levying a rate towards the maintenance of the fabric and the celebration of divine worship. A rate of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d in the pound was unanimously agreed to.

There will be divine service at the Church every Wednesday evening at 7-15 during Advent, and until further notice.

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### ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLS.

A meeting of the subscribers held in the vestry of the Church on Monday evening, Nov. 19th, Messrs W. N. Hall, J. Browne, and T. B. Smith were elected to be managers.

At the yearly examination of Pupil Teachers connected with Schools in the Northern District, the Government Inspector (Rev. G. R. Moncreiff) awarded the first prize to Isabella Clark, and the fourth to Mary Jane Stockton, in the first class of the first year's apprentices. A prize has been adjudged to the former.

The treasurer thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the following donations:—Miss Mewburn, 2s 6d; Miss E. Mewburn, 2s 6d; Mrs Miscamble, 5s; and Miss Burnside, 5s.

The next meeting of the managers will be on Tuesday evening, December 10th, for passing the half-yearly accounts.

Many persons feeling a friendly interest in the welfare of the schools having expressed a wish to give a Tea Party for their benefit, we are happy to announce that the ladies are making arrangements for its taking place on St. John's Day, (December 27.).

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The Canticles used at the Morning and Evening Services have been printed for the use of the Choir and Congregation. They are pointed according to the method adopted by the Church of St. John in chanting these parts of Divine Worship. They can be procured of Mr. John Graham, Bridge Terrace, for 2d. each.

THE HOLY COMMUNION is celebrated at Morning Service on the first Sunday, and at Evening Service on the second Sunday, of the Month; likewise on Christmas Day.

BAPTISMS AND CHURCHINGS on Sundays at three o'clock in the afternoon; on Wednesdays and Fridays at half-past ten a.m. The last of the three rubrics before the service for the public Baptism of Infants directs that "When there are children to be baptised, the parents shall give knowledge thereof over night or in the morning." This notice can be given to the Clerk or Sexton.


CHAPEL OF EASE, ALBERT HILL.—Divine Service every Sunday evening at six o'clock. Baptisms and Churchings on those evenings, and also on Tuesday afternoons at three o'clock. Notice of Baptisms and Churchings to be given over night or in the morning to Mr. Lee, Saw Mills.



THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

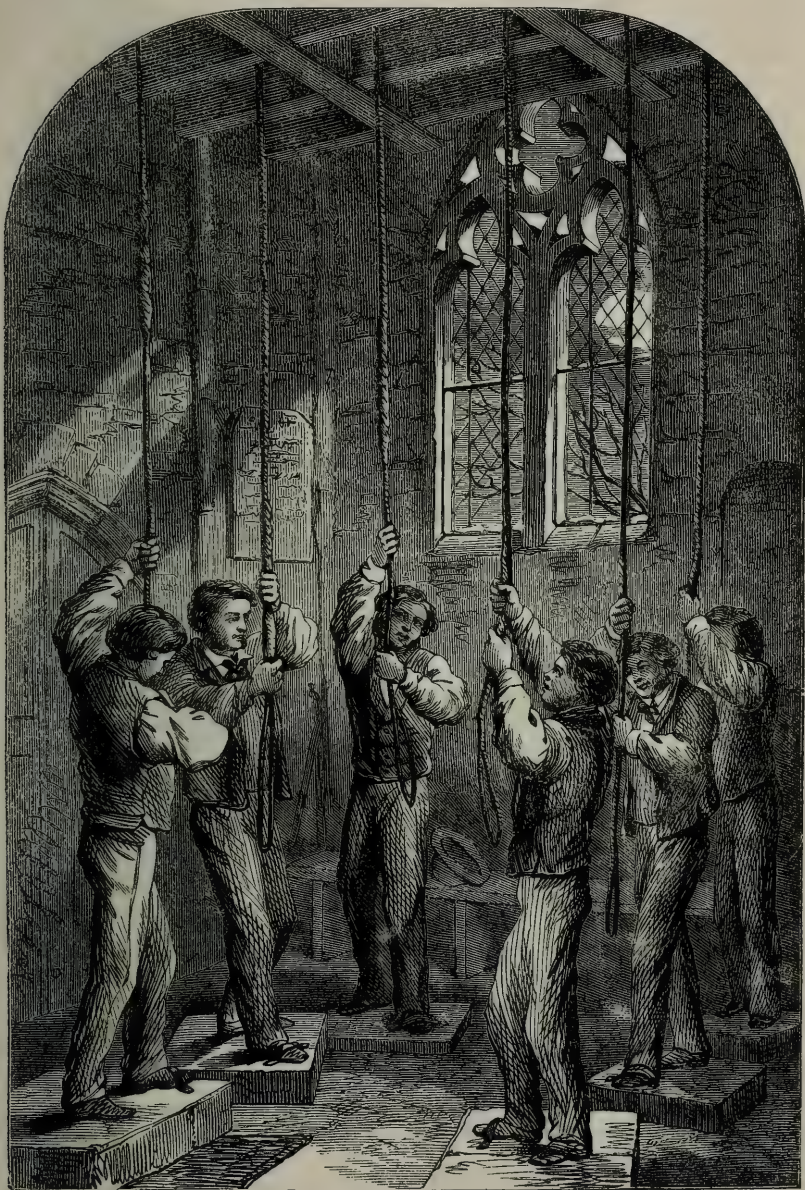
CHANTS AND HYMNS DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

|                                  | MORNING.                                                    | EVENING.                                                                    |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Dec. 1. Advent Sunday.           | Hymn 41. St. Katherine 176<br>Psalm 119. pt. iv. Abridge 27 | Hymn 94. Antwerp 172<br>" 71. Tallis 80<br>" 30. Luneberg 146               |
| Dec. 4. Wednesday.               |                                                             | Hymn 94. Antwerp 172<br>" 149. St. Cuthbert 152<br>" 100. Buttington 173    |
| Dec. 8. 2nd Sun. in Advent.      | Hymn 140. Jam Lucis 111<br>Psalm 23. St. Stephen 74         | Hymn 127. St. Cyril 191<br>" 66. Luther's 162                               |
| Dec. 11. Wednesday.              |                                                             | Hymn 71. Tallis 80<br>" 96. Hayes 195<br>" 101. Columbia 151                |
| Dec. 15. 3rd Sun. in Advent.     | Hymn 96. Hayes 195<br>Psalm 18. pt. iii. Angels' 94         | Hymn 94. Antwerp 172<br>" 140. Jam Lucis 111<br>" 165. Keble 112            |
| Dec. 18. Wednesday.              |                                                             | Hymn 41. St. Katherine 176<br>" 140. Jam Lucis 111<br>" 113. Columbia 151   |
| Dec. 22. 4th Sun. in Advent.     | Hymn 66. Luther's 162<br>Psalm 106. Eignbrook 103           | Hymn 71. Tallis 80<br>" 96. Hayes 195<br>" 15. Sheffield 194                |
| Dec. 25. Christmas Day.          | Hymn 31. Somerford 187<br>" 72. Innocents 145               | Hymn 13. Buttington 173<br>" 204. St. Augustine 29<br>" 74. Bedford 33      |
| Dec. 27. Sun. after Christ. Day. | Antm. St. John xiv. 15 16 v.<br>Hymn 74. Bedford 33         | Antm. St. John xiv. 15 16 v.<br>Hymn 197. Avison 95<br>" 186. Hempstead 177 |
|                                  | Venite—Aylward.<br>Te Deum—Hodge.<br>Jubilate—Hayes.        | Magnificat—Woodward.<br>Nunc Dimittis—Woodward.                             |

 The numbers after the names of the tunes refer to the Choir only.

THE MONTHLY CALENDAR.

|                                                             |                                                                                            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Dec. 1. ADVENT SUNDAY.                                      | Morn. Isaiah 1.—Acts 2.<br>Even. Isaiah 2.—Heb. 7.                                         |
| 4 WED. Litany Service and<br>Lecture at 7.15 p.m.           |                                                                                            |
| 8 2ND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.                                     | Morn. Isaiah 5—Acts 8.<br>Even. Isaiah 24—James 1.                                         |
| 11 WED. Litany Service and<br>Lecture.                      |                                                                                            |
| 15 3RD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.                                    | Morn. Isaiah 25—Acts 15.<br>Even. Isaiah 26—1 Peter 3.                                     |
| 18 WED. Litany Service and<br>Lecture.                      |                                                                                            |
| 22 4TH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.                                    | Morn. Isaiah 30—Acts 22.<br>Even. Isaiah 32—1 John 2.                                      |
| 25 † CHRISTMAS DAY.                                         | Morn. Isaiah 9 to v. 8—Luke 2 to v. 15.<br>Even. Isaiah 7, v. 10 to 17—Titus 3, v. 4 to 9. |
| 27 ST. JOHN'S DAY.                                          |                                                                                            |
| 29 Sunday after Christmas.                                  | Morn. Isaiah 37—Acts 26.<br>Even. Isaiah 38—2 John.                                        |
| † Proper Psalms. Morn. 19,<br>45, 85—Even. 89, 110,<br>132. |                                                                                            |



*Our Bells and their Ringers.*

## Our Bells and their Ringers.

BY THE JACKDAW OF THE STEEPLE.



THE other day a stranger walked up to the old Norman Church of Cotsall, and after having been "*shown over*" it by the clerk, (a very useless proceeding, however, in these days of increased interest in churches and their belongings), he entered into conversation with the old man concerning the manners and customs of the people of the parish.

And their conversation was somewhat as follows:—

"And so," said Mr. White, the stranger, "you seem to be doing pretty well here. I mean, things look tidier and more cared for than in some places where I have been lately."

"Well, yes, that be so surely, sir, I do assure you," answered the clerk, John Lamb; "and not afore we wanted it. For I do mind the time when Cotsall's village and Cotsall's church was most the dirtiest, and racketest, and dampest anywhere about."

"Well," said Mr. White, "the village may be made cleaner yet; and the church, too, for the matter of that; though you have made it fitter for God's house of late, as I can see. Still, it wants much doing at it yet: those big square pews for the richer people, and those little, squeezed-in, narrow boxes for the poorer ones, they want all taking away, and low open seats putting in their place; and all to be unappropriated—I mean, all free to the whole parish."

"That be quite true, sir, indeed; for, as my good wife do say, she supposes there'll be no difference of seats in that way in heaven. There'll be a difference, I fancy from the Bible, between those who have done the most good they could, and those who forgot 'emself now and then, but tried to be good, nevertheless. But our parson can't divide people off like that in church."

"No, no, he can't," said Mr. White; "and I am sure he would not try. At present, in churches they divide themselves off according to the rate-book, or according to pride, or according to dress, or, as St. James says, with respect to persons; and that is against the Bible rule that there should be no distinctions in the presence of God.—But now, how about your bells? How many have you got?"

"Six, sir."

"And are your ringers tidy fellows?"

"Why, sir, it 'inna for me to say aught about *that*, for I and my son be two on 'em."

"Well now—out with it! Do you ring properly? Have you a good set of rules in your belfry? and do you stick to them?"

"Well, I do believe we does. I'll tell you, sir, how it came about as we improved."

And then John Lamb told him the story as follows: not all at once, but by fits and starts, as the old man's breath and ability, both of body and mind, allowed him. But *we* must leave out the fits and starts, and throw them into one successive story; told as near as possible in his own words:—

"Three years gone we lost our old parson. He was a kindly,



good gentleman, and helped the poor folk of Cotsall's village right well; though he didn't live much amongst us: and they'll not forget his name in a hurry. And then next to him there came one who spoke right out first time in church, so as no one could say they didn't understand him; but he had a kindly look with him, too.

"He said he supposed there'd be a good deal amiss in the parish, and a good deal of good also. And he should try, if God helped him, to make more of the good and less of the bad. And he asked everybody to help him; and he ended by saying that he could be patient, and that things would come right in course of time.

"Well now—that was, as it might be, in March; and just the Christmas morning before there'd bin a terrible piece of work with the ringers. They'd bin ringing best part of three hours in the morning, and had had some drink by that time, you may be sure.

"My son and I wasn't along of 'em, by reason that some strangers came out of Barton's parish to ring as we didn't like to consort with; and so, lucky for us, we was out of it.

"Well, three of 'em goes out for more drink, just maybe half an hour afore Service-time; and the others inside the belfry got tired of waiting for 'em; and two of 'em goes out to see after 'em: and they found 'em by 'emselves, drinking at the drink as 'ad bin given to 'em; and they fell out bad enough, you may be sure: but that wasn't the worst by a deal; for sure enough, just as Mr. Wilson—that was the old gentleman's curate—came by for the Christmas Service, the five of 'em comes round the corner fighting and swearing terrible like; and they took no heed of the parson, but fought right up past him; and him trying to get in between 'em, till they came up to the gates of the churchyard: but there was the churchwarden waiting for 'em, and he packed 'em off pretty quick, you may believe, sir. But they never saw the inside of the church *that* day; no, nor many a day before or after, for the matter of that.

"And that was the first thing about our bells, as our new parson heard; and he said to me one winter night, as he was a-sitting in our house close by the churchyard, before he went into the Night School, and we was both a-listening to the bells—for 'twas half-past eight (my son was a-ringing amongst 'em that night, and saw it all)—he said to me as how he should like to see things different, and a tidy set of men ringing the bells, and a-coming to church after—which is what ours didn't never do—but went off straight to lie a-bed, or to idle at the cross-roads, which our parson calls 'Idle Boy's Corner,' and stare at everybody as came to church, and pass words on 'em, and think 'emselves sharp and clever,—which they wasn't (they'll be sorry for it some day or other); or to drink at some of they private drinking-houses. . . ."

"But come back to the bells, please," said the stranger.

"Oh, yes; I was a-telling you that our parson was a-talking with me, and saying that he wanted to see a change, and that he hoped some of his Night-School men would come in and take the places of the idle, scamping fellows as came out of other parishes to ring here.

"And he told me as how he had bin into the belfry in a friendly way (as everything he does is friendly), three or four times; and

met the ringers, too, at his own house; and they had promised him to ring to his wish, and not to smoke and drink in the church; 'for the belfry, you see (says he), is part of the church—and as long as you goes on so (says he) I shall be always pleased, and you'll always find me your friend.'

"Well, that night, after our talk, as he was a-coming out of the Night School, the bells was just a-stopping ringing; though 'twas nigh upon half-past nine, and ringing-time was up at nine. And just as he was a-walking through the churchyard, just under the Tower, he heard the men set up a shout inside, and make a terrible shuffling—and he turned aside and pushed the door open—and what d'ye think he saw?

"Why, there was nine men dancing round the belfry, like so many heathen savages, and two or three more a-leaning against the wall, a-looking on!

"And as he walked right in, one of 'em ('twas the leader) comes right up upon him, and turns round on him with his two fists up, ready to fight.

"But when he saw who it was, for he wasn't too much in drink to see that, he drops his fists, and hollas out as loud as he could, 'Hush, lads! here's t' parson.'

"And then the parson stood out in the middle, as my son told me, and he did speak so earnest to 'em all about their ways, and as how this sort of thing must stop at once, and as how they had tried him long enough; and he should draw up some rules for the ringing now along with the churchwardens: and if they would stick to 'em, they should ring; but if they didn't, they shouldn't.

"And they looked pretty daunted, I do believe; and one young chap grumbled out as how they didn't want no rules: but the parson spoke up to him pretty quick, and says, 'Silence!—if you belonged to this parish, I'd hear you; but as you don't, I shan't; and the sooner you go about your business the better'—which made him sneak off pretty quick, as if he had had enough.

"Well, they all said they were sorry: but it broke 'em up. Five of that lot never came again to ring; and the two worst went out of the country clean, and we've not seen 'em since."

"Ah, yes," said the stranger, "'Othello's occupation's gone.'"

"Well, I don't know anything about that, sir—but I does know 'twas very well they *did* go; and now we've got a very tidy lot, as you said at first; and my son is leader, and pulls the tenor, and answers to the parson and churchwardens for anything that's amiss."

"And the rules?—what about them?"

"Oh, why, we met our parson and the churchwardens, and the rules was drawn up fair atwixt us all; and we agreed to 'em; and a copy of 'em was put up in the belfry, and one given to each ringer; and they 'anna bin broken yet: that's this eighteen months and more."

"Well now, before I go, would you give me a copy to take to my parson, whose ringers are a little troublesome at times?"

"Aye, indeed, sir; here's a copy, and welcome."

"Thank you, my friend, and now good-by; which means, you know, 'God be with you,' as I pray He ever will."

“ Thank you, sir ; and the same wish to you ! ”

And these are the Rules of the Cotsall Parish Church Ringers, as drawn up by the Parson and the Churchwardens, and agreed to by the ringers.

It is agreed,—

*Management of the Band of Ringers.*

I. That we form ourselves into a band, called the Ringers of the Parish of Cotsall : that we choose as a leader the ringer of the tenor bell, provided he is a respectable, sober, and competent person ; and if not, then whomsoever of our band we believe to be the fittest.

That the leader thus chosen shall be our representative with the Rector on all occasions, and in all business.

That he shall submit to him for approval any private arrangement as to ringing, forfeits, &c. which we may find it needful to make for our better management.

*Entrance and Admission to Belfry.*

II. That the name of any one desirous of joining our band shall be submitted by the leader to the Rector and Churchwardens, for approval ; and that no one shall so join our band before he first agrees to abide by all the regulations in force.

That we only admit to the belfry such strangers from other parishes as are known to be of good character, and are approved by the Rector.

*Sunday Chiming.*

III. That on Sundays there shall be no *ringing in peal* on any account.

That we *chime* the bells before the Service in Church, and take our places afterwards and join in the Service with the rest of the congregation, considering ourselves a part thereof.

*Weekday Ringing.*

IV. That on any weekday evening, when we can assemble for practice (except when any fellow-parishioner lies dead, when the bells ought to be dumb), the leader shall obtain the key of the belfry from the Rector, or his representative.

That the ringing shall cease at nine o'clock, P.M.

That the key shall then be returned to the Rector or his representative, by the leader.

*Conduct in Belfry.*

V. That no one else, except the ringers, and those of the parish who are learning to ring, shall be in the belfry at ringing-time.

That if any ringer begins to smoke, drink, or be quarrelsome, the leader shall at once stop the ringing for that night, and shall report the same to the Rector and Churchwardens.

*Payment for Ringing.*

VI. That no payment shall be taken for ringing except in money, and that the leader shall hold all money that is received, and shall divide it equally among the ringers at the end of the year, or on such quarterly or half-yearly days as the Rector and Churchwardens shall approve.



*On what occasions the Bells may be rung.*

VII. That the use of the bells shall be confined strictly to Church purposes, as was always intended. That the bells are not to be rung for any worldly purposes, such as elections, trials, lawsuits, or any other special event of whatsoever kind, except by consent of the Rector.

*Reference in case of Difficulties.*

VIII. That if any doubts, misunderstandings, or difficulties arise among the ringers, they shall be referred to the Rector and Churchwardens, and their decision shall be final.

We, the ringers of Cotsall Parish Church, do hereby agree to abide by these Rules.

Signed,

HENRY BRIDGES, *Rector*,  
EDWARD OWEN, } *Churchwardens.*  
JOHN COWPER, }

JOHN LAMB, *Leader*,  
RICHARD LAMB,  
FRANK JOHNSON,  
&c. &c.

ONE WORD OF ADVICE.

Ringers, remember this,—That nothing can keep you together but sobriety of character and harmony amongst yourselves. Without these you will be like a rope of sand, doomed to drop to pieces and leave your cheerful tower in unbroken silence.

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**Look at Home.**

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY.



AN English artisan who can earn his thirty shillings or two sovereigns per week for file-cutting, or some other ingenious trade, may be sometimes tempted to think an agricultural labourer, whether English or Irish, but especially Irish—the beggarly vagabonds!—very inferior in social position to himself. Let him listen, then, to the following true story; bearing in mind that, as a great Swedish queen once said, “All the accidents of a man’s life are materials out of which he may make what he pleases.” An artisan will make nothing of his two pounds if he wastes it, or drinks it away. A labourer may make a little fortune out of his ten shillings, if he saves while he can, and does not give way to self-indulgence.

A young Irishman came over to England for the hay-harvest, and was employed by a farmer near a large manufacturing town. He was a pleasant-spoken and well-looking youth, and did his work so well that the farmer continued to employ him in odd jobs until near Christmas time, when the lad went back to his own country. And the next year, and for several years after, he returned to the same farmer, and was employed and detained in the same way till Christmas time came round, when he always went home.

This story was told me by a now old, then young woman; who

had worked in the fields herself with this man and others in thinning turnips, or the like, and who therefore knew him well. And one day in one year there had been some joking between him and a lively, nice-looking girl, the daughter of very respectable parents, who was taking a turn at field-work, and whom he much admired.

For the Irishman always brought with him an old brown coat, covered over with patches to such an extent that it had become, what the women called, "a shame to be seen;" a proof of industry as well as poverty, it is true, but still "a shame to be seen." And they were all the more tempted to make fun of this, because Paddy, or *Peter*, as he was properly called, was so attached to the old coat that he never could bear it out of his sight. When his work took him from one part of the field to another he always carried his coat with him, and laid it down within sight. So, on the day in question, when, as they were all seated at the mid-day drinkings, Peter would fain have said soft things to the English lassie, she turned him off with a laugh, declaring she would never look at him unless he bought himself a better coat. "Get some new clothes," said she; "you really will look well in them if you do." "You forget," said he, "that I work hard here all the summer to get money together, not to spend it before I go back."

She replied, he might do as he pleased. She would none of him, or of any man who didn't wear decent clothes."

"Perhaps you think I *can't* buy any?" suggested Peter. But the girl offered no opinion.

Then he asked her if she had a handkerchief, and bade her spread it across his knees. Then he took a knife and unripped five or six of the large patches upon his coat, when it appeared that these were not so much the coverings of rags as a concealment of something within. And the something, when drawn out, was the foot of a black worsted stocking, out of which Peter rolled gold and silver pieces in no small quantity into the handkerchief on his knees. The exact amount my good old friend cannot say; for "we didn't like to ask him," says she: "though I dare say he'd have told us if we had."

Now, these were his earnings, not only from much toil, but from continued self-denial; for to collect them he was constantly wont to sleep in a shed, rather than pay for lodgings, and live on the poorest fare consistent with his labours.

Poor Peter! they all liked him, and were glad of his prosperity, no one grudging it him, even if they were not disposed to imitate his care. Nothing came of his exhibition of wealth, as far as the girl was concerned, however, for the whole affair was but a joke on both sides, and he soon went home, as usual.

But the next year he reappeared at the farmer's house "like a gentleman;" no longer a labourer, but well dressed, and bringing with him a few hardware goods to hawk round the country for sale; which business he carried on for two or three more years, never failing to call at the farm-house where he had served so long. And, year by year, he showed symptoms of gradually increasing prosperity, till by and by he married another lassie in the neighbourhood of another town, where he opened a respectable hardware shop, and was, when he was last heard of, doing well.

## The Fern.



HERE are no plants more truly interesting than Ferns, for, probably, long before the appearance of flowers, the earth was clothed with ferns and mosses; they were the creation of the "third day," when God caused "the dry land to appear, and bring forth grass and herb yielding

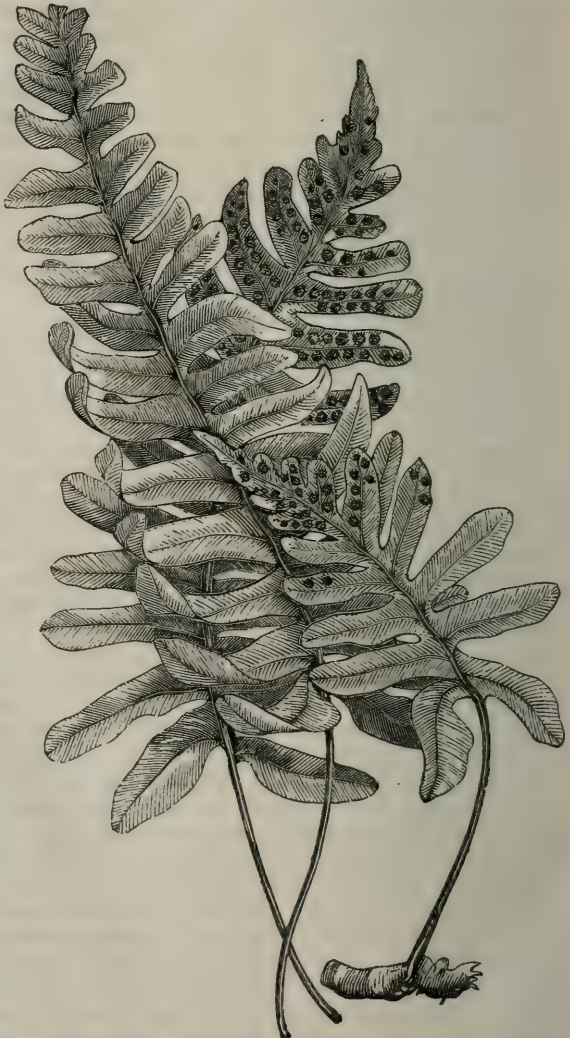
seed." It is a well-known fact that coal is formed of vegetables, which grew long before man walked on the earth, and also that ferns enter very largely into its composition, 130 species having been ascertained to exist. In the English coal-measures relics are found of colossal tree and other ferns, which now grow only in tropical countries.

The largest of our native species is the Brakes, or Brachen, which, in the Western Isles, brings considerable profit to the people, who sell the ashes of it to soap and glass makers. In Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, it is used

as litter for horses, and also for thatch for houses.

The stalk of Brachen, when cut through, shows a regular figure, resembling, as some say, an oak-tree, others an eagle.

R. B.





# The Unicorn.

BY W. HOUGHTON, M.A. F.L.S.



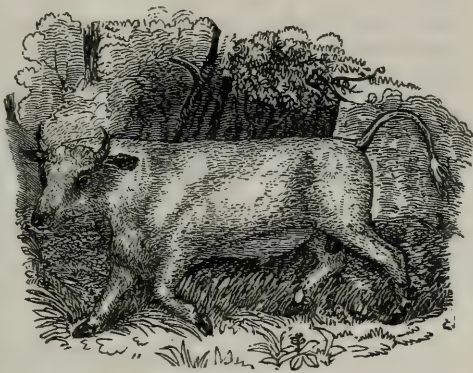
MORE has been written about the Unicorn than on any other point of

biblical zoology, not even excepting the leviathan, and the fish that swallowed Jonah. The Unicorn is mentioned in Num. xxiii. 22, xxiv. 8, where his strength is alluded to; in Deut. xxxiii. 17, where, in Joseph's blessing, it is said, "His glory is like the firstlings

of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns" (the marginal reading is the correct one—"the horns of an unicorn"): "with them he shall push the people," &c. But the fullest account of this animal is in the Book of Job, xxxix. 9-12, where his great strength, and the difficulty of taming him, are especially mentioned. (Compare also Ps. xxii. 21; xxix. 6; xcii. 10; Isa. xxxiv. 7.) Various are the conjectures that have been made as to what the Unicorn, or "*one-horned animal*," can possibly denote; some have said that it must be the "rhinoceros," others have preferred the "oryx," a species of antelope found in Syria and North Africa. In the dark ages the long horn-like tooth of the narwhal was supposed to belong to the veritable unicorn, and as such, mere shavings of it were sold at exorbitant prices; all kinds of medicinal virtues being attributed to it. Others, again, have supposed the "buffalo" to be denoted; and others, some kind of "wild ox."

Now, the Hebrew name of the "unicorn" is *Reem*, which comes from a verb signifying "to be raised up," "to be high," and as such, is applied to some large animal. There is not a word in the Bible about the *reem* having "one horn;" indeed, in Deut. xxxiii. 17, he is expressly said to have *two*. Our translators, seeing the contradiction involved in the expression, "*horns of the unicorn*," have translated the Hebrew singular noun as if it were a plural form: the two horns of the *reem* are "the ten thousands of Ephraim and the thousands of Manasseh,"—the two tribes, that is, which sprang from *one*, viz. Joseph; as two horns spring from one head. Where the "horn of the *reem*" is spoken of, it is in reference to its metaphorical signification of honour or strength.

Our translators have followed the Greek version (Septuagint), which invariably renders *Reem* by *Monoceros*, i.e. "one horn." From the fact, then, of the *reem* having two horns, and because it was evidently an animal well known to the Israelites; because, moreover, this animal is frequently mentioned with bulls or bullocks,




and is said to push with his horns, which is inapplicable to a rhinoceros ; there can be no doubt that an animal of the ox tribe is signified. The objection to the buffalo is, that the animal was not introduced into Western Asia till long subsequent to biblical times : in all probability some species of "wild ox" is meant ; and, though none now roam over the hills of Palestine, there is yet much reason for believing that in ancient days some species of *urus*, or *bison*, or other like animal, frequented the hills and forests of Bashan and Lebanon, where the lion, it must be remembered, was common, and where bears and wolves were once tolerably abundant.

The woodcut represents a specimen of the Chillingham wild cattle (*Bos Scoticus*), which is by some considered to be the only living, though degenerate, example of the huge, savage, and untameable wild *urus*, which, in the time of Julius Cæsar, was found in the forests of Britain.

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## The Threatening Letter.

A TALE FROM LIFE.

AMES HENSON was the schoolmaster of a village. He was Irish by birth, and very Irish by nature. He was a shrewd man ; he had also the gay spirits, the warmth of feeling, and hasty temper of his race, with the pride also which, as some folk say, belongs to it. He came to the village with an excellent character, and for two years gave entire satisfaction, except that he now and then rather failed in the article of patience, and made more use of bodily punishment amongst the boys than could be desired.

Some people envied and disliked Henson, and one man especially, Mr. Pratt, a farmer, who, on the complaint of his son having been beaten (and, as it turned out, having richly deserved it), went to abuse the schoolmaster in a violent way, and called him "an Irish pauper, not fit to clean the shoes of a son of his," and so roused the hot blood of Henson, that he would have taken instant vengeance on the spot, but that Pratt, who was a great coward, seeing the uplifted stick, ran off as fast as he could, and for the time ended the fray.

This happened in a season of great trouble on account of fires in the country. Two farmers had suffered, and others had received letters without any name, telling them to expect their turn for the same loss of barns and stacks of corn by burning. Not long after the quarrel between Henson and Pratt the latter had one of these letters sent to him and signed, "Swing." The hand was disguised, but he was soon persuaded by his son, and one or two other men who disliked Henson, to believe it came from the schoolmaster ; and certainly there was a likeness to Henson's mode of writing. Another cause gave reason for this suspicion. The day before Pratt received the letter, he happened to be coming from the post-office at the next town, when he met Henson going to it, with a letter in his hand, and on looking back he saw him put it in the letter-box. He had also

observed that, 'on meeting him, Henson hung down his head and seemed confused. The person who thought the handwriting to be Henson's, and also the boy, declared they could swear to it in a court of justice. The end was, that Henson was put in prison on the charge, and tried at the assizes. The evidence was fully given, and would have gone completely against him but for the testimony to character which the friends who believed in his innocence had secured in his behalf. One lady in particular made every possible effort to save him; but what turned the scale in his favour was the testimony of his old schoolmaster, who was brought from a great distance to say what he knew about him. In plain words and firm tone, the old man spoke his conviction that James Henson was never the man to do such a thing. He said, "James Henson write to threaten evil in a letter to which he dare not put his name! It would be the same as stabbing a man in the dark and then running away! He *could not* do it; he has more pride than to be such a coward. I don't believe he would do so mean a thing if he had to save his life." The good old man quite carried the day for the scholar whom he had loved, and excited so strong an interest for him, that when the verdict was brought in of "Not guilty," the crowd gave a shout of joy. The lady who had done so much for Henson watched him with surprise. She went up to him with words of gladness, but he heard all she had to say in silence. "Why, Henson," she said, "you don't seem half so much pleased with this good ending of the trial as every one else is!" He fixed his eyes upon her with a look of deep anguish, and then putting both his hands before his eyes he burst into tears. As this passed in open court, it raised more sympathy in those who stood by; but there was something in the manner of it that gave pain to the friend who knew him so well, for she could not comprehend his state of mind. Up to this time Henson had been remarked for sober and regular habits of life, and, apart from the defects of a quick temper, was a kindly-disposed man, and had a well-stored mind, which gave him the power to do much good in the village. From the time of his trial this was at an end. He gave himself up to the worst habits, and at length became so unfit for his duties, and so fierce and cruel in his treatment of the children, that he was forced to leave the school. His health soon gave way, and he seemed fast sinking into the last state of illness. When scarcely able to hold a pen he wrote a few lines, to ask that Mrs. Garnet would once more come and see him. She had never been unmindful of him in the sad days of sickness, but found him always so silent and sullen that her visits were given up. On receiving the note she went at once, but could hardly believe it was James Henson whom she saw on the miserable bed, with a face so haggard and shrunk to a skeleton. The very sound of his voice was altered, and its strange tone made her start.

The sight of Mrs. Garnet seemed to affect the wretched man more than he could bear, and she wished to give him time to become more calm; but he would not wait, and struggled to speak—"Oh! Mrs. Garnet—that letter—dare I tell you?—can I?"

"You wish to relieve your mind by confessing to me that you wrote it?"



Eagerly he said, "I do wish it—I did write it!"

Mrs. Garnet replied, "You tell me nothing new, nothing that surprises me."

"Have I been suspected, then? I wonder at that, after the complete triumph at the trial."

"It was *no* triumph, James; its effect upon yourself betrayed that. You were not the man to show such sort of feeling. If 'Not guilty' had been the truth, you would have stood more erect than usual, and your countenance would have been noble."

"Oh, Mrs. Garnet, it's myself in my best days that you speak of, and what I should have been but for one fatal error. I don't mean the writing and sending of the letter, though that was bad enough, but I mean the base lie by which I denied the having done so."

She tried to give hope and comfort, but for a long time in vain. He seemed as if he could not too often repeat the sad tale of his state of mind on the day of trial. "What I had suffered before," he said, "was but child's play to what I had then to bear. To be pronounced not guilty, and wished all joy on my innocence! I would not desire my worst enemy such a sharp punishment as that acquittal was to me. I could hardly help calling out, 'It's false! I *am* guilty;' and ever since I have wished I had done so. How much I should have been spared, and what a plunge into sin and misery it would have saved me!"

"But," said Mrs. Garnet, "why did you not do the good that yet remained in your power?"

"I could not—I tried, but it was impossible. I was like a child that has done its sum wrong, and knows the fault to be his own, and can only be made right by patiently finding out the error. But there was this difference in my case: I *knew* what figure was wrong and how to alter it, but I would not do it, and so the sum could never come right. For where was the use of my putting in this and the other false figure of diligence in my school and such-like matters, when I knew that I was not a true and upright man? So I tried to drown thought, but in vain. No one can drive away *remorse* when once it has found a place in the soul. This is one thing which, I think, is meant by what we read in the Bible of 'the worm that dieth not, and the fire that can never be quenched.' And I know too well the fearful truth that is told in the words, 'A wounded spirit who can bear?'"

It seems hard to believe a man of so much sense and feeling *could* have been capable of the act for which he was tried, but no one knows what they might do in the hour of temptation, be it what it may, that finds the weak point of our character.

After this confession the schoolmaster became more calm, and by his request it was told to Mr. Pratt, who not only showed himself ready to forgive and forget what had passed, but offered to go and see Henson and tell him so; which was of great service to the poor penitent, who died soon after, in the peace of an humbled and contrite spirit.

## Christmas Day.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE—A WEAVER.



LEST morn! by the Redeemer made the holiest of the year,

In the encircling silence now I feel thy drawing near ;  
The very frost-wind, stealing past, upon my forehead flings  
A freshness, wafted by the stir of thy advancing wings :

In clustering constellations, too, the star-troops seem to burn,  
With all their best emblazonry, to welcome thy return.  
Hail to thy coming once again, thou spiritual time,  
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Rejoice my spirit, hopefully ; yon temple's hoary tower  
Gives to the far-pervading night the consecrated hour ;  
And human voices, here and there, uplift with glad acclaim  
A sweet old song of thankfulness to God's transcendant Name ;  
While fancy hears the angel hymn, and sees the star whose ray  
Shone on the lowly manger-roof where God Incarnate lay.  
Hail to thy coming once again, thou praise-inspiring time,  
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

'Tis sweet to mark thy influence o'er all the Christian world,  
To see the banner of good-will spontaneously unfurled,  
To find our daily fears forgot, our enmities forgiven,  
And hearts grow nearer each to each, and nearer unto heaven ;  
To know that midst the multitudes one simultaneous tone  
Of joyaunce and benevolence respondeth to our own.  
Hail to thy coming once again, thou humanising time,  
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

In crowded cities men forego their wretchedness and wrongs,  
New pleasure lighteth up their eyes and leapeth from their tongues ;  
In palace and in cottage homes one sentiment is rife ;  
On mountain slopes, in quiet glens, awakes more buoyant life ;  
In stern and lonely forest glooms, on wildering seas and wide,  
Hand claspeth hand, soul clings to soul, and care is cast aside.  
Hail to thy coming once again, thou sympathetic time,  
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Blest season ! yet not blest to all, save in the holy sense  
Of sweet salvation, and the power of high Omnipotence ;  
How many at this festal time confront the coming year  
With desperate hearts, upbraiding eyes, and souls that know no cheer !  
Oh ! that the human family might each and all partake  
One creed, one comfort, and one joy, blithe Christmas, for thy sake.  
Hail to thy coming once again, thou hope-awakening time,  
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

## Short Sermon.

### A Christmas Lesson specially for the Young.

BY MELVILLE H. SCOTT, M.A. VICAR OF OCKBROOK.

GEN. xlv. 4. — *I am Joseph your brother.*



IN every sermon we ministers speak about our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. But I am going to speak of Him now in a somewhat peculiar way. I am going to speak to you about Jesus Christ through the history of Joseph. I have a perfect right to do this, because Joseph was evidently, beyond a doubt, an intended type of the Lord Jesus. Joseph was his *father's most beloved son*; and so was our Divine Saviour the beloved Son of God. "There came" twice "a voice from heaven saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Joseph, too, was a *resister of temptation*. He shook off the foul allurements from him as St. Paul shook off the poisonous viper from his hand. So was the Saviour a resister of temptation. Again and again the tempter assaulted Him, but again and again He stood firm. In Gethsemane's dark shade He "resisted unto blood, striving against sin" — the sin of rebels against His Father's will.

Joseph, too, was a *forgiver of injuries*. "The archers sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him," but he *forgave* them, and he *loved* them spite of all. So, amid His very tortures, the Lord Jesus prayed, "Father, forgive them!"

Joseph, too, was an *innocent sufferer*. "His feet were made fast in the stocks, the iron entered into his soul;" but it was all undeserved. So (O how truly!) was Jesus an innocent sufferer! Sufferings, indeed, did He undergo! But He deserved not one. He was God's spotless Lamb!

And then, too, Joseph was an *exalted prince*! From the dungeon he rose to the throne. From the lowest he rose up to the highest. And in this truly he prefigured our Saviour Jesus, who rose from Gethsemane to God's hill of Zion; who ascended from the cross, even to God's own throne.

And then, too, Joseph was an *exalted saviour*. He was not only an exalted prince but an exalted saviour! Seated on Pharaoh's throne, he was a saviour to both Gentiles and Jews. He saved the lives of the Egyptians, and the lives of his own kindred, too. Just so is it with Jesus. He is an exalted Saviour, a Saviour for the world. He has "*living bread* for all." I do quite right, then, in speaking of Jesus Christ through the history of Joseph.

And what I wish to speak to you of now is this, — Joseph as the *unrecognised brother*, and Joseph making *himself known to his brethren*. You know the beautiful passage which tells us all about this. There is not a passage equal to it for beauty in any other book in the universe. We are positively melted at the heart by the most touching address of Judah to him, when he stood forth pleading



for Benjamin. Joseph could restrain himself no longer. "Cause every man to go out from me," he cried. "And he wept aloud, and the Egyptians and all the house of Pharaoh heard." And then he made himself known to his astonished brethren: "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? I am Joseph your brother."

And now we come to the point of what I have to say to you.

And,—I. I say to you, most earnestly, You, too, have a Brother: and *such* a Brother!

He is a **KINGLY** Brother, sitting actually on Heaven's high throne.

He is a **DIVINE** Brother; one with God Himself in *Nature*, and equal to God in *Power*.

And He is a **RICH** Brother. Oh, what wealth is His! Wealth of all good things! And all His *wealth* He wishes to share with *you*.

And He is a **FORGIVING** Brother. He loves you none the less for having hitherto sinned against Him, and despised Him; if only you wish *now* to treat Him better.

And He is a **FAITHFUL** Brother; once loving you, He will love you still.

And He is a **LOVING** Brother; a Brother infinitely loving. He is a Brother in *Heart*, and that to all without distinction or respect of persons. He is a Brother to the rich and a Brother to the poor, a Brother to the glad and healthful, and a Brother to the sad and troubled; a sympathising Brother to the worried man of brain-toil, and a sympathising Brother to the man of worn and weary sinews. A Brother to the trembling, aged man; and a Brother to the merry and gleeful young ones gathered around the Christmas blaze. Yes, He is a Brother in heart, an Universal Brother.

And then, in proof of this, what has He done? On the first blessed Christmas morn He became actually our Brother in **NATURE**. He took our nature into His own! He was born a weeping Babe, that so He might convince us that He is our Brother indeed; and that so He might be able to act fully a brother's part! He is a Brother in *Nature*, as well as in *Heart*!

Yes, dear friends, let me tell you on this glad Christmas morning, that *you have a Brother*; a Brother who feels like a brother, and so as no earthly brother ever *did* feel, to each one of you. Yes, I tell you again, because I want your **HEARTS** to feel it, you **HAVE** a **BROTHER**; and Jesus Christ, God's Son, is He!

And now I have to say:

II. Do you **KNOW** Him? Has He made Himself known to you? Or is He still your unrecognised Brother?

Oh, it is a glorious thing when with the heart we really begin to feel that we have, indeed, got a **BROTHER** in Heaven! We may know all about this with our heads, without our hearts ever realising it in the least. We may have been taught—ay, we may have taught others—all about Jesus Christ; and may have heard and said that He is our *Brother*; but never have realised it so as to be *influenced* at all by the wondrous fact.

What we want is, **FAITH**. Faith to feel really that we have in heaven, on God's very throne, and equal with God, a *Brother* who in every way is one with us, and who loves us infinitely, and with real tenderness of affection. Oh, let us seek *faith* in this blessed Christmas

fact, such faith in it as enables us to realise it, and to walk in the light of it. Oh yes, let us seek to *know* that we have a brother, and who that Brother is. Let not Jesus Christ be our *unrecognised* brother any longer, but a Brother recognised by our very heart of hearts, and *welcomed* as well as recognised!

And now, lastly—

III. What will be the *result*, if Christ does thus make Himself known to us?

First: *How will you feel?*

You will feel *happy*. The truth will elevate your spirit. You will have your hearts quite full. The astonishing truth that God's Son is your brother will make you feel quite new persons. It will give a new spirit and a new energy to life. You will even work, and walk, and play, quite differently.

And then, too, you will feel *safe*. With God's Son for your Brother, how can you be otherwise? You will feel safe in body, safe in soul, and safe in circumstances. You recollect that storm on Gennesaret's lake, how the waves foamed, and how the tempest roared! In the midst of the waves the sailors thought they saw a spirit, and how doubly terrified they all were now! But the Spirit speaks: "It is I," it said; "be not afraid." And they were afraid no more. The Spirit was their *Brother*; their *Brother* was with them, and so they felt quite safe.

And then, if you know Jesus for your Brother, *what will you do?*

You will remember Him—you will obey Him—you will strive to please Him. What would pain and give Him sorrow you will avoid with all your energy. You will be filled with love and gratitude to Him for what He has *done*, and for what He *is*—you will do as He directs you, both in the things of faith and practice—you will trust in His Blood, be praying ever for His Spirit, and ever following where that Spirit leads.

And then, once more, if Jesus Christ be your recognised and accepted Brother, *what will He do for you?* Oh, He will do *everything* for you that you need—He will forgive you, sanctify you, love you, bless you, guard you, guide you, feed you, comfort you, and at length bring you to His blessed kingdom, and make you to sit down with Him on His very throne!

I beseech you to recollect, therefore, on this bright Christmas morn, the great Christmas truth that you *have* a *Brother*; and rest not till that Brother has made Himself known to your very inmost heart. Kneel down this very day, and be unwilling to rise, until God's loving Spirit has enabled you to realise indeed the fact that the Son of the God of Heaven is your Brother—your Brother in nature and your Brother in heart.











